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*President Johnson at
the Holt Memorial Service*

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OUR COVER

● "My personal loss is heavy . . . U.S. President Lyndon B. Johnson sits alone, waiting for the memorial service for Australia's late Prime Minister, the late Harold Holt, to begin at St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne. Of his friend and ally, Mr. Johnson said, "I found comfort in his friendship and strength in his partnership."

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THE DEAN OF MELBOURNE, the Very Rev. T. W. Thomas, leads Mrs. Harold Holt and her three sons, Nicholas, Andrew, and Sam, to their pew for the memorial service to Australia's late Prime Minister.

Australia—and the world—shared Mrs. Holt's sorrow

"I KNOW you all care." These were the simple words Mrs. Harold Holt spoke to waiting TV cameramen when she returned from the agonised week at Portsea to her Melbourne home.

On the morning of the memorial service to her husband, she could have said them to the world.

Ranking representatives of 26 nations were among the 2000 people who packed St. Paul's Cathedral to honor his memory. They came in sorrow and friendship.

In the historic gathering were also churchmen of every denomination, Mr. Holt's Cabinet Ministers, his political colleagues, his friends.

High above them in space, satellites relayed the TV coverage of the service to a watching and listening world.

Outside the cathedral, the streets of Mr. Holt's home city were stilled as thousands of workers and shoppers jammed the vantage points from which the service was broadcast.

They came from the suburbs and the country and

they brought their children. There were many Service uniforms among them.

For an hour on the last Friday before Christmas, usually its busiest and gayest trading day of the year, the city halted to mourn the loss of a leader and a friend.

In the sunshine, the brisk breeze sent silver signals flashing from the tinsel and scarlet Christmas garlands that decorated the city's heart. But for that quiet hour, their lighthearted message went unheeded.

A forest of flags fluttered at half mast and the traditional half-muffled mourning peal of St. Paul's great bells echoed in sad hearts.

Inside the beautiful cathedral, built on a riverside site at the city's gate where church services have been held for 131 years, the scene was sombre and moving.

As they sat quietly waiting for the service to begin, concern showed on the faces of the huge congregation.

When Mrs. Holt, a small, most dignified figure in black — her face under her mourning veil showing signs of the terrible strain of the past five days — came to kneel in a front pew, an almost palpable wave of sympathy went out toward her.

With her were her three

sons, their wives, and her young grandson, Christopher.

Suddenly the realisation came that, despite great honors being paid to Mr. Holt's high office and the national loss that was being mourned, this service had an intensely personal purpose.

The hearts of the world were sorrowing with his family.

Mr. Holt had always been so proud of them; had said often and openly that his

By
BERENICE CRAIG

happiest hours were spent in their company.

They typified the basic fidelity and loyalty which prompted this great united gathering.

In his address, the Primate of Australia, Archbishop Strong, stressed those same qualities when he spoke of Mr. Holt's character.

He said: "Faithfulness implies loyalty and trustworthiness, and these have surely shone forth wonderfully in him."

These were the words that brought tears to the eyes of the people who had known

Mr. Holt best: his wife and family; President Johnson, whose attendance, quite apart from obligations of office, was primarily to say a last farewell to a valued friend; and Sir Robert Menzies, the man to whom Mr. Holt had given so many years of faithful service.

Many listeners, both inside and outside the cathedral, wept as the Archbishop went on: "A man does not become faithful all of a sudden; faithfulness is something that has been growing in him all the time."

"As St. Gregory said, 'A little thing is a little thing, but faithfulness in little things is a great thing.'"

"We thank God for giving him to us for a time — for what he was and what he did."

That the spring of Mr. Holt's faith and loyalty was in the heart of his family life had always been apparent. Now it was being publicly acknowledged.

President Johnson, leader of the world's most powerful nation and another devoted family man, was there to emphasise it.

After his aircraft landed in Melbourne, his first call was on Mrs. Holt and her family, to offer his personal sympathy.

And just before he left

Australia he asked Lady Delacombe, wife of Victoria's Governor, to "take care" of Mrs. Holt.

It was a fitting thought for a woman the late Prime Minister affectionately acknowledged as his "secret weapon": the woman who shared his work and interests to the full — who endeared herself to all by her willingness to say frankly how much she loved her husband, and whose courage and composure in the face of her loss were earning heartfelt respect and admiration.

It must have gladdened her sad heart to know that the world honored her husband's essential honesty and goodness, and also to know that Australians could appreciate the simplicity and integrity which gave strength to his character.

So much so that St. Paul's traditional Christmas tree, its decorations shimmering in the shadows beside the cathedral's Great West Door, was left in place during his memorial service. "He would have liked it," they said.

The tributes paid to Mr. Holt were so much in keeping with the true spirit of Christmas — a time for giving, for faith, for loyalty, and for remembering with gratitude.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

THE FAMILY THAT MEANT SO MUCH TO HIM



● Harold Holt was the centre of a loving and closely knit family. At the memorial service, Mrs. Holt was sustained by the love and support of her three sons, her daughters-in-law, and her grandson, Christopher.



FAREWELLED by the Governor of Victoria, Sir Rohan Delacombe, Mrs. Holt leaves Government House, Melbourne. She did not attend the official lunch, but spent time thanking heads of state for attending the service.



LEAVING ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL for Government House, Melbourne, after the service are, from left, Mrs. Andrew (Paulette) Holt, Mrs. Nicholas (Caroline) Holt, Mrs. Sam (Amanda) Holt, with Mr. Nicholas Holt and Mr. Sam Holt. The service was televised to viewers across the world.



CHRISTOPHER HOLT with his mother, Mrs. Andrew Holt. President Johnson showed the boy his bullet-proof car; he told him, "You have a great reputation to uphold."

NEXT WEEK

● Take it easy! In the long lazy summer days, don't slave in a hot and steamy kitchen — be a mini-cook, with our

Sixteen-page lift-out

MINI-WORK COOK BOOK



... take it easy, indeed, with ideas and recipes for carefree salads, tasty savory dishes made in minutes, and imaginative (and different) desserts.

and ...

● What's NEW in 1968 suit fashions? Smooth - surface fabrics, according to our fashion editor Betty Keep — and you'll see pictures of smashing new-season suits.



● A two-page preview of the TV production of Bizet's colorful opera "CARMEN"

● Our Traveller's Tale describes in vivid (and hair-raising) detail a "Hell Trip from Hong Kong to Darwin."

● Our garden expert, Allan Seale, talks about indoor and outdoor plants for ...
HANGING GARDENS



AND

AUSTRALIAN ARTIST IN PARIS

He misses the sun and the pumpkins

● Paris is still the crossroads of the world for a painter, says Australian Bill Lang. But after 11 years in France—as an Opera extra, nightclub dancer, and member of a touring folk group — with his name made as an artist, he plans to return home with his wife and two sons. "Paris is as exciting now as in the 'twenties," he said. "But in another way Australia is just as exciting."

MAURICE ("BILL") LANG is from Perth and Sydney. Since 1958 he's been painting in Paris.

Recently an extensive retrospective exhibition of his work was presented, and the first arrivals were the Australian Ambassador to France and his wife, Sir Ronald and Lady Walker.

Bill Lang is a highly imaginative portraitist. A perfectly normal lady, after submitting herself to the Lang treatment, could very easily discover herself wearing a Marie Antoinette wig inside the belly of a grim-faced green elephant.

"How would you describe your style?" I asked him.

"Meticulous," he said. "I have an obsession for detail and for simplification."

(Mrs. Lang interrupts: "He can draw exact likenesses of people he's hardly known and hasn't seen for years!")

"I'm constantly experimenting with form and color," he continued.

"I'm not concentrating exclusively on portraits at the moment. During the past few months, in particular, I've been doing dozens of single-line drawings, about 18 inches by 12.

"I improvise rapidly on a mental image — horse-races, some people in a bus, an old car on the Champs-Élysées, a witch on a broomstick.

"I do a dozen in an evening, and the next morning I throw up to ten or 11 away. I then color in those I like.

"Yesterday my son Christopher remarked to me, 'I've no idea why, 'In this house there are phantoms and clowns'; this theme inspired the set I did last night."

While I talked to the Langs, a young couple called to pick up a similar work

they'd decided to buy at the exhibition. Price 500 francs (approx. \$100), a nice night's work.

Bill Lang was born in Perth in 1930. On leaving school, he took a commercial-art job, but didn't like it.

He left when he was 20, and spent a year shearing in the Western Australian outback.

Most nights were spent poring over an Italian grammar book: at this time Bill's ambition was to live in Florence. Instead, he went to Sydney and studied art at the East Sydney Technical College.

After two years there, he got another commercial art job, but for only a fortnight.

waiting for the usual 6.30 selection to be made.

Everything depended on height, and so Bill was nearly always chosen: although he's not quite six foot, he towered over 90 percent of his French colleagues.

Bill spent endless nights on stage holding a scythe, sword, or spear, and wondering what the real actors were saying or singing to each other. His night's pay was twelve francs, just enough for one good meal.

Then he met Birgit, a fair-haired Swede built in the classic Swedish way. She was in despair at not being able to find a dancing partner tall enough in Paris.

Bill Lang was just right,

This was the end of Maurice ("Bill") Lang's Apache Period.

The young couple spent a month's honeymoon in the village of Bidar, on the French Atlantic coast near the Spanish border. They stayed in a wing of an old chateau on a hill, the property of Bill's Russian countess.

But it's not as Lord of the Manor that Monsieur Lang is remembered, no. Bill Lang, of Bondi, introduced surfing to Bidar!

He discovered that nobody ever ventured into the water on that part of the coast. The last time it had occurred was in 1941: eight German soldiers were not dissuaded from taking the plunge one day, and they were never seen again.

Ex-lifesaver Lang gave it a go and found, indeed, that the currents were tricky, but he was able to plot them out and he explained them to the villagers.

Bill Lang's next job was in a Government-subsidised folk group that toured all over France presenting traditional French dances and songs before schools and universities.

A cravat

This lasted six months, until the day Bill was asked if he thought he could design a cravat. His ideas were accepted and he found himself back in commercial art.

He was cajoled into a position with one of Paris' biggest artwork enterprises and was given an air-conditioned, soundproofed studio overlooking the Arc de Triomphe. But this, too, didn't last long, because, since 1960, he's been devoting himself entirely to painting.

Bill became a student in the most celebrated of French art academies, the

By MARK F. MURPHY

It was with a Sydney department store and in the end he stayed five years.

In autumn, Bill would dip his brush into the rusts, browns, and yellows, and in winter he'd paint smiles on Santa Clauses, build mock fireplaces, and sprinkle snowflakes over everything.

He was in charge of design in the ladies' windows facing north and the gentlemen's windows facing east.

The seasons went round and round with buds blossoming on, or leaves dropping off, many a Bill Lang cherry tree.

It went like this until the first winter windows of 1958. Things then were different, Bill Lang had sailed for Europe.

Bill spent two months in Florence, another two in Amsterdam, and finally took a flat in Paris.

His first job was as an extra at the Paris Opera. Every evening, he would join the crowd at the stage-door

except that he'd never danced.

The young Viking, totally undeterred, enrolled him at one of the best dancing academies in Paris, where the prima ballerina was a Russian countess who'd been with the Bolshoi Ballet until the Revolution.

Three months later, Birgit and Bill were "The Mysteriosi," the most dashing apache dancers in the Latin Quarter's most fashionable blacked-out nightclubs.

Their act was pure "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue"—black tights, berets and cigarettes, strained faces and thin lips, a flowing scarlet scarf for Birgit, and a pencil moustache for Bill.

At the end of six months, "The Mysteriosi" were married, though not to each other. Birgit married an Indian sitar expert and Bill married Joyce, a Jamaican girl helping to feed Africa through UNICEF in Paris.

BILL LANG, self-described as a 16th-century surrealist. His "Peruvian Taxi-Driver Peeling Potatoes" (on the wall) is not for sale.



Ecole des Beaux-Arts, founded by the Napoleonic portraitist David, in 1785.

"In 1960 it was far too dry and rigid, not at all what I'd hoped for," he said. "The school was still strongly under the influence of the Picasso of 1907. We were expected to see everything in terms of cubes and squares."

"They repeatedly told me my work was too 16th-century."

"I love Picasso, but the work he did 30 years later — that incredible surrealist series of women with enormous heads and hands."

"Perhaps you could call me a 16th-century surrealist!"

Bill's present work is certainly much closer to Picasso than to the mainstream of Paris art in 1967. Not that he doesn't permit himself the odd mild "excess": purple poker-players clad only in toppers, a city dignitary with a newspaper balanced on his head, a statuette of a green-haired leprechaun and another of a Tahitian princess whose eyes are trees and whose breasts are reversed egg-cups.

Still, relative to the epoch, Bill Lang is a terrible sober-sides.

There are more than 200 flourishing art galleries in Paris, and more than half of them are filled with the most extraordinary objects purporting to be art.

One can see paintings that incorporate moving lips in red neon, others that sprout wings or shoot a cascade of ping-pong balls when you touch them.

There are mechanical monsters with wheels that turn, and pulleys that pull,

when you plug them in, and recently I saw a painting of a suit of armor that must take some sort of prize: it incorporated a real visor; you lift it expecting to see a painted face, but instead you find a live goldfish in a bowl.

Not to be left behind, the French Government exhibited in Montreal, at Expo 67, a selection of sculptress Niki Saint-Phalle's "nanas" — gigantic, candy-colored, balloon-bodied, papier-mache ladies with pin heads.

They were a joke when they first appeared in Paris 18 months ago, but now I think we're supposed to take them seriously.

"Liberated"

What does Bill think of Art 1967?

He said, "A great deal of it is extremely interesting."

"Art today is completely liberated. An artist can do absolutely anything, and he won't have any trouble finding people who'll take him seriously and who'll buy his work!"

"The freedom is marvelous—it's a totally new phenomenon in the history of art."

"I think it began with the Dutch painter Mondrian."

"During most of his lifetime, he was considered a hopeless case. All most people could see in his paintings were heavy black lines crossing each other at right angles, with the spaces between simply colored in."

"It wasn't until just before he died, at 72, in 1944, that he was given any noteworthy recognition."

"Today, he's understood and deeply appreciated. Among other things, he was trying to show the right

relationship between form and color."

"He has influenced me tremendously."

"The final barriers were broken down by Andy Warhol's now famous replica of a tin of tomato soup. The idea was brilliant in that it opened up entirely new avenues for hundreds of people."

"One can't say that as art this painting is even remotely as good or important as, say, the 'Mona Lisa,' but it's possible that its influence on the history of art will be greater."

"How much of today's 'art' would you class as art?" I asked.

"I find it very hard to regard an object as art if it's completely impersonal."

"The dominating feeling of the new wave we're experiencing is that a work of art should make a stunning

visual impact. I can't entirely agree with this."

"First, this attitude can only lead to art becoming increasingly dehumanised, and, second, I believe that the artist should constantly strive to simplify his mode of expression."

"For my part, I will never fix a real light-bulb on to a canvas when I can just as easily paint one on."

Two sons

At 4 p.m. each day, Bill puts down his brushes and performs the traditional duty of all French parents of young children at that hour. He goes down to the local school, and waits for his offspring to be let loose.

Bill and Joyce Lang have two sons, William, 7, and Christopher, 6.

Like 99 percent of Parisians, the Langs live in a flat. They're on the second floor



ARTIST LANG (right) at his recent successful exhibition in Paris.

of an 18th-century town-house very near the Louvre.

"There's only a very small courtyard below that the boys can play in, so after school, Bill frequently takes them to the Tuileries Gardens, also nearby."

"How do you find French primary education?" was my next question.

"Frighteningly thorough and intense. I think it's too good! The kids are at it from 8.30 to 4.30, five days a week, and even the younger one has a solid hour's homework every night."

"My main concern, however, is the absence of sport. It's hardly considered at all here, it's just not yet a part of the French way of life."

"Children are absolutely forbidden to run around in the city parks, let alone throw a ball!"

"France has a Minister for Youth and Sport now, but an official white paper last month admitted that one teenager in two never participates in any physical activity, except walking to school and back!"

Bill himself was a member of football and surf clubs in both Perth and Sydney. These days, he contents himself with splashing up and down one of Paris' mini-pools.

He also gets away from his canvases, from time to time, by acting in English-language theatre productions in Paris.

He appeared in Lucas Myers' extraordinary new

surrealist play "Body," which has a plot in which eight people have just died, and meet for the first time in an eerie hereafter, each in the form of a different organ of the human body.

Bill Lang's character had been an old-fashioned fire-and-brimstone preacher on earth, so rather appropriately the old windbag is now a lung.

The "New York Times" theatre critic strongly praised Bill's performance.

"Strong pull"

Although Bill has been in Paris for nine years, his French is still very patchy.

"Are there many things you miss about Australia?"

"The coastline, the wide-open spaces, the sun, Aussie beer, and pumpkins."

"Above all, though, I find I miss Australians themselves."

My final question: "Will you be going home?"

"Yes," he said. "I feel a strong pull to go back."

"Paris is giving me a great deal, but I don't feel I could ever completely integrate myself into French life."

"We'll have to decide soon though, because the longer we wait the more difficult it will be for the boys."

"Paris is certainly the crossroads of the world for a painter. I'm sure it's just as exciting here now as it was in the 'twenties."

"But in another way, Australia today is just as exciting, and that's where I feel I ultimately belong."

Glittery and gorgeous, GLAMOROUS YOU!

... we've a superb collection of patterns to knit in the new glitter yarns: dresses, suits, sweaters, and a stole.



MY CHILDHOOD AT "RIPPON LEA"



PICTURE shows the southern aspect of "Rippon Lea," framed by a few of its handsome old trees. The estate, secluded behind its high fence, has intrigued passersby since the 1880s, when Sir Frederick Sargood planted the first of its many great trees — oaks and elms and golden ash, gums, cedars, wattles, willows, chestnuts, huge magnolias, and a fine rare pyramid tree. He and his bride, both from England, lived at Mornington until "Rippon Lea" was built. They had 12 children, and the family established wholesale soft-goods businesses in Melbourne and New Zealand. As Victoria's Defence Minister, Sir Frederick founded an army cadet movement, with the new khaki uniforms. Sir Thomas Bent, a colorful politician,

bought "Rippon Lea" from the Sargood estate. Later it was bought by Mr. Benjamin Nathan, father of the present owner, Mrs. T. G. Jones, who has lived there for nearly 60 years. (She gives the name as "Ripponlea.") In recent years Mrs. Jones, honoring her late father's wish, presented the property to the National Trust of Victoria as a permanent gift to the people, a gift valued at \$400,000. The neighboring television station ABV2 won a court action for four acres for extensions. The existing ABV tower stands on what was once the "Rippon Lea" horse and cow paddock and native animal section, and the new area acquired will take a large part of the ten acres of lawn, lakes, and trees. The estate once covered 50 acres.

PICTURE BY JIM ELLIARD

By Mrs. Leslie Jenner

● A daughter of the wealthy Melbourne merchant who, 88 years ago, built the mansion "Rippon Lea" at Elsternwick, only five miles from the heart of the city, has been writing the memoirs of her girlhood for her family. Mrs. Jenner, now of Toorak, is 93. She has 12 great-grandchildren, and has taken most of them to see the old home she so loves, one of the last of the great estates close to the city. Small, precise, modest, bearing herself with great dignity, she moves slowly but her mind does not, and she has startling recall of details from another century. She began writing the memoirs four years ago; the segments given here were chosen from her notes by one of her daughters.

THIS will not be an easy task, but a pleasant one. My granddaughters have begged me to write my memoirs for them and their children, and if I am to do this, I must begin, for time is getting short.

Looking back on my long life, I realise how fortunate I have been—busy and, I hope, of some use.

My thoughts go back so much to my childhood days at "Rippon Lea." My father, Sir Frederick Sargood, was a remarkable man of many interests; our home was the centre of a busy and interesting life.

My father, as first Minister of Defence in Victoria, entertained a great many people of varied interests. Lord and Lady Brassey were among these.

(Lord Brassey was Governor of Victoria from 1895 to 1900.)

I remember at a dinner party at Government House wearing pink satin shoes and suffering from chilblains, I wriggled one foot out of the shoe during dinner, and when Lady Brassey gave the signal for the ladies to leave the men to their port I was unable to get my foot back again.

So Lord Willington and several butlers had to go down on their knees and get my shoe from under the table. A very embarrassing moment! Lord Willington was Lord Brassey's son-in-law and afterwards Viceroy of India.

Lord Brassey had a yacht, the *Sunbeam*, and used to sail down to Mornington to visit my father at our country place, "Ellerslie."

My father entertained a great deal, as I have said—there were always three big "at homes," several dinner parties, and two balls every year. There would be between 400 and 500 people at the "at homes" and we had professional artists, singers, and musicians to entertain them.

These were a nightmare for me, as I had to sing, with one of the professional musicians to accompany me. An ordeal for any young girl. Madame Fanny Bristow was my singing teacher and became a close friend. She afterwards married Charles Lemann; I was her bridesmaid.

We had gleees every fortnight on Saturday nights with our own conductor, Dr. Ernest Wood, organist at St. Paul's Cathedral. The pianist was the assistant organist at the cathedral, Mr. Shanks. Madame Bristow was the leading soprano. She used to make me stand beside her and sight-read a new part with her. A wonderful experience for me but nerve-racking. As our family was a large one and we were nearly all musical, we had a wealth of harmony in the home.

One of my granddaughters has asked me how far back our family can go; I think to 1300. An ancestor was lady-in-waiting at the Court of the reigning king, an Edward, I think. There is some French blood somewhere also, I believe.

To go back to our entertaining, the dinner parties were often for political reasons, or to entertain some notable on a visit from England. We seated 72 and it was a very brilliant sight to see the long table with shaded lights, lovely flowers, and the beautiful gowns and jewels of the women guests.

After dinner we would go to the ballroom, where we would be entertained by artists. It was a lovely time. Dr. Bevan, of the Congregational Church, often sang for us in Welsh—he had a great voice. A

well-known cellist was the brother of Madam Halle, wife of the famous Sir Charles. Then there was Herr Benno Scherrick, a fine pianist.

My father often entertained the crew of some ship-in port, and there would be sports, boating on the lake, archery, and a big tea to finish with, and a concert.

Sometimes there were evening entertainments—a concert, dancing on the lawns, all the garden lit up with electric lights, and lamps hung everywhere; it was a fairyland indeed. Incidentally, my father was the first person in Melbourne to have the electric light, and the electrician was kept busy as it was not the high standard of efficiency we are used to today. Lights out at 10.30; father was very thoughtful of his staff.

(Melbourne first got electric light in 1880 when the Victorian Electric Light Co. was formed.)

It was a period when men wore button-holes, and my father and brothers all wore them when they left in the morning. The head gardener always selected suitable flowers and these were brought in on a tray for us to make up. We daughters always arranged the flowers for a dinner or ball—the flowers were picked and brought into the flower-room, where the vases were kept. We had flowers everywhere and so much enjoyed all the time spent in arranging them.

I must tell you about our carriages, long before the days of the motor-car.

There was the big carriage with a pair of horses, always driven by the coachman;

There was the big carriage and pair, and the brougham, and the victoria, and the wagonet, and the canopy-covered charabanc (useful for picnics), and the pony cart.

then there was the brougham—one horse—for one or two people and used principally by my stepmother; the victoria, a most comfortable two-person vehicle, open, but with a hood, and the groom used to drive this; then the wagonet, which was used for taking us to school and during the holidays at Mornington.

Then the charabanc, a very high contraption with a canopy that could be taken off—it seated six people and was used at reviews, picnics, etc. The pony cart we used mostly at Mornington, always with the groom sitting behind us. We had a much-loved cob, Bobby, in this.

When we were going to "Ellerslie," at Mornington, for the holidays, the groom always left very early in the morning with the riding horses, and some of us left later either in the wagonet or charabanc with the coachman driving—we rested the horses at Mordialloc for about two hours. How very different the road is now! It was mostly bush, and at Frankston we always got out and walked up Davey's Hill to ease the load.

The staff went by train, when the train was running, otherwise everyone drove down. I remember I went on the first train to carry passengers, with Clara, my sister, and Rosina Colbe.

("Ellerslie" was eventually turned into a well-known guesthouse, "Dava Lodge.")

To go back to "Rippon Lea"—it was a big house of 30 rooms set in 50 acres. I am trying to remember things that had to do with the running of "Rippon Lea." I feel it might be interesting, as the day of

big houses is over and domestic help non-existent.

We had seven permanent maids and a butler, and, outside, seven gardeners, a coachman and groom, with small boys for weeding (mostly from the Newspaper Boys' Home), also the electrician and a permanent carpenter.

The staff were mostly married, with homes in what was called "the village," which was built by Father, and all having a gate into the ten-acre paddock so their children had plenty of space to play in.

Every year a picnic was held in the paddock, with marquees for meals, a merry-go-round, Punch and Judy, and sports. It was a wonderfully happy day. Also once a year a ball was given for the house staff, with dancing on the lawns and refreshments. Father always liked to see the old dances, so there were quadrilles, lancers, and all other square dances—the names I can't remember; these dances were an old English custom.

We had several unusual names among the staff, the coachman's name was Wye-brow (we brought him out from England in 1882 and he was with us 28 years), the groom's name was Forehead (he was also English, from the village of Shere in Surrey).

Sometimes there would be a man-o'-war in port. Father, as Minister for Defence, would issue an invitation to the crew and they would come for the day and have dancing, sports, and perhaps a concert.

Sometimes the garden would be thrown open for a charity, and there would be

Father's interests were so many, and varied. He was instrumental in starting a men's quartet at the cathedral.

The family worshipped at St. Peter's, Mornington, for many years when they were down at "Ellerslie" for the holidays. There is now a window to our family there, and one to my husband's family.

How strange, looking back, to remember the tollgate in St. Kilda Road, just by the barracks. It would be in 1885 and we children as we drove into town would take it in turns to pay the 2d or 3d toll.

Thinking of these old days makes me remember an old woman who lived in a tiny cottage of two rooms in the tea-tree between Mornington and Mt. Martha. She was quite erratic and kept a coffin in one of the rooms, and if she thought she was going to die she slept in it! She used to say she had hardly any food, and yet her cupboard was full of good things.

Sometimes she would sit in a chair in the middle of the road looking half dead, and as one drove along one would have to pull up and get her back to her cottage. There was a story that she was a well-known flower woman of Hyde Park, London.

My father brought blackbirds, thrushes, and other birds, as well as Canadian squirrels, out here. They were housed in the lower end of the fernery, and when they had bred up were liberated and spread all over Victoria and into New South Wales.

Some of the grandchildren will be interested to hear of the handsome cabs which were so popular in London in the 'eighties. There were quite a few out here in the early days. They were rather like a sedan chair on wheels and drawn by one horse.

They carried two passengers and the driver sat on a high seat at the back, and to contact his passengers opened a little trapdoor in the roof and conversed through that. The cab would be closed against wind and rain by folding doors with glass panels. They were very comfortable to ride in, but one felt sorry for the driver sitting up top in all weathers.

We had a much-travelled cow. One of my sisters had been ill with scarlet fever, so, as the doctor advised plenty of fresh milk for her, we took the cow to England on the boat with us. This would have been in the 1880s, I think. I might add that the cow made the trip in great style.

There is so much more that I could add, but it is of a more personal nature, so will conclude here and hope this will be of interest to some people.

FOOTNOTE: Mrs. Jenner's husband, who died nine years ago, was a grazier. After their marriage they lived at "Ripponhurst," Macarthur, 20 miles from Hamilton, Vic., and later built a home at Hamilton—"Myrmion," now the boarding section of the Presbyterian Girls' College.

There are two daughters, Mrs. R. M. Buntine, of Kooyong, Vic., and Mrs. Hamilton Clark, of "Uambi," Baan Baa, N.S.W.

Mrs. Jenner's 19th-century upbringing and modesty still make her shy of publicity, and she refused to pose for our photographer, or even to lend a picture taken when she was a young girl, in a satin ballgown.

Explaining her memoirs, she said, "The grandchildren seemed so interested. One of my granddaughters thought 'Rippon Lea' looked like something from *Georgette Heyer*."

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PEEL A CAN AND TASTE THE SUNSHINE

The Golden Circle Cannery, Northgate, Brisbane, Q.
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 10, 1968

COMPACT

Curls by candlelight!



★ This lass really let the festive season go to her head. The exotic hairdo — it looks to have been inspired by the antlers of one of Santa's reindeers and the lights on a Christmas tree — was dreamed up in a Paris hairdressing salon.

This artist is really "down-to-earth"

■ Everything Sydney artist Jean Isherwood sees, she wants to paint. Upturned tree roots, a road under construction, machinery cutting through rock — they have all found their way on to her canvas.

"FANCIES"

"I'm literally composing pictures all the time," she said, and proceeded to describe how she would make a composition of our shabby office chair — "It's so interesting" — and steel filing cabinet!

According to Miss Isherwood, as the years go by she



● Jean Isherwood

gets "fancies" for painting certain things.

"One year I painted nothing but boats and fishermen. That was when I was living at Palm Beach, N.S.W."

"Then, when I started to drive around the country, I was fascinated by ringbarked trees and by the upturned roots that had been pushed over to make roadways."

In 1967 her "fancy" was for landscapes, as her "one-man" show in Sydney revealed. The 50 exhibits were all landscapes.

Miss Isherwood began travelling around Australia in 1958, doing commissioned portraits of children in country towns, but it was only about three years ago that her artist's eye "discovered" the outback...

"I thought, 'This is life — this is where I want to be.' The vastness really stirs me."

Unfortunately, teaching art at East Sydney Technical College, where she was once a student, doesn't leave her much time to go bush.

But, at the slightest opportunity, she will pack her painting paraphernalia into her station wagon and head for the wide-open spaces.

"Sometimes I stay out in the bush for four nights with only possums for company," she said.

Color is vital to Miss Isherwood — the brighter the better — but, in her opinion, it has no meaning without form.

FAMILY

"That's why I adore heaps of earth," she said. "A machine digging into new earth is the thing I get most excited about — it discloses such lovely colors and shapes."

It isn't really surprising that Miss Isherwood should be creative.

Her great-grandfather, Barnett Levy, is regarded by many as the "father" of the Australian theatre — the Sydney suburb of Waverley is named after his home, "Waverley House" — and her second cousin is the distinguished English writer Christopher Isherwood.

TATTERED CLOTH HAS A HISTORY

A SMALL piece of canvas, painted red, will be presented soon to the Australian National War Museum, Canberra.

It belongs to Mr. Harold Buckley, of Mt. Lawley, Western Australia, and is part of the red plane of the German air ace of the Great War, Baron Manfred Von Richthofen, who was flying over the Australian trenches at the Somme when he was shot down and killed on April 21, 1918.

"We watched the fight," said Mr. Buckley recently, "and Von Richthofen gave us a burst of his fire. We dived into the dugouts (Mr. Buckley was with 16 Battalion) but came out again to see a Canadian pilot taking him on."

"It has still not been established whether the Canadian's bullets brought him down or whether it was ground machine-gun fire."

"There was a chivalry of the air in that war," said Mr. Buckley. "If an aviator was shot down, either German or Allied, he was entertained in the officers' mess before being interned. If he lost his life his personal effects were put in his flying boots and they were dropped over the airfield from which he left on his mission."

Marked for safety

"Planes were specially marked so that they could have safe conduct to the enemy airfield."

Mr. Buckley took a piece of the red plane and sent it home to his mother. When his only child, Robert, joined the RAAF, his father gave him the souvenir to keep with him.

When Robert Buckley was killed in Singapore last May the piece of red canvas was found in his effects, still wrapped in the paper which Mr. Buckley sent out from France almost 50 years earlier.

"I wanted the National War Museum to have it," said Mr. Buckley.

His inscription on the back, written at the time, reads, "A piece of wing of Count Von Richthofen's flying machine, one of the Red Devils. This man fetched down 79 Allied machines and died after his 80th when he was fetched down by an Australian on the Somme."

Whether or not the inscription is, in parts, quite accurate, the piece of cloth is quite a souvenir.



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THEY CAME TO HONOR HAROLD HOLT . . .

ABOVE: The South Vietnamese President, Nguyen Van Thieu (wearing morning suit), waits on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral after the service before driving to Government House for the buffet luncheon given for visiting heads of state.



FEDERAL TREASURER Mr. William McMahon and Mrs. McMahon (picture at right) arrived at the Cathedral shortly after Sir Robert and Dame Pattie Menzies. Crowds outside listened to the service, which was relayed by loudspeakers.



ARRIVING at Government House, Sir Robert Menzies is greeted by the Governor, Sir Rohan Delacombe, and Lady Delacombe.



FROM THE PHILIPPINES, Mrs. Ferdinand Marcos, wife of the Filipino President, arrives at Government House, Melbourne.



LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION, Mr. Gough Whitlam (centre), arrives at St. Paul's with Mrs. Whitlam.



PREMIER OF VICTORIA, Sir Henry Bolte, and Lady Bolte were among early arrivals. Crowds packed Flinders Street, opposite the Cathedral.



PRIME MINISTER OF BRITAIN, Mr. Harold Wilson, waits alone in his pew in the Cathedral for the memorial service to begin.



PRINCE CHARLES the Prince of Wales—thinner and more mature than when he was here as a Timbertop student—was accompanied into church by the Governor-General, Lord Casey



UNITED IN GRIEF, 2000 people gathered in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, Melbourne, to pay tribute to the memory of Mr. Harold Holt. Mrs. Holt and her family occupied the front pew on the right, facing the altar; heading the impressive company of world leaders were the Prince of Wales, U.S. President Lyndon B. Johnson, and the British Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Wilson.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT



CHAPEL WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. John McKean after their marriage at the Trinity Grammar School Chapel pictured with their attendants, Miss Patricia McKean, Miss Jennifer Greweoe, Mrs. Peter Finch (left to right), pageboy Peter Magee, and flower-girl Jean-Mary Dyce. The bride was Miss Nerida Tonge, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Tonge, of Epping. The bridegroom is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McKean, of Epping.



OFFICIAL GUESTS. Commodore J. H. Dowson, Mrs. J. M. Ramsay, Mrs. Dowson, and Captain Ramsay (left to right) arriving at HMA Naval Dockyard, at Williamstown, Victoria, for the launching of the new Anti-Submarine Escort, HMAS Swan. Mrs. Allen Fairhall, accompanied by her husband, the Minister for Defence, launched the ship.

AT RIGHT: Mr. Richard Griffin and Miss Helen Cowled, who have announced their engagement, plan to marry in August. Miss Cowled is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Cowled, of Longueville. Her fiancé is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Griffin, of Longueville.



ABOVE: Newly engaged Miss Jane Eassie, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Eassie, of Goulburn, and her fiancé, Mr. John Nicholas, from "Mere-worth," Moss Vale. Mr. Nicholas is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nicholas, of Goulburn.



ABOVE: An Easter wedding is planned by Mr. David Walker and Miss Jane Dunlop, who recently announced their engagement. Miss Dunlop, who is wearing a sapphire engagement ring, is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dunlop, of "Cliffdale," Currabubula. Mr. Walker is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Walker, of "Brigalow Park," North Star.





ON THE STEPS OF PARLIAMENT HOUSE

● President Johnson and Australian "caretaker" Prime Minister, Mr. McEwen, at Parliament House, Canberra, on December 21. This was the President's first official call after his arrival in Australia at dawn that day to attend the memorial service for Mr. Holt. ("I have lost a friend," he said in his speech at the airport.) Mr. McEwen had been sworn in as Australia's 19th Prime Minister the previous day, but said he would step down as soon as the Liberals elected a new leader.

Picture by staff photographer Ron Berg.



GOLDSWORTHY, with general store in foreground.

WEDDING IN A MUSHROOM MINING TOWN



BRIDAL PAIR Mr. and Mrs. David Joseph Grant, at right, with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Brown, who were best man and matron-of-honor.

Guests stayed till the piccaninny dawn

By
WINFRED BISSET



BRIDE with her father, Mr. David Garvey.

WHEN the first wedding was held in the new iron-ore town of Goldsworthy, in north-western Australia, the wind blew in the right direction. Red dust cast no pall over the day.

There are special problems attached to a wedding in a town which only a few years ago was a miners' camp.

The bride was Julie, only child of Mr. and Mrs. David Garvey — he is a master mechanic from New South Wales — and the groom, David Grant, an auto-electrician from Rockhampton, Queensland.

They met at Khancoban, in the Snowy Mountains. Julie and her parents were the first to leave for Goldsworthy; David joined them two and a half months later, and four days after that the engagement was announced.

There was quite a question to be settled. Where would they be married?

Goldsworthy is 1200 miles from Perth, and is a town of 90 houses, of which only one-third are permanent — these are the original houses; the rest are prefabricated.

There is no church.

There are no big department stores for shopping. No flowers grow.

For the bride's mother it was quite a headache. "Send to Perth for anything you can't get here," said the bride's father, and so it happened.

If anything was forgotten, a wire went to Perth and up came the missing article by aircraft. Crayfish were flown from Perth, and magnificent strawberries from Adelaide.

The flowers for the bridal party, the service, the reception, and the carnations for the men all went up by air freight to Goldsworthy and were stored in the deep freeze of the camp caterers.

Chicken, ham

Mrs. Garvey and Mrs. Cant cooked chicken and ham for weeks before and stored it in Mrs. Cant's deep freeze. She is the wife of Mr. R. G. Cant, chief electrical and mechanical engineer for Goldsworthy Mining Ltd., and it was at their air-conditioned home that the reception was held.

Their three-year-old daughter, Patricia, was flowergirl. "That's where all the strawberries went to from the top of the cakes," said her father.

The camp caterers also made the wedding cake.

"We wrote to a Perth jewellers for my engagement ring," said Julie, "hoping, after my description, that it might be what I required. It was exactly right. I wrote to a Perth department store telling them of the dress I was going to make and asked them to pick the material, the color of the matron-of-honor's dress, etc., and everything they chose was exactly what I wanted."

"I made all the dresses, veil, and headpieces for myself, the matron-of-honor, and the flowergirl."

The matron-of-honor was Mrs. Doug Brown, whose husband is the field foreman. They also lived at the Snowy Mountains before making their home in the iron-ore country.

Mrs. Garvey had a list as long as her arm when she went to Perth with Mrs. Cant to do the shopping.

She did everything in a week, including buying wedding presents on behalf of the guests.

A jarrah outdoor dance floor was made for the occasion. The music had

to be taped, but they had all the latest hits.

The wedding was held in the schoolhouse. As soon as school was finished on the previous day, desks were pushed to the wall of the air-conditioned classroom and the chairs set up as pews. Altar fittings had to wait until the next day, when the Rev. J. G. McCahon flew his own plane from Carnarvon, 600 miles away, to conduct the service.

"Every dance"

Guests came from Port Hedland and Finucane Island, about 80 miles away. The piccaninny dawn was breaking before they got into their cars again, in wedding finery, to drive along the scrub-country road home.

David and Julie had passed that way hours before in David's sports car.

No one divulged what time the flowergirl went to bed. "I know she had every dance," said her father, "and if she wasn't asked she did the asking herself."



FLOWERGIRL Patricia Cant, aged 3.

"I live with a bachelor"

WHEN I was a single girl I went out with bachelors whenever I could. Then I married one—and that was when I found out that marrying a bachelor is a far different thing from the simple pleasure of dating one.

After all, how many of us left the theatre after seeing "My Fair Lady" really wanting to marry Henry Higgins? Strip away Rex Harrison and what have you got? A selfish creature of relentless habit who went to great lengths to explain that a woman had no place in his life.

After being married to me for years, my husband is still a bachelor.

Before I married him, he was by no means a misogynist like Henry Higgins, but he did share the common trait of all bachelors: *habit*. Bachelors are people who have had plenty of time to arrange their lives, rearrange them, dig little grooves, and permanently connect those grooves to their brain channels.

If you marry a bachelor you will have to take him on his terms, grooves and all—or not take him.

I don't mean to suggest that my husband goes out with the boys every other night, and out with the girls the rest of the time. He is, in fact, a model husband—if your model is a man who loves his family, takes an interest in his child, has a very strict idea of what his home should be like, and is generally agreeable and affectionate.

The catch is, I said his home—which, in my case, has to be run along immutable laws laid down for him generations ago through his European origins.

I will never forget the night my husband decided that I was the housekeeper (and, to be fair, also wife, child-bearer, and love goddess) he had been waiting for.

We were sitting in his comfortable living-room eating a lovely little supper he had cooked for me and listening to Moravian folk songs. We hardly knew each other, but I was entranced with the whole scene, and especially with him. He said, apropos of nothing in particular, "I think we should get married."

As soon as he said it he looked as though he heard distant voices speaking strange tongues deep within him. I understood that it was a precedent-shattering occasion, and I didn't want to spoil it, so I said, "OK."

Somehow we actually did get married one month later—just two months after we had first met. I can't remember ever being happier than I was the day of our wedding. (My husband claims he can't remember the day at all.)

Before we were married we had visited an almost deserted offshore island. We thought it was terribly romantic, and so we went back for a month's honeymoon. We must have been out of our minds. Once married we should have immediately returned to our respective jobs and apartments, easing slowly into the idea of being husband and wife, perhaps occasionally spending a weekend together at a hotel.

But no—off we went to a place so isolated that the only thing we had to do was to go to bed, which was great; catch fish, less great, and wash up after cleaning and eating the fish, which was the source of all our incipient troubles.

We had hours, days, and weeks to view each other with alarm.

If I suggested we abandon the dishes unwashed in the sink, my husband felt he was letting me set a dangerous precedent.

If he suggested we get up at dawn to watch the sunrise, I cursed the fate that had married me to a man who took pleasure in being conscious before noon.

Finally the endless month wore itself (and us) out. Barely speaking, we came back home—to his bachelor apartment. If a honeymoon had been a mistake, my moving in with him was a catastrophe.

It wasn't that we hated each other. In

... SUPER EVENINGS (I COULD SEE IT ALL) WITH THIS FASCINATING MAN WHO COOKED LIKE A GOURMET AND TOLD ME I WAS EXCITING. SO I THOUGHT: WHY NOT!

By Jane O'Reilly

fact, we were absolutely delighted to be married. I thought (still do think) that my husband was fascinating, brilliant, and sexy. He was kind enough to suggest on occasion (usually when I cried) that I was the most exciting thing that had ever happened to him.

He was glad (*glad*, he repeated unconvincedly) to have me around, as long as I didn't intrude.

It was terribly hard not to intrude in a two-room apartment. He had lived there for six years. There were two cupboards and one chest of drawers. For about six months there were also eight suitcases of mine, all full, all piled in the middle of the living-room. We had a great many discussions about moving those suitcases, and every so often I threatened to leave (without ever actually unpacking).

I think I *did* leave once, but I couldn't carry the suitcases downstairs and he wouldn't help me—so I came back.

The trouble was, I didn't have anything to unpack *into*. My husband had cleared one-eighth of one cupboard and one-quarter of one drawer, and he couldn't seem to make any more room for me. I never would have dreamed of moving any of his things myself for fear of (1) sharp reprisal and (2) causing a trauma.

MY husband had lived alone for years, always in the expectation that some day somewhere he would find the ultimate girl. It took almost as long for him to get used to the idea that he had found her and she (me) was actually living with him. Every evening I had to arrange a homecoming that would gently reintroduce him to the fact that he was married.

To accomplish this, I would dash home from work and desperately run around the apartment hiding my things.

Footsteps at the door. He would take his mail out of the mailbox. (I had already taken my mail out and left his in so he wouldn't be surprised or disappointed.) Next he would open the door, push past a six-foot pile of his old newspapers, deposit his mail on the primordial disorder of his desk, look around, and then... *shock*... a girl... his wife!

He would dutifully kiss me and at the same time look around the room for signs of an intruder. Usually he would find a scarf or some small thing I had overlooked, and, picking it up in the way one might pick up a dead cat, he would say, "Why can't you ever pick up your things?"

Maybe when bachelor girls marry bachelor men, a compromise in their separate ideas about what is and what is not a respectable way to keep house comes easier. But I wasn't a bachelor girl. I had already been married once, and I thought I knew the best way to keep the rats away from the door.

My first husband was a nice boy (we were both young when we got married), and I followed the usual pattern of making him believe that husbands should be helpmates; that is, do everything, or at least help me do everything. Well, my second marriage was (and is) a different scene.

My new husband had been attending to his domestic needs quite satisfactorily for all those years and he considered his methods vastly superior to mine. (They probably were and are.) But a man who has had many years to look for a wife has also had plenty of time to think about what a wife should do.

In my husband's case, what I was supposed to do was *his* will. According to him, a wife should work, be brilliant, beautiful, and throw herself into the joys of needlepoint cushions and casserole suppers.

I was willing to try to be brilliant and beautiful, and even to work. But I had gone through the fine frenzies of the newly wed housekeeper in my first marriage, and I could not force myself to do it again. I wanted my house to run itself, invisibly if possible. If that meant the house occasionally didn't run at all, I wanted to be able to catch up in my own good time.

Before you marry a bachelor you should be absolutely certain that you are, in fact, the girl he has been waiting for all those years. Because if you are not, he will try to make you into her, no matter how much he likes you the way you are. After about two months of married life I realised that I was being extensively remodelled.

My gay, madcap personality (premarital description) was now being denounced as irresponsible behaviour.

My husband had always wanted a wife who could make him laugh, but apparently he now only felt like laughing *after* the laundry had been taken care of. I had always done the laundry on Fridays, but he had done it on Wednesdays for ten years, and was baffled when he found dirty shirts in the house on Thursday.

He had always saved up his socks for his mother to mend when she visited twice a year, and he bitterly resented it when I broke tradition by mending some myself.

One evening I found my husband writing an angry letter to the telephone people

complaining that some stranger had been billing long-distance calls to his number.

I quietly explained that I had a long-distance mother, too. In fact, he had talked to her just the other night and had refused to recognise her voice even when she said: "This is Mary, Jane's mother."

"Jane?" he had said, bewildered.

Meals were also a source of disagreement. The first week we lived in his apartment I made a list of menus (as I had always done in my earlier marriage). He said he didn't want to know in advance what he was going to eat. I was too cowed to realise that it would still be a good idea if I knew what we were going to eat. (And I gave up my lists.) As a result, there was usually *nothing* to eat, and if there was it was food he liked—like kidneys.

Even worse, I had to admit that when he cooked kidneys—they were good. (In fact, he could cook everything better than I could.) Unhappily, he still insisted that I do the cooking (which I did), while he served his friends drinks.

His friends came over all the time, at any hour of the day or night. The unmarried men dropped in to drink our grog and make derisive and envious remarks about our evident domestic bliss. The married men also came to drink and to join in choruses of complaint about married life with their newest victims.

Women came over, or called up, constantly. A bachelor's secret of success is that he can keep so many women happy and hopeful for so long that almost none of them ever go away mad. Once my husband's harem had gotten over their shock of finding him married, they all stayed around as friends and drinkers, too. (Our son has eleven godmothers.)

HAVING a baby was the only way I could think of to get my husband out of his apartment and into a bigger one that would be ours. Even after the baby was born I had occasional fearful moments when I thought he would be unable to tear himself away and the baby and I would have to go on alone.

But he did move, and then it turned out that I was supposed to part with a lot of possessions. He said my furniture wasn't worth moving. I wanted it because I thought it was all beautiful and, besides, it was mine.

I succeeded finally in saving my possessions, but only at great cost to the emotional underpinning of my marriage.

It should be clear by now that my husband adjusted to marriage uneasily. I couldn't think how he would adjust to fatherhood.

After the usual nine months, I announced one night that the pains were coming every five minutes. My husband got out of bed, polished his shoes, chose his tie with inordinate care, and almost left without me.

I managed to catch him before he drove to the hospital alone, and once we got there I handled the whole thing in the best possible way by producing an enormous boy—an absolutely beautiful facsimile of his father.

That night my husband filled my room with champagne, caviar, and flowering cherry branches. Then he went home to get dressed and go to a party. I will never forgive him. But, then, the birth of a baby gives every man a chance to do something his wife will never forgive him for, whether it's going to a party or just hanging around the hospital.

Bachelors make wonderful fathers. They make wonderful husbands, too, if you can stand the first five years while they're adjusting. But there is something about my bachelor's son.

He seems to be a bachelor, too.

Now I have two totally independent men in the house who spend their time sighing sympathetically together and saying to me, "Not that way; do it our way."



AYERS ROCK at the end of the eight-year drought in 1966, when waterfalls cascaded more than 1000 feet down the rockface.

BREAKING OF THE DROUGHT

Television

PROJECT '68, the National Nine Network's prestige program, has an outstanding documentary, "Where Dead Men Lie," for telecasting in the new TV season. It is a film of the Leyland Brothers' expedition which crossed the continent from west to east in 1966. The Leylands say it is better than "Down the Darling," the documentary that made their name.

Pictures on this page were taken by the Leylands. They show a highpoint in the documentary, the breaking of the eight-year drought at Ayers Rock.

—NAN MUSGROVE

EXPEDITION camp near Ayers Rock. Drought-breaking rain flooded tents, which had to be bailed out.





SCENE from TCN9's courtroom drama series, "The Unloved," to be screened at 1 p.m. Mondays to Fridays, beginning February 5.

TCN9 seeks young talent

● On the hunt for young actors and actresses for its new daily drama series, "The Unloved," TCN9 is holding open auditions at Sydney's Tivoli theatre on January 9 and 10.

By NAN MUSGROVE

CHILDREN with theatrical ambitions and parents who are willing to let them have a go are invited to turn up at the Tivoli theatre at 7.30 p.m. on January 9 and 10 for a conversational interview-audition in view of all other triers.

"The Unloved" is a dramatised version of cases that have been heard in the juvenile courts by one of Sydney's best-known magistrates, Mr. A. E. Debenham, who retired in 1963.

TCN9 need 240 young actors and actresses for the 1968 season of "The Unloved," hence the auditions. It is a great opportunity for talented children.

There are separate auditions for girls and boys. Girls only should appear on January 9, boys only on January 10. Children interested should go to the Tivoli by 7 p.m., when the doors open.

They will be seated in order of arrival and heard on stage, row by row. Pictures will be taken of each child to establish how he or she photographs — very important for a visual medium like TV.

Applicants for auditions need not prepare any material for the audition. They will be interviewed by talent scouts and producers from TCN9 and NLT Productions Pty Ltd., of North Sydney, who are making "The Unloved" for TCN9.

No decisions will be given during the Tivoli auditions, but successful applicants will be called by letter for further auditions and allotted roles in "The Unloved."

The young actors and actresses will eventually be trained and rehearsed, and will play their roles in conditions approved by the Child Welfare Department.

I have seen the pilot edition of "The Unloved" and watched another edition being made.

They are interesting, absorbing human-interest dramas, whose greatest strength lies in the fact that they are true.

They are not exactly what I would call entertainment, but they fulfil a need and should, I believe, be watched by all parents.

Timing "The Unloved" presented problems. Channel 9 executives agree that both parents should see "The Unloved" if possible, but want to show it when there are few children about.

For this reason it is to be

telecast at 1 p.m., Mondays to Fridays, from February 5, after school resumes.

It is simple court-room drama made in a set that is, I am told, almost a replica of "Minda" Children's Court at Burwood. The stories unfolded, however, are not simple. Some of them are horrifying, most of them are harrowing.

They tell true stories of neglected children, uncontrollable children, young

courts have been opened to producers and scriptwriters so they can see at first hand what goes on.

"Juvenile delinquency is such a problem today that if through 'The Unloved' we can do something to help children by guiding their parents, I feel it is a good thing.

"The cases are quite true. I provide all the cases from my files. There are four scriptwriters, and after they have done their work I check their script to see that it is to my satisfaction. At the end of each show I appear on camera and speak briefly to the watching mothers."

During my talks with various people about "The Unloved" I was told that "dramatic licence" had been taken with the cases to make them more entertaining.

I was dubious about this, imagined that perhaps the truth had been tampered with. It has not. The dramatic licence comes from the presentation.

In the juvenile courts most of the stories come from reports of Child Welfare Officers, affidavits, statements, depositions, but in its dramatisation the story comes from the lips of the child and its parents or guardians.

"The Unloved" is the idea of well-known Sydney playwright Marien Dreyer, who assisted Mr. Debenham in the preparation of the two books he has written since he retired — "Without Fear of Favor" and "All Manner of People."

Mrs. Dreyer was struck with the potential of the material in Mr. Debenham's files and successfully sold the idea to NLT and TCN9.



people who take drugs, who thief and rob, who play truant — the unloved children of the world.

The pilot film of "The Unloved" was shown at a private screening late last year to representatives of the Department of Justice, the Child Welfare, and Police Departments.

All of them were enthusiastic about it.

Mr. Debenham, who as well as providing the material for the scripts, is technical adviser to the production, was delighted with the reception the Departments gave to "The Unloved."

"Members of all three departments believe that nothing but good can come from 'The Unloved,'" he said. "They had no criticisms at all. They all had the view that it would be of tremendous benefit, so much so that each department offered their co-operation in every way."

"You can gauge the extent of the official reaction when I tell you that for the first time the closed juvenile

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TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Mamma once said, when I asked her what self-control was: "My son, self-control is when you're on a diet and a friend takes you to lunch and orders a big slice of cream cake and you sit there drinking black, unsweetened coffee. Another example is to eat just one salted peanut. Also if you see a friend with a black eye and don't ask him how he got it. But for the real definition . . ."

MOMMA'S MORAL: Self-control is giving up smoking. Extreme self-control is not telling anybody about it.

Visit HISTORIC BEECHWORTH. See the

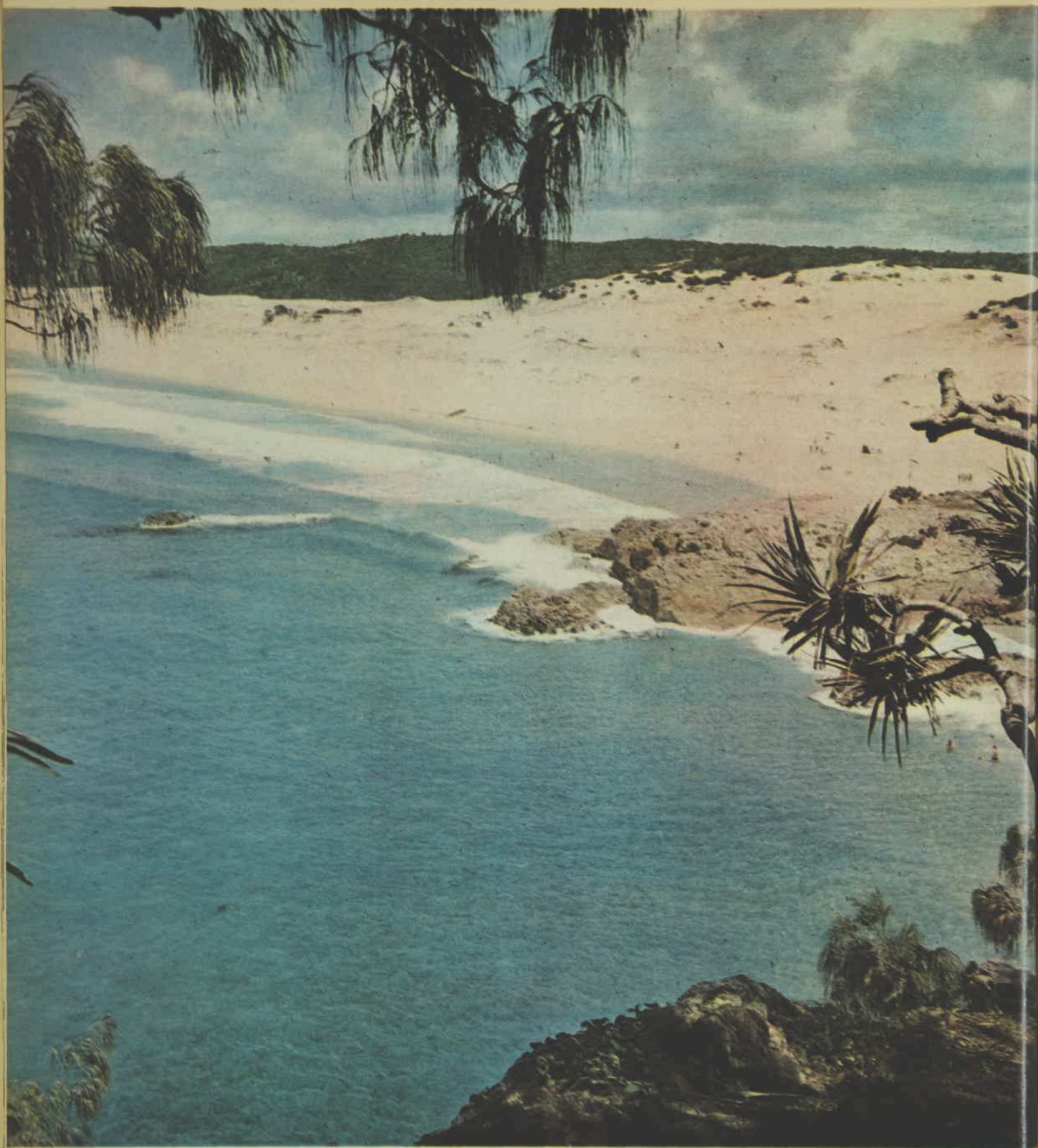
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Further information at all tourist bureaux.



A PARADISE FOR HOLIDAY-MAKERS

—Picture by KEITH NUDD, of Holland Park, Qld.

● The main beach at Point Lookout, on Stradbroke Island, 13 miles from Brisbane, extends for 20 miles, taking in high rocky headlands and rugged gorges. The island, about 20 miles long and eight miles wide, forms the barrier between Moreton Bay and the open sea. Matthew Flinders landed there in 1799 to replenish his water supplies. Today the island's holiday amenities include fishing, swimming, and boating. In the wildflower season, between August and October, the island is ablaze with the colors of white wedding bush, yellow and pink boronia, yellow gorse, and native heather.

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

As youth sees things

IF some are born to their profession, my children are surely budding diplomats. My five-year-old came home from school minus a front tooth. He got a glass of water and instructed me to place on top of it a note reading, "Dear Fairies, I lost the tooth. I love you just the same." On completing a long list of requirements from Santa, the seven-year-old added, "P.S. My love to your mother."

\$2 to Mrs. D. Wills, Chatswood, N.S.W.

OUR family had spent quite a time clambering over the Albany coastline to see the tourist attractions. After one very strenuous effort, my sister, aged seven, sank on to a rock and gasped, "My legs feel as though they're going to have a mental breakdown."

\$2 to Miss H. J. Inch, High Wycombe, W.A.

A MARRIED teacher was away on special leave, and our 11-year-old daughter came in and sat beside me. "Guess what, Mum," she said, "Mrs. So-and-so had a baby daughter delivered at half-past-three in the morning! Gee, she had to get up early, didn't she?"

\$2 to Mrs. A. Swain, Lalar Park, N.S.W.

WHEN very young, my sister opened our brother's bedroom door without first knocking. Reprimanded, she explained, "I looked through the keyhole to see if it was all right to come in."

\$2 to Mrs. C. R. Brayley, Kew, Vic.

ALL alone in the kitchen, I had the wireless on and was dancing away to a lively tune. Hearing footsteps I turned around and there was my grandson, aged five. He suggested earnestly, "Nanna, p'raps if you put your glasses on, you'd see to dance better."

\$2 to "78" (name supplied), Kingswood, S.A.

MY son Mark, aged seven, told me he had a gift for me, and had bought the most beautiful card, which had cost as much as the gift. The shock of the card! Decorated with green lilies, it read, "With sympathy from your loving son, Mark."

\$2 to Mrs. Josie Gibson, Kyogle, N.S.W.



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FROM ALL CHEMISTS

AP19



LETTER BOX

• We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Kind and loving

OFTEN we hear how cruel children can be, but for a year I have had the pleasure of seeing how loving and kind they are. Fortunately, my child with slight cerebral palsy is able to attend a normal school. At first the teacher tried to stop the children mothering her and let her do things for herself. But even after a year they are still doing it. Some mornings eight little boys and girls are waiting to carry her case and hold her hands. It fills my heart with joy.

\$2 to "Grateful Mother" (name supplied), Moera, N.Z.

Reasonable allowance

THIS year my daughter, who is 17, will be a matriculation student at high school. We wish to give her a weekly allowance to cover clothes, cosmetics, and sundries, so she can learn to balance her budget. Can any reader give me an idea of what would be a reasonable and fair amount? She will not have to pay fares and will wear uniform. But, like most girls, she likes clothes.

\$2 to "Jouquill" (name supplied), Croydon, Vic.

Sorting out teenagers

IT seems to me there is still something in favor of the old-fashioned "putting up of hair" and "going into long dresses" when one reached the age of 20. It did have the advantage of sorting out the teenagers from the rest of us, and would still save elderly spinsters, mothers, and grandmothers from looking like long-in-the-tooth ten-year-olds.

\$2 to "One of 'em" (name supplied), Blackheath, N.S.W.

Psychedelic iron-lace

IS there anyone else who, like myself, gets a twinge of disappointment when they see lovely old iron lace-work painted in harsh colors? White is my preference. Some pastel shades blend in with the decor, but when I see purple, or dark brown, etc., my fingers really itch. Black iron-work, usually of heavier pattern, has its own beauty.

\$2 to "Mrs. Z." (name supplied), Ferryden Park, S.A.

Frivolous note on weather

PEOPLE blame the Bomb and other things for the strange weather. But the real reason could be much simpler—the increase in the number of cars. Owners have to clean them, and, as everyone knows, as soon as you have cleaned a car it starts to rain!

\$2 to Mrs. M. Ferris, Calliope, Qld.

**Ross
Campbell**
writes...

ABOUT FACES

ONE of the things you cannot get away from is your face.

You have to carry it around. You see it, as a rule, at least once a day, whether you want to or not.

There are different ways of reacting to it.

One is to like your face very much, and gloat over it. Good-looking people must find it hard to avoid doing this.

The danger is that they get the habit of looking in mirrors, and this is not a popular practice.

I once interviewed a beautiful lady who talked to me for two minutes without taking her eyes away from the mirror in her compact. Naturally, I thought she was a bit of a love-me-do.

On the other hand, a great many people are dissatisfied with their faces.

They go to endless pains trying to improve them with lipstick, mascara, and so on.

Often these efforts have considerable effect. Still, the face-worriers continue to worry.

Some women in the Middle East are lucky, because they do not have to show their faces. They just pop on a yashmak that leaves only the



eyes revealed. A dab of eyeshadow and the most ordinary lady looks mysteriously interesting.

But until yashmaks come in here (and I hope they do) many women will continue to regard their faces as a problem.

Men, too, brood on their faces more than they will admit.

Some take the drastic course of hiding them with hair. Beards are

often awful to look at; but even so they may be an improvement.

However, a certain number of happy people manage to take a middle course.

They are neither infatuated with their faces like the love-me-dos nor discontented with them like the worriers. They just accept them.

A good example is the gifted actress Zoe Caldwell.

She said lately: "I knew from the start that I was not going to be pretty. It was clear that I would have to grow into my face."

So she developed a style of acting that made her expressive features a valuable asset.

Zoe Caldwell's idea of growing into your face is very good, if you can do it.

Some faces are harder to grow into than others.

But there is one difficulty which Miss Caldwell has not run into yet, because it comes later in life. It is simply that your face gets boring.

Mine is like that. Every morning, year after year, I see it in the shaving mirror. I don't actively dislike it. I just regard it as excruciatingly tedious.

I have grown too accustomed to my face.



SERVED WARM?

• New Zealand scientists have found a process to make an edible protein food from wool. Dr. F. B. Shorland, who led the experiments, said: "You wouldn't want it for breakfast, but it could maintain human life."

No need to fear a rainy day,
There's now a way to beat it,
Don't throw your dowdy suit away,
If hungry you can eat it.
"It's news to me," remarked a sheep,
"To learn that wool's nutritious."
A moth, aroused from winter sleep,
Said, "Nonsense. It's delicious."

— Dorothy Drain

So many labels

BEFORE he wore his new suit, my husband asked me to remove the attached tags. This I did, and found it had taken me 15 minutes. There were 14 staples from three cardboard labels (these took the longest to remove, for fear of pulling a thread). Next, off came a hand-sewn manufacturer's label on the sleeve. A second similar tag was pinned to the lapel. Finally, in a pocket was a cardboard booklet describing the range of goods covered by this manufacturer.

\$2 to "Stapled" (name supplied), Forestville, N.S.W.

Such peace of mind

GARDENING is perhaps one of the most ancient occupations of the human race. It is a hobby or an occupation open to everyone. The possessor of a choice flower in one single flowerpot has something interesting and wonderful. There would be fewer depressed people today, and much less need for psychiatrists, if people spent more time in their gardens. I doubt if any other hobby can bring such peace of mind.

\$2 to Mrs. E. Tennant, Launceston, Tas.



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Make an extra summer dress

TO CHEER A WILTING



4384. — Semi-fitted dress (left) has wrist-length sleeves, a front band with button trim, shaped collar, and top-stitched lace trim. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 4384, price 70c includes postage.

Now that the sales have started, you've a good chance to perk up a wilting summer wardrobe at little cost. All it takes is a length of material and an easy-to-sew pattern. These six patterns are chosen for easy sewing. They are available from Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. They are also available in leading stores throughout Australia and New Zealand. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



4386. — A-line dress (above left) has front inverted pleat and above-elbow sleeves. The pattern also features the design (above right) made with a contrasting yoke and above-wrist-length bell-shaped sleeves. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 4386, price 65c includes postage.

WARDROBE



4266. — Sleeveless slightly A-line dress (above left) has a funnel collar and squared armholes. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 4266, price 65c includes postage. 4304. — A-line dress (above right) has cutaway armholes and neckline gathered into a self-band. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 4304, price 65c includes postage.

4309. — Semi-fitted A-line dress (far left) has self-yoke with button trim and short sleeves. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 4309, price 65c includes postage. 4404. — Sleeveless front-zippered tent dress has standing collar and flap-and-button trim. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 4404, price 70c includes postage.

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AIR MAIL		
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Other countries	Rates on application	
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DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● The two-color look is new again in fashion and I have chosen the idea for a reader who asked for a tailored one-piece with a contrasting trim.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"I have 3½ yards of black linen and ¾ yard of white linen and wish to combine them in a tailored, short-sleeved dress, nothing too mod, please. I have a white straw hat, white gloves and bag, and black flat-heeled shoes. I will need a pattern and take size 14. I prefer American designs to French."

Illustrated, at right, is the one-piece dress I have chosen for you. The design has a slightly A-line silhouette and a contrast banding with a front-button closing. It is a Vogue Americana pattern by Oscar de La Renta, an American designer who believes in the mastery of tailoring. If you decide to order the pattern, under the illustration are details.

"Could you let me have a pattern for an at-home robe to wear during pregnancy? I want a loose floor-length garment to be made in a fine wool and rayon. The fabric is 54 inches wide and I have 4½ yards."

Our pattern department has a straight, full-length robe with a self-ruffle around the loose armholes. The ruffle is repeated at the

neckline and fronts. You have sufficient material to make this garment. To order, please quote Vogue pattern 7030, the price, 85c, includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Could you provide me with a Vogue pattern by French designer Yves St. Laurent? The style I want is an A-line dress with a white ruffle trimming. I have 3½ yards of 36in. navy linen. My pattern size is 16."

Included in our pattern department is a Vogue Paris original by St. Laurent. The dress is A-line, has a contrasting jabot, detachable collar and cuffs, and a concealed opening centre front. To order, please quote Vogue Paris original 1790, the price, \$1.60, includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"My wedding is at 6.30 p.m. and I would like to know the correct dressing for the bridegroom. The wedding is formal."

At a formal evening wedding at 6.30 p.m., the men wear white tie and tails with a white waistcoat, stiff-boom shirt with a wing collar, black socks, black patent shoes, and white gloves.



1769. — One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. An original Vogue Americana pattern by Oscar de La Renta, the price, 95c, includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"For the next two years, I will be living in the tropics and I have bought some very fine cotton to make underwear. Could you tell me the neatest and strongest way to finish the seams?"

A french seam would be

best. To make a french seam, stitch edges together on the right side of the garment, taking a small seam allowance. Trim away the seam allowance to approximately ¼ inch wide from the stitching, then stitch another seam on the wrong side of the work, taking a ¼ inch seam allowance.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 683.—MATERNITY SHIFT

Checked maternity shift is available cut out to make in blue/white, green/white, red/white, or gold/white woven cotton. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$4.25; 36 and 38in. bust, \$4.45. Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.



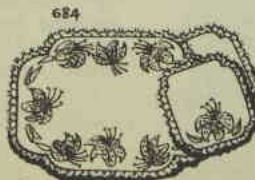
No. 684.—DUCHESS SET

Duchesse set is available traced ready to sew on white, cream, blue, pink, or green pure Irish linen. Price is 99 cents plus 10 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 685.—GIRL'S TENNIS FROCK

Girl's tennis frock is available cut out to make in white mini-care poplin. Sizes 8 to 10 years, \$2.35; 12 to 14 years, \$2.55. Postage and dispatch 15 cents extra.

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4680, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No C.O.D. orders.



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It strikes 7 out of every 10 people in all walks of life. Yet many otherwise intelligent people know little of its dangers. Piles (hemorrhoids) are aggravated by many factors — including over-exertion and unsuitable diet.

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The image displays a variety of Master Foods sandwich spreads in their original cans. The cans are arranged in a cluster, showing different flavors: Smoked Fish Paste (red lid), Liverwurst Paste (yellow lid), Bonchovy Fish Paste (white lid), Asparagus Spread (green lid), Chicken & Veal Paste (brown lid), and Devilled Ham Paste (red lid). A hand is shown spreading one of the pastes onto a slice of white bread. In the foreground, a white tray holds several sandwiches made with the spreads, showing the filling between the bread slices. The background is dark, making the products stand out.

We give you six!

We're not going to make a Parliamentary case out of this. We just think you should be able to buy a good sandwich filling in this country for 1c. Well, we've started the ball rolling. From one can of Master Foods spread you'll get at least 24 tasty, nutritious sandwiches (spread thick too, not skimpy). And if you check our prices you'll find that works out at 1c per sandwich. (Even less in some stores!) So doesn't it make sense to use our spreads in your school sandwiches? Cast your vote.

MF177
Page 23

AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

- The world of women readers is sharply divided into those who believe what American anthropologist Margaret Mead says and those on whom each new pronouncement of hers acts like a red rag.

DR. MARGARET MEAD has been around for a long, long time, writing books, making prophetic statements, being awarded honors, and appointed to chairs of anthropology in famous universities.

When she was 23, and had just received her doctorate in anthropology from Columbia University, she made her

first anthropological field trip. The result of that was her book, "Coming of Age in Samoa." That was in 1924 — and it shocked a lot of people.

Her next book was "Growing Up in New Guinea," and that was followed by "Sex and Temperament in Three Primitive Societies."

Margaret Mead has not confined her investigations to the customs of primitive people. Her books and her

lectures and her public statements have dealt with problems of education, social welfare, child development, health, and nutrition in civilised as well as uncivilised communities.

Lots of the things she said that shocked people in the '30s and '40s are commonplace now, accepted by everyone. What she said in New York a couple of weeks ago has certainly shocked many people. The interesting question is, will time, once again, prove her to be a prophet?

Her predictions for the year 2000 are these: The family as we know it will have ceased to exist (because as a system it has failed dismally already); birth control will be universal; many couples will never have children; many women will choose artificial insemination; others will hire somebody else to bear their children (by transplantation of a fertilised ovum from their own body to the body of the "host" mother); there will probably be a small, select group of parents who do nothing but produce children for the community as their full-time job.

With her feeling that the family as we know it has failed, Margaret Mead can see advantages in the changes. "The small family unit of parents and children who live apart from other relatives will disappear," she says. It will be replaced by "a more meaningful and stable unit based on really deep personal relationships. People will be able to function entirely as free individuals for the first time in history."

An anthropologist doesn't predict what he or she "wants" to happen, but only what appears to be about to happen if society keeps moving along the course it is already on. "Society has changed," Dr. Mead says, "creating new problems without being able to find new solutions for them. The family, now too small to cope with the problems, has taken the brunt of them."

Any woman who has had children, wishes she'd had children, or hopes to have children in the near future, is likely to find these views not only repellent, but at odds with human nature.

But often enough what we call "human nature" is learnt — it's the product of our own civilisation and our own environment, and not necessarily common to all mankind. Only a few years back Eskimo women, if their first children were daughters, would stuff the new-born children's mouths with snow and put them out to die quickly in the cold.

This, for them, was not "at odds with human nature," nor did it prevent them being most loving mothers to daughters when the proper time came. The proper time was after a son had been born — a son who would soon grow up to go hunting with his father, since one hunter couldn't possibly feed an igloo full of women in that hard environment.

So, who knows; a changed society may demand these changes in its members, and presumably they'll accept them as unrebellingly as we accept the changes in "human nature" which civilisation has forced upon us. It's a comforting thought, all the same, that almost everyone reading this page will have satisfactorily worked out whatever family plan they favor long before the year 2000 dawns.

There's a new twist to the old birds-and-bees story

HOW nice that we personally won't ever have to cope with all the maddening new questions that the "new era" bedtime story will bring forth.

"Once upon a time there was a little girl who lived with her mother and her father in a house in the middle of a paddock." We've all been through the old questions designed to lengthen the story and so put off the boring business of going to sleep.

What was her name, what color was her hair, what was her father's name, what was her mother's name, what color was the front door? Now there'll be a new set of questions to be added: What's a father? What's a paddock?

By the year 2000, according to the statisticians, the earth will offer us little more than standing room. The innocent child, in its 94th-floor apartment, is going to be puzzled by the answers it gets to the inevitable question, "Where did I come from?"

It'll be no good falling back on the dear old birds-and-bees story. They'll be doing things differently. Well, the birds will, anyway. Maybe the bees will really come into their own.

Let's hope there's no change in our slang in the meantime, and then the standard answer to the child's question can be: "I was very busy at the time, so I arranged for you to be hatched by another bird."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 10, 1968



The whiteness in Bradmill sheets comes from within, for Bradmill white sheets have their whiteness built-in. A woven-in whiteness no wash-white can beat — you'll see it in every new Bradmill white sheet! And year after year the same whiteness is there even tho' Bradmill sheets rarely show wear. For not only whiteness is in this new weave, but the strength only Bradmill can really achieve. But whether you sleep in the best sheets of all or buy the unbranded that are always too small. One thing is certain — common ground where you meet you'll use Bradmill fabric sometime this week.

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GONE BUSH

READER'S STORY

Cynthia Harrop and her family went bush, all right. They lived in a bright blue caravan and a tent, moving from one camp site to the next, trapping rabbits, shooting kangaroos, putting up fences; living happily in the deep silence of the outback, finding it beautiful and fascinating — and sometimes frighteningly remote. This is her story.

WE had been married only a few months when my husband, Allen, and I decided we had had enough of city life. Allen had a brother who owned a fruit block a few miles out of Swan Hill, Victoria. The picking season was near, and we decided we would go and help get the crop off.

We would make the journey by car. The 600 miles we had to travel would let us get a good look at the country. As I had not been far out of Sydney since my arrival in Australia five years before, the trip would let me see more of my adopted country.

Jane, my daughter by a previous marriage, was thrilled to be going on the trip, and could hardly wait to begin.

My mother thought the whole idea was crazy. No one born and brought up in a large town in England could possibly survive the heat, the flies, and the snakes one is sure to encounter in the Australian bush, she said. Poor Mum. She acted as if we were going out to the never-never land.

Allen and I set off to buy our car early one morning. We hadn't much money, but plenty of hope. We explored dozens of second-hand car sales yards before we finally chose a 1927 A model Ford — dark green duco, made over into a ute, with canvas hood and side curtains. It cost us £70.

"Not beautiful, but sturdy!" said the salesman, and we were to find out in time that Mr. Ford certainly knew what he was about when he made that car.

When we arrived home, Mother nearly collapsed. "You won't get out of Sydney in that thing!" she said.

"Oh, what an old bomb!" said Jane. A few days later we set out. The back of the ute was piled high with our belongings, and on top was a chicken-wired box containing Jane's beloved cat. She

refused to go without it. The day was very hot, but we didn't mind. We were starting an adventure. We wouldn't have changed places with a king as we rode along in the old Bomb.

Parramatta, Liverpool, Camden, Picton, Mittagong . . . on we went, through these New South Wales towns that had so far been only names to me. Thirty miles an hour was about our top speed, but who wanted speed? One cannot see much when rushing about at 60 or 70 miles an hour, but we could see everything of interest along the way.

At Goulburn we booked in at a hotel for the night, and parked the ute in the yard. Allen fed the cat, then released it into a disused shed and closed the door. After removing the dirt of the day's travel,

we decided to have a drink before dinner. Jane took her dolly, and went to play with other children in the yard.

We were not long in bed that night when we heard a cat miaowing and scratching at our door.

"Well, if that doesn't beat everything," said Allen. "There are about three dozen rooms here and the cat has to pick ours." He opened the door to find Jane's cat on the mat. "Blast the thing! How did it ever get here?" said Allen.

Grumbling about being the mug who did all the dirty work, he trudged downstairs in his pyjamas to lock the poor cat up again.

The next day, when we made our first stop for petrol, Jane decided to check up on the cat, and found the box empty. Allen refused to go back to look for it, and I've never found out, to this day, whether the cat got out or was let out by Allen before we left Goulburn. So on to Gundagai.

The day proved to be even hotter than the last, and we were glad to stop every so often to drink from the waterbag that hung from the bumper bar. It has always amazed me that, no matter how hot the day, water carried in this fashion stays sweet and cool.

I was thrilled to see the Dog on the Tucker Box, as I had learned about this famous landmark at school in England, but had never thought I would actually see it.

We stayed the night in the pleasant old town of Gundagai, and everyone was most friendly and interested in us, our journey, and in the old Bomb.

Many witty remarks were passed about our truly air-conditioned vehicle, but we were becoming attached to this gallant

into Victoria, and felt we were really on our way.

The heat was intense, and the small, old town of Rutherglen was like an oasis in the desert. Allen decided to call a halt, even though it was still early in the day. It was too hot to travel.

The town reminded me of the towns in Western pictures, with its old wooden buildings. The veranda of the hotel was a cool haven. The roof was of vines, and the thick foliage hung down the sides, making a green shield between us and the heat outside.

Here we stayed, sipping cold drinks for about three hours. At last we could delay our departure no longer, and set off on our journey again, refreshed.

We had passed through Cobram and were travelling on an unmade, dusty road, when we saw a sight that none of us has forgotten. First, we saw a dead horse, bloated, under a cloud of flies.

Farther along we came upon an old man, stumbling along in the dust behind an old wooden cart. Between the shafts of the cart was an old woman, slowly pulling the heavy cart behind her. Her feet were swollen and dirty, and she looked as if she might expire on the road in the same way as the horse.

When we offered them a lift, the old man was surly, and refused. The old woman didn't even lift her head or stop her plodding. We went on our way, as there was nothing else we could do. I have often wondered about those two. Why did they so stubbornly refuse our help?

Perhaps they were too old and worn to care. Whatever the reason, I have never forgotten them, or the picture they made in the swirling dust and heat of a country road.

Whenever I have grumbled at Allen for asking me to do jobs that were not exactly my cup of tea, he has said, "Oh, you

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By CYNTHIA HARROP

little car that had carried us so many miles, with no trouble.

The next day, as we chugged along in a grand style in the heatwave, we passed many cars (some belonging to our fellow travellers of the night before), stopped, with bonnets lifted to cool down their boiling (modern) engines. Many a sweating driver gave us an envious stare as we rolled by.

We were able to open our windscreen and let in the slight breeze, and with the window curtain rolled up it was good. I stuck my bare feet through the window and Jane put hers through the open wind-screen, and we sang at the top of our voices. People surely must have thought that we were quite mad, but we didn't care a jot!

We were having a wonderful time and I was wishing the trip could go on for ever. Oh, lucky me! No dishes, cooking, or housework to do. After staying the night in Albury, we crossed the State line

GONE BUSH

—continued

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haven't had to get between the shafts of a cart yet!"

On reaching Nathalia we decided to call it a day, and booked in at a sleepy little hotel there. We were made very welcome, and again there was great interest in us and our old Bomb, and the fact that we had come so far in it.

Early next morning we set off on the last lap of our journey to Swan Hill. Most of this day was spent travelling along the flattest and straightest road that I had ever seen — mile upon mile of narrow road with hardly a curve in it, miles of paddock on either side, a homestead scattered here and there, and here and there a small town.

Jane became bored, and said she would be glad when we reached Swan Hill. We received a terrific welcome when we finally did arrive. Allen's was a large family, and there was quite a family gathering waiting to greet us.

We went out to the fruit block where we were to live and work for the next few weeks, picking grapes. In no time at all I was picking along with the best. The hardest part was to resist eating them.

Oh, Mother! if you could see me now, I thought

I learned the names of the different types of grapes, and was surprised to find there were so many. I learned how to pick for the "dip," where one works like mad, slashing the fruit down with a knife into buckets — and many a slashed finger I had. This fruit is then dried.

I learned also how to shake a rack, and to rush and help with the hessians when a dust storm comes along and threatens the fruit already drying.

I learned how to help "box up," and how to drive a tractor in a narrow track between the vines, picking up the "dip tins."

Followed by a few choice words from my beloved when I sometimes veered from the track a little, I learned not to panic when I saw a snake, and not to scream when a great fat spider stared at me out of a bunch of grapes I had just picked.

Brother-in-law had a gang of Italians, men, women, and their children, picking for him, and they used to work from daylight to dark, singing all the time. Cups of scalding tea served from the billy at smoko time were a welcome break.

So were the freshly baked scones and cakes sent up the block by my sister-in-law. How she found time to make them I don't know, as she had so much work to do, and three small children to look after.

The biggest lesson I learned was that one had to tuck in and help with everything, willingly, if one wanted the friendship and respect of these people.

I had to work particularly hard at it, as I was not only a city girl, but a pommie to boot, and had to prove my worth.

Allen asked me one night if I wanted to go back to Sydney after the harvest or stay on in Victoria, perhaps on a fruit block or farm, or even go farther bush.

"Let's see more of Australia before we settle down," I answered.

So it was decided that Allen and his brother, who knew a bit about carpentry work, would build a caravan for us to live and travel in.

Every spare moment and every spare pound went into their project, and after

weeks of hard work the caravan was ready.

What a caravan! Sixteen feet long, eight feet wide, and six feet high, made of timber and hardboard, it towered above me. It was quite comfortable inside, with a full-sized double bed at one end, single bed at the other, and inner-spring mattresses. These I had insisted on, as well as plenty of windows, all fly-wired, lockers, cupboards, and a wardrobe.

The 20in. fuel stove was a little beauty, although it meant having a chimney, which gave the caravan the appearance of a house moving on the road (and woe betide us if we forgot to remove a section of the chimney when in timbered country).

A tilly lamp for lighting... what more could one want? But they had forgotten to build a step. The men, with their long legs, hadn't noticed how difficult it was for me with my short legs to get into it, so a box was used temporarily. I might add that a step never was built.

At last we were ready to leave. The poor old Bomb grunted and groaned as she staggered along under the weight of the monstrosity we had hooked on behind her, but we managed to travel about 12 miles before disaster overtook us.

The weight of the caravan was too much for the chassis, and it collapsed. Allen just had time, and the presence of mind, to pull off the sealed road on to the side, before we slithered to a halt. Oh, what a blow! Here we were, stranded already.

"Oh, well, it's too late now to do anything," said Allen. "We'll just have to camp here the night." So we did, and was I glad we had our beds with us.

We had a meal to the tune of the traffic roaring past and the swaying of the van when an extra heavy truck passed by. Allen had the bright idea of christening the caravan. We had one bottle of champagne left over from the dozen that had been given us by Allen's boss when we were married. We had hoarded this bottle for a very special occasion, and this was it.

Jane and I crowded round Allen as he

had been steam cleaned at the butter factory at Swan Hill. One tank was filled with dam water, the other with rain water, for cooking and drinking only.

Jane went off with Allen, and promptly made friends with the two children at the farm, with whom she was to travel each day to school, about 20 miles away.

I had plenty to do even though housework was almost nil. Washing clothes outside in steel bathtubs and ironing with a petrol iron took up a lot of my time. I baked a lot, and made my first bread, and was very proud of it. The stove behaved very well.

I made curtains for the 14 windows in the caravan and wished I had a sewing machine. I also kept busy giving Allen a hand whenever he needed it.

When the first fence was finished, the farmer gave us miles more to do. On this one we had to pull down the tottering old fence and erect a new one. I was elected by Allen as the demolition squad. Chief Offsider, Allen called me, but I didn't like the idea much of being Chief Wrecker.

"Nothing to it," Allen assured me. "We'll use old Bomb." So it was I learned another trade.

The method was to clip the old wires first, then drive along the fence until I came to the end of the wires I had cut. I then cut this end of the wires and attached them to the pull on the back of the Bomb, then I would drive off, and the wires would pull out of the posts.

This worked quite well on some parts of the fence, and I'd get quite a kick out of driving along watching the wires come snaking out behind me and the posts topple over one by one. But the fence was very old and many of the wires had knots in them. When the Bomb leapt backwards instead of going straight ahead, I'd know that I'd struck a knot in the wire. The first time it happened it nearly broke my neck.

When this happened, I'd jump out of the ute, grab the wire clippers, race back

"The post split, and out came the spiders... They seemed to leap at me. I gave one scream, and was off up the paddock like an Olympic runner. I must have been doing a mile a minute when I reached Allen."

opened this hot, shaken-up bottle of champagne. Well! As the cork popped and hit the roof, not only the caravan was christened. We all were.

Sadly we sipped at the little left in the bottle as we sat in our new home that was tilted over at such a crazy angle.

Oh, Mother! If you could see me now, I thought.

About one week and £80 later, we had a brand-new undercarriage for our caravan, guaranteed to withstand a lot more weight than we were carrying in it, and to go almost anywhere.

So we headed for the Mallee, where we were to start a new life as fencers. Allen had done a lot of this before he and I met, but I didn't have a clue about the job. I had a lot to learn.

We made camp in the paddock where the fencing was to be done.

Allen went off to the nearby farmhouse to fill our water tanks. These were two 44-gallon drums, fitted with tops. They

along the fence, cut the wire, and haul the rest out by hand.

When all the wire was clear of the fence, I'd back the Bomb into line with the fence, and, travelling in reverse, knock down the old posts still standing. It was fun, almost like skittles, but poor old Bomb took quite a beating.

My biggest worry was the spiders. When the knots in the wires pulled into the posts, I had to take the axe and split them. The first time I did this I was taken completely unawares.

The post split and out came the spiders, a dozen at least. They seemed to leap at me. I gave one scream and was off up the paddock like an Olympic runner. Allen said afterwards that I was doing a mile a minute when I reached him.

He was putting up the new fence, and it took a lot of persuasion to get me back on the job.

So the weeks passed and miles of new fences were put up, a joy to behold. It

was when we were nearly finished that I decided I'd better visit a doctor. I hadn't been feeling well and tired more easily than usual. I had my own opinion and the doctor confirmed it and told me to take it easy. I was pregnant. Jane was wildly happy, and immediately put in her order for a sister.

Our next job took us into New South Wales, about 50 miles from Swan Hill.

We made camp in a lovely spot by the Wakool River. Jane's new school was about 20 miles away and I used to drive her to the main road each day to catch the school bus. About this time we bought a 12 x 12 marquee and Jane used this as her bedroom. We presented her with a frilly bedspread and some new rugs to cover the board floor, and with her dolls and treasures installed, it was quite comfortable. Her new puppy, Bimbo, slept there in a carton for company.

We were allowed free meat from the station owner, and as ice was difficult to get and didn't last long, Allen made a bush fridge. This was a large, flyscreened box, hung from a tree, covered in hessian.

The hessian had to be kept wet by a system of dripping water, which worked quite well as long as I remembered to keep up the water supply, and didn't let a fly in when I opened the door. To me the flies were the worst things one has to put up. I hated them.

I was quite delighted with all the wildlife I saw around me. Wild ducks on the river, dozens of different birds, rabbits, and kangaroos. In a nearby tree lived some possums and, though they would not come close enough to handle, they would come down and eat the scraps of bread I put out for them.

At Kyalite: A hotel, post office, and store

Every morning we were awakened by kookaburras with their laughter. Then a chorus of birds would fill the air with their songs. Sometimes I was lucky enough to see platypuses at play on the river bank, but these would vanish if I made a sound.

All too soon the fence was finished and we had to leave this heavenly spot. Allen was offered a job on a station near Kyalite.

At Kyalite there was a hotel, post office, and store. There was a camping ground on the river bank, and Jane could still catch her school bus and attend the same school. We used to make a monthly trip to Swan Hill for me to visit the doctor and to get supplies.

Allen made a preserving outfit for me out of a four-gallon kero drum, and over the outside fireplace, where I also boiled the washing, I managed to bottle quite a lot of fruit and tomatoes.

The Hotel Kyalite was a fascinating place. Very, very old, it was the only hotel for miles around and the meeting place for many people — fishermen, drovers, roo and rabbit trappers, shearers, and farmers. Many a laugh we had there, and many tall tales were told in the cramped little bar where games of darts and hooky were played.

Allen used to fill our 44-gal. water drum at the hotel. One day, back at the camp, he rolled the drum off the back of the Bomb — and it kept on rolling past the spot it usually stopped and down over the river bank. It came to rest at the edge of the river, about eight feet below.

"Well, that's great," said Allen. "How will I ever get it up again?" He went back to the hotel for help.

Allen came back with Dave, a giant of a man. I could see that Allen had "had a few," but Dave had had more than a few.

"Brought Dave home for tea," said Allen. After the meal, much talk, and many tall tales, Allen casually brought up the matter of the drum.

"I've got a problem, Dave."

"Oh, what's that?" said Dave.

"Well, it's like this," said Allen. "I've got a 44-gal. drum down on the edge of the river and I'm damned if I can get it back up again."

"Don't worry about that," said Dave, standing up and flexing his brawny arms. "I'll get it."

Before another word could be said, he rushed out of the caravan, down the river bank, and, putting his arms around the drum, gave a mighty heave. The drum didn't budge an inch and Dave turned to us, purple in the face with the effort and said, "Crikey, Allen, the b— thing's full!"

"I thought you understood that. What do you think I am, a mouse or something?" Allen said.

It was a very subdued Dave who helped Allen with pulley and ropes and the ever-present help of the long-suffering Bomb to get our rain water back into its proper place. Allen and I have often had a giggle about Dave and the drum, and I have to admit that I was most disappointed that Dave failed in the Superman act I expected to see.

A house to bring the new baby home to

A few weeks later Allen was offered a job share-farming near Swan Hill and, as the time was close for the baby to be born, he accepted. There was a house for us to live in, too, not much of a house, but better to bring a new baby home to than a caravan.

Jane was a little disappointed that I had presented her with a little brother instead of the sister she had ordered, but once I was home from hospital and she could hold her brother in her arms, never was a baby so welcomed and fussed over as baby Charles.

We stayed at the farm for about ten months. We still had the caravan and the old Bomb, and we decided to go bush.

In New South Wales, we were told, there were millions of rabbits for the taking. Mobile chillers were scattered about the country, just waiting for rabbits to chill. So we took the plunge and were off to make our fortune.

Allen's sister Em, and her husband, Bob, decided after a bad grape harvest that they needed to make their fortunes, too, so they bought a caravan and followed us.

We headed for Ivanhoe, about 200 miles away, where we were to meet a rabbit buyer who would tell us which station to trap, pick up our rabbits, and take them to the chiller, be our mailman, and bring out our groceries.

The old Bomb did a mammoth job, pulling the caravan loaded with all our gear, plus about 200 jars of preserves, fruit, jam, pickles, tins and tins of preserved eggs I had been putting down for weeks.

We travelled very slowly and Allen took great care not to tip the lot over. We almost came to a standstill at times to negotiate ridges and potholes in the road after Balranald. Ahead lay 145 miles of dirt road.

We made camp early that night at the

side of the road, and had to unload half the things before we could go to bed. Early next morning we set off again. The day was hot and soon the poor old Bomb started to boil. Besides pulling the van, it had a load on its own back as high as the roof, plus a dog, a crate of chooks, Jane's pet duck, two cats, and a box of ferrets.

We saw little traffic, but when we did meet a car or truck, the occupants gazed in wonder at this strange cavalcade chugging along with steam pouring out of the engine. The caravan was painted bright blue, and many travellers must have wondered for miles what it was they could see in the distance, as one could see for miles — miles of road ahead, and miles and miles of claypans and salt-bush on either side.

No advertising billboards, not one ser-

"'Are you the circus?' a small child asked us when we reached Ivanhoe. I suppose we were a strange sight. The caravan looked like some huge bug pulled by an ant, the old Bomb dwarfed by the van."

vice station, not one house . . . you can imagine the excitement when a post with a mailbox on it was sighted, indicating that somewhere up a side track was a station where people lived.

Again we made camp at the roadside for the night, and about midday the next day we arrived in Ivanhoe. We pulled out outside the one and only pub and Allen went inside to meet the rabbit buyer. Meanwhile, we were surrounded by children, who excitedly inspected us. One small child asked me if we were the circus.

Allen was busy inside breaking the drought, and he told me later that when he walked into the bar, all its occupants were giving us the once-over from the windows. I suppose we were a strange sight. The caravan looked like some huge bug, pulled by an ant, the little old Bomb dwarfed by the van as it stood with the steam pouring out of the radiator.

A man asked Allen where he had come from, and when he told him Swan Hill, he said, "Good God! Have a pint on me."

Eventually Allen came to tell us that the buyer had (as he put it) "shot through," but not to worry. The owner of the chiller was sending out another man.

There was nothing for it but to camp

in Ivanhoe, so, though we were not the circus, we camped on the ground, almost facing the hotel, that sideshows and circuses always used.

The only other camper there lived in an old single-deck bus, now used as a shop and home. Through the windows one could see rows of drawers and garments hung in neat rows. Boots and shoes hung from the ceiling, laces and ribbons, pins and buttons, cottons and needles, everything in drapery was sold here.

The outside of the bus was painted in bright colors, and plastered in ads and slogans. A melancholy camel was painted on the back of the bus, and over its head were the words "Honest Tom, the man who brought nylon to the Outback."

I didn't know it then, but I was to spend many a pound at Honest Tom's,

who always boasted that if he didn't sell it he would get it for you, and he usually did.

We were joined the next day by Em and Bob. Em and I explored the town, such as it was — one very hot street, a cafe, two stores, post office, a couple of garages, a hall where pictures were held once a month, and the hotel, plus a few houses. About a mile away was the railway station, with a few houses scattered about it.

Despite the town being so small, it was surprisingly busy. It was the only town for 100 miles in any direction, and people from all over the surrounding countryside came to Ivanhoe. The hotel was the meeting place, and I never failed to be amazed at the people we met there or at their friendliness.

I was awakened at dawn next day by the sound of a bugle. It was Anzac Day. The bugle, long and clear with not another sound to be heard, made me feel immeasurably lonely. Then came the steady tramp of feet as the men marched to the dawn service. I marvelled that even out here people hadn't forgotten, and despite long distances and bad roads had come to honor their dead.

When the new buyer came to take over the chiller we were told that trappers were badly needed at a station about 40 miles out along the Cobb Highway, the road to Wilcannia. The station nestled at the bottom of a small hill, jutting up out of otherwise flat country. We made our camp at the foot of one of its slopes. It was a very pleasant place.

The next thing was to erect a rabbit screen of saplings and hessian, important for a trapper, as each catch must be protected from flies and sun.

While I was unpacking, Charlie had been playing happily round the caravan door. Suddenly I heard him screaming, and ran out to see him standing a short distance away, covered in big black ants. Charlie had found his first anthill. He was badly bitten all over, so I dumped him in a bath of epsom salt and boracic acid to cool his poor little body down.

I laid down the law to Allen. I must have a safe wire yard for Charlie to play

in or civilisation was my next stop. So ended our first day in the bush.

The first few weeks passed, and we were all into a routine. The men were not breaking any records with their catch, but were not doing too badly. Then the weather started to play up. At the first signs of rain brewing no one took much notice. It seldom rained out here.

"But look out when it does come," one chap warned us. "Everyone gets bogged."

The drought broke and it nearly broke us along with it. The rabbit industry came to a halt. The buyer did his best and came in for a few days, but as he was spending more time digging out than driving his truck, he had to give it away.

Luckily we'd stocked up with food. Potatoes were at an all-time high in price, and Em and I refused to pay it. We had bought rice instead. This rice and the rabbits we caught were our diet, broken occasionally with preserves and eggs.

To every inquiry of "What's to eat?" the answer was, "Rabbits and rice," or sometimes, just for a change, I'd say, "Rice and rabbits." We ate them baked and grilled, fried and stewed, minced into patties, baked in pies, stuffed with rice, or stuffed with bread and onions.

"I'll be hopping around like a blasted bunny soon if this caper doesn't end," was Allen's often heard comment.

One joyous day the men brought home an emu egg, dark green in color, very large. I hadn't seen one before. The men said it would make a welcome change to our diet.

Allen said that he'd heard that emu egg had a very strong flavor, and the thing to do was to break it into a saucepan and let it stand overnight. This I did, then added chopped onions, powdered milk, and water. Scrambled, it was quite good, and made enough for a feed for all of us.

One day the men came upon a herd of goats. They shot one and bore it into camp in triumph. I cooked a leg and was pleasantly surprised. It tasted almost the same as lamb, a welcome change from rabbit.

I was sure he was going to die, miles from help

The weather became colder, and Allen awoke one night dripping with perspiration and in a high fever. He hadn't been well for a few days, but had insisted on going out and doing his share of the work in the wet and cold.

Now he had the flu and tossed and turned, and coughed and coughed. He grew steadily worse as the night wore on and became delirious. I was really frightened. I lit the lamp and stove, and heated some water. Soon the caravan was warm, and I stripped and sponged Allen the best I could, trying to bring his fever down.

During the night I had to keep sponging him and it seemed to help. I gave him aspirins, the only medicine we had, and I prayed. I realised just how far from civilisation we were, and vowed that we'd leave the bush as soon as we could. It was one of the worst nights I've spent in my life. And at the other end of the van Charlie slept peacefully.

Allen was sick for a few more days, as helpless as a babe, but he was strong and young, and recovered in time, and I forgot my fears of that terrible night when I thought he was surely going to die out there, miles from help.

After the rain, life went back to normal.

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● The author's husband, Allen, and their son, Charles, at one of the camps. Old Bomb is in the background.

GONE BUSH

—continued

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The buyer came through again, bringing fresh bread and supplies, mail, and Jane's schoolwork.

Jane's lessons were done by correspondence, a set of lessons being sent out each week and the completed set returned to Blackfriars, in Sydney, who do a wonderful job. I was "supervisor" and lucky to have a daughter who liked her work.

Allen built a large chicken-wire yard for Charlie to play in, and he was happy.

The men worked long, hard hours. Traps had to be set in the evening, the men did the rounds just before dark. The traps were then reset, and all rabbits gutted, paired off, and brought to the screen. Another round of the traps was made after dark, the men often out till midnight or later.

Sometimes in a new territory they became lost, as the paddocks are miles across and landmarks few. The only lights were the lanterns they carried and the headlights of the old Bomb.

Just before dawn the men would be preparing to go round the traps again. Often the catch was good, but many times foxes and wildcats took a heavy toll. Often a fox, cat, goanna, eagle, or something would be in the trap, and many a tussle Allen had to get the intruder off.

The days were long, and lived to the full

Often traps disappeared, usually taken by foxes driven mad by pain and fear, which struggled so much that the ground-peg holding the trap came out.

The nights were lonely for us women, but we had radios. I didn't mind the life. One would think that living most of my life in large towns I would soon tire of life in the bush with its loneliness and inconvenience, but I didn't. I thrived on it.

I liked the vastness of it. Each day brought something new, and I lived each day as it came. Here was no hustle and bustle, and the worry of not having enough time to do the endless tasks one has when living in town; no buses to catch, no shopping to do, little housework. It was wonderful, and the days seemed to last for ever, each one lived to the full.

I spent hours teaching Jane to cook and sew, and wonderful hours reading stories to Charlie and Jane. Charlie could speak clearly by this time and could name every animal in any picture book, he knew most of his colors, and spent hours with his blocks.

I made just about every recipe in the cook books. Never did a family sample so many different dishes, cakes, sweets, and biscuits. The sewing and washing were my main drawbacks. Everything was hand-sewn, and Allen kept me well supplied with torn and worn-out clothes.

I patched everything I could until the patched trousers he wore were heavier to carry around than the traps. He went in fear of getting bogged by his heavy trousers if it rained.

Washing was a mammoth job. We had two galvanised tubs, one large enough to sit in for a bath, the other for boiling the washing over an open fire. Rinsing and wringing out were done by hand. It used to take me a whole day to do a normal wash.

Allen put up the clothesline at each camp, and, oh, the joy and relief to see the lines of clean washing done at last. Sometimes a duststorm would come along

and the washing would turn a brown color—just to remind me, I often thought, that I was in Australia with duststorms and willy-willy winds, and not in England's green fields, where I'd never heard of a duststorm.

We often moved camp, staying in each one until the area was cleared of rabbits, sometimes a month or two, sometimes only two or three weeks.

Each move was an ordeal. The caravan, tent, play-yard, rabbit screen, washing lines, traps, and what-have-you all had to be packed and be set up again wherever we went. Each time Allen would swear we had accumulated more gear.

It was drawing near to Christmas. Em and Bob were going back to Swan Hill for the holiday, homesick for a sight of their children and grandchildren.

We decided to stay put until their return, but then the buyer asked us to go to another station where the rabbits were causing a lot of strife. This station was about 80 miles from Ivanhoe, closer to Wilcannia, in fact, but still 60 miles from town.

Before we moved camp we made a trip to Ivanhoe to buy all we needed for Christmas. We had made a few trips to town, each time was a great excitement for the children. Young Charlie used to walk along the street in Ivanhoe (eating ice-cream usually, as this was a rare treat) with a rapt expression on his small face, because everything was so new to him. Even cars, people, and houses were something to see.

We always did our shopping, had a meal in the cafe, and then ended up at the pub—not only for the beer, but this was where everyone came to exchange news and to relate their experiences, joyful or otherwise.

The men would meet other trappers and swap news about rabbits, quantity, quality, prices, and many a tall tale we heard, much like the tales of fishermen and their catch.

On Christmas Eve, Allen cut a branch for a tree and set it up outside the van. The night was very hot and still, and the

help him set the traps, and many sore fingers I had from traps going off because I hadn't set them properly. Charlie particularly liked going, and would always be first into the old Bomb when setting time came near.

When we reached the burrows he would walk behind us trailing a trap and always insisted on having papers pinned to his shirt or jacket. The papers were used to cover the plate of the trap before the earth was thrown over it. All the trappers wore a wad of paper cut to size pinned to their coats.

Allen was working very hard. Jane, quite a big and sensible girl of eleven, helped him quite a bit, but it was at night when the catch was usually the largest and the traps harder to find that he took the longest time. So I started to go out with him.

I hated to leave the children alone, but they were always in bed for the night before we left, and the fire and lamps out, so there would be no fire danger. Allen said there was no fear of intruders way out there. Jane had never been afraid of the dark and was quite happy about the arrangements.

At night the bush seemed menacing, and I was never far from Allen's heels. At first I would just release the rabbits from the traps and hold them for Allen to kill, but after a few nights Allen showed me how to kill them by breaking their necks. To me this was horrible. I'd often seen it done and had shuddered and turned my head away. Now I had to do it myself.

I was never any good at it. I would grip the rabbit by the shoulder and head firmly and give a quick pull and twist, and the rabbit was supposed to be dead. Allen said this was the quickest and most humane way to kill them and that they felt nothing.

The first time I tried it I put the "dead" rabbit down to reset the trap and the darned thing got up and ran away.

Allen thought this a huge joke at first, but when it happened a few times he didn't

He worked hard and consistently, but we didn't seem to get far ahead with the money. We made a lot sometimes, and hardly any other times. The old Bomb kept us broke buying new parts, and I was thankful Allen could usually do the repairs himself.

The cost of living wasn't cheap, either, although we received free meat from the station. We found out that what a grizzled old trapper once told us was true. "There is money in rabbits, but it's a hell of a long way in!"

Petrol was brought in to us by the buyer in 44gal. drums and a good supply was kept on hand, as without it we were stranded. We didn't get much change from the buyer after we had paid for our purchases.

We all wore boots, even young Charlie, to protect our feet and legs from the prickles, sticks, etc., and to give us good support for the many miles we had to walk at times if anything went wrong with the Bomb while we were away from camp.

We sometimes used to go to the homestead for a chat and a cup of tea, and it was a joy to see and speak to other people.

On one visit we talked about the old Bomb and its troubles, and the station owner told us that at another homestead about three miles away there was a twin to our old vehicle. He was sure it wasn't used. He rang the station to see if they would sell it and the answer was yes.

We went to get it. Allen was delighted. The car was the same model as ours, very dilapidated but useful for spare parts. So for £20 we had a new car.

The old car had been sitting out in the yard for years and had to be towed back to camp. I was to steer it while Allen drove the Bomb.

Mice, big and small, ran over my feet and knees

I was soon coughing and choking with the fine red dust thrown up by the car in front. Perspiration ran down my face, making a mud-mask. Suddenly the seat caved in as we hit a bump, and out scrambled mice, big and small. They ran all over my knees and feet. That was all I needed. Out of the car I jumped. We were only travelling slowly, but I'd have jumped if we'd been doing 50.

"Allen, stop," I croaked, as I ran to catch up with the front car.

Gales of laughter greeted me from the old Bomb. "Gee, you look funny," said Jane. "All that dirt on your face."

"Ha, ha," laughed Allen. "You look like someone from the black banjo show." When we set off again I was in the front car, with Allen steering his new purchase.

Allen spent many happy hours tinkering and changing the parts on one or the other of the cars, and Charlie used to help, perched, spanner in hand, covered in grease, on one car or the other, and generally having a whale of a time.

Allen grew a beard about this time, a great bushy beard. With his patched clothes and old slouch hat he really earned the name "Salt Bush Bill" given to him by his niece when she visited us one day. Once when we went to Ivanhoe a tourist asked if he could take his picture, as he was collecting pictures of local color.

Our trips to town grew fewer, as it was such an ordeal in the very hot weather. The radiator on the car leaked badly, and we never travelled without 4gal. drums of water to keep our thirsty car going. The radiator was always being patched, but it never lasted long.

The roads were all red sand into Ivanhoe, and we would start the 84-mile trip



"A whirlwind whisked away our pretty Christmas tree. It rolled over and over on the ground, and the balloons went pop, pop as they came into contact with the prickles on the ground."

children and I set about decorating the tree, and very pretty it looked.

As a finishing touch I blew up a dozen balloons and hung them on the tree, giving one to Charlie, who danced around in delight. We sang a few carols and were really getting the Christmas spirit, when along came a whirlwind and away went the tree.

It rolled over and over on the ground, and the balloons went pop, pop, as they came into contact with the prickles that covered the ground. In the confusion, Charlie dropped his balloon and it went pop, too. Poor Charlie went hither and thither looking for it, and many tears he shed when he couldn't find it.

When Em and Bob came back after the holiday they had with them their daughter, son-in-law, and three grandchildren, and they were sent to another station to trap some miles farther on.

This meant Allen had to work alone, and the children and I often went along to

think it so funny. "Why don't you do the job properly," he'd shout.

I did honestly try, because our livelihood depended on it, but I couldn't conquer the horror of it all. Padding around in the dark, tripping over things, falling over logs, stumbling over burrows which often would give way beneath my feet and I would go down to the knees in dirt and sand and rabbit droppings. I loathed the whole business.

At one warren the rabbit in my trap was a half-grown kitten. I grasped it firmly by head and shoulders and pulled, and no one can imagine my horror when the rabbit's head came off in my hand. I went away and was violently sick.

I showed Allen the rabbit and told him that in future I would carry and set traps and even carry the dead rabbits, but killing them was out. I think that at last he understood how I felt, because he agreed and the matter was never referred to again.

fresh and clean, but by the time we arrived we'd be hot and dusty. Sometimes we'd get bogged in the deep drifts of sand on the roads.

It didn't take me long to learn to pack a case with a change of clothes for us all. When we got near the town we'd stop, wash off the dust, and change into clean clothes. If we'd had a speedy, modern car to do the journey quickly it wouldn't have been so bad, but our old Bomb took its time chugging along. As we had no glass in the windows we copped all the dust, however we managed.

One afternoon Allen arrived home with a goat on the back of the car. "Here you are, fresh milk for Charlie," he said. The goat was quite pretty, black and white, with a long, shaggy coat. I could see she would soon have a kid.

"We won't get any milk from her," I said.

"Yes, we will, she'll have plenty of milk for the kid and some to spare," said Allen. "Besides, she was the only one I could rope. She couldn't keep up with the herd, being so big and heavy."

The wild goats looked like

Shetland ponies

The first time I saw a herd of wild goats I thought that they were Shetland ponies. Some were all white, others black or tan with long, shaggy coats. They are a menace to the grazier, eating the feed that sheep so badly need. What with the rabbits, goats, kangaroos, and emus I often wondered how the sheep found anything to eat at all. The wild animals breed so fast.

The night of the day that Allen brought the nanny goat home we were suddenly awakened by the most awful cries. Nanny was having her baby. Allen had tethered her under a shady tree a short distance from the caravan.

The cries went on for some time, pitiful to hear. I said to Allen, "Let's go and see if she's OK. It doesn't seem right for her to be out there alone."

"Don't be silly, she'd be out there even if she was with the herd," said Allen.

Nonetheless, out we went to find that Nanny had her kid. It was lying there, still in its little sac. Slowly and gently Allen lifted it and put it down in front of Nanny, and she started to lick it. She seemed to realise we wanted to help her and didn't shy away as she had done previously when we had tried to pet her.

In the morning the children awoke to the joy and wonder of a new life in the family.

We kept Nanny and her baby for quite a while and she became a pet, but she wouldn't give us any milk. The kid was a joy to behold, frolicking around, skipping and jumping, running up and down fallen logs, its little hoofs making a clicking sound. Many happy hours we spent watching and playing with it.

Finally we let them go. I explained to the children that it was cruel to keep Nanny tied up all the time when she could be free to run and jump and enjoy life the way her baby did. So, sorrowfully and tearfully, we freed Nanny and away she went. We thought we wouldn't see them again, but not so.

Each day for weeks afterward Nanny and her kid came back to drink their fill from the old iron camp oven they had used when they had been our pets. One day they stopped coming and we could only surmise that they had rejoined the herd and travelled on.

There are so many memories of the bush and the things that happened to us there that it would take a large book to record them all.

We lived a life so different from most other people, so alone, so cut off from civilisation that we really could have been on another planet, yet we were contented, mainly, I think, because we were so busy and worked so hard we didn't have the time to miss our friends and the old way of life. We felt sorry for the people who lived the same humdrum life, day in and day out.

We could get pleasure out of the smallest things, making do with what we had. One glorious day we had a thunderstorm; a small thing, you might say, but when one hasn't seen rain for 12 months it's a miracle.

Young Charlie thought so, too. He went mad. The temperature had been about 100deg., the air hot and still—then, suddenly, a clap of thunder, and rain, blessed rain, wet and cooling.

Charlie raced about in it, feeling it,

"I was always amazed at the way wildflowers bloomed after rain in the bush. The ground could be parched and cracked with dryness. Then, after a shower or two, up would come the flowers, thousands of them, in all colors."

tasting it, charging through small puddles where there was a dip in the ground, pushing an old stroller. Up and down he ran, the dog at his side, but, alas, it wasn't for long.

The rain stopped, the sun came out, and the parched earth steamed for ten minutes. The ground was dry, and I'd only just had time to grab a camera and take a snap of Charlie on this momentous day.

"That was the rain that was," said Jane. A thing that always amazed me was the way the wildflowers bloom after rain in the bush. The ground could be parched and cracked with the dryness of long months without rain.

Then, after a shower or two, up would come the flowers, thousands of them, all types and colors, blooming where one would think nothing could grow. How does it happen?

Wildflowers were the cause of some of the most anguished moments of my life. Allen and Jane were away from camp, and Allen had asked me to repair a small hole in the rabbit screen.

I called Charlie to come with me, but he was playing in the tent, and as it was so hot out I left him there, and went to repair the screen. I was only a few yards from the tent and could see it quite clearly.

I sewed up the hole and returned to the tent to find Charlie had gone. I called him; no answer. I checked the tent and caravan but could not find him. I looked out over the paddock, but no sign of him. Though I could see a long way the ground was bare except for a few clumps of long grass and wildflowers a little way off.

It's happened, I thought, the thing I've always dreaded, he's lost, lost in the bush, my baby, oh, my baby! I really panicked.

Then I remembered the dam a few hundred yards away. I raced over to it and climbed the fence and clawed my way up the steep bank. I looked down into the black water and realised that I wouldn't know if he was in there or not.

Oh, God! I prayed, please, God, don't let him be in the dam. I stood on the top of the bank and looked out over the paddock and saw Charlie's tiny figure coming toward the caravan. No one will ever know how I felt to see him safe and well.

Charlie was surprised and upset when I first hugged and kissed him, then scolded him for going away.

"I only went to get you some flowers," he said, handing me a bunch of wildflowers.

CHARLIE was sick, no doubt about it. I had always dreaded sickness or accident while we were so far from a doctor. We had been remarkably lucky to stay as fit as we were.

Now Charlie was not himself at all. He grizzled a lot, and I thought perhaps a cold was coming on, but it didn't develop. We made a trip to town to see the doctor. The doctor decided Charlie's nose wasn't draining properly, and gave me some nosedrops, saying to come back in a couple of weeks if he didn't improve.

Drops didn't seem to relieve Charlie, and by the end of a week he was worse. He wouldn't eat, he cried a lot and couldn't sleep. He cried most when I washed his face, and struggled to get away from the washer. A strong smell came from his nose.

"Something's very wrong," I said to Allen. "I'd like to take him to a hospital where he can have an X-ray. I'm sure he has an abscess in his nose."

We decided that I should take Charlie to the children's hospital in Sydney, 500 miles away. The train for Sydney left Ivanhoe each day.

My mother had been begging me, every letter, to come and let her see the grandson she had never known.

The rabbit buyer arranged to take us to the train, and Jane, Charlie, and I started on our journey two days later. Charlie screamed when we got into the large truck and the engine started to roar.

He was terrified, having travelled in nothing but the old beloved Bomb.

He didn't like the train much, either, and it was a miserable journey. We felt the cold dreadfully as we drew closer to Sydney, and we arrived exhausted.

Mother was thrilled to see us and tried to make a great fuss of Charlie, who refused to have anything to do with her.

He wandered round her house, looking at and touching everything, even commonplace things, as if he were in a new world, which he was, I suppose.

When bathtime came and I tried to put him into mother's lovely pink bathtub, he screamed blue murder. He hated the toilet as if it were some instrument of the devil.

Mother was upset and bewildered. "What's wrong with him?" she cried. I gently explained that Charlie was not used to such things and was afraid of them.

"Good heavens!" she said. "What kind of barbarian are you raising? It's about time you came back to civilisation. It's disgraceful to raise children out in the wilds like savages."

Alas, Mum has a lot to learn. She has never been away from good plumbing in her life. Try as I would, I couldn't make her understand just how much we all loved the bush.

That night I couldn't sleep. Mother's house was just outside a railway station, and each time a train roared through the house would shudder and shake, and the noise was awful. Oh, how I longed for the peace I was used to, where the only noise at night was the cry of the fox and the drumming of the emu.

At the hospital the next day a specialist quickly diagnosed Charlie's trouble—a foreign body up his left nostril. An appointment was made to have it removed.

Early next morning I took Charlie to the hospital and went through a heart-breaking time when the nurse tried to take Charlie to the ward. He cried and clung to me. I asked if I might undress him and settle him into bed, but this was against the rules, and so for the first time since he was born I left Charlie in the care of others and went away.

A three-cornered jack (a prickle) caused the trouble

I could still hear his cries as I boarded a bus outside the hospital. The nurse had asked me not to wait and I was glad, because I could not have sat there hearing my baby cry and do nothing about it. I was to call for him that afternoon.

To the doctors and staff of the hospital Charlie's operation was a small, routine thing, but to me it was sheer hell, and it was with great relief and joy that I went to collect him.

I found him sitting up in his cot, happy and well again, and I thanked God, and I thanked the doctors who do such a wonderful job. Doctor told me that Charlie had had a three-cornered jack (a prickle) in his nose and that it could have been very nasty if it hadn't been removed.

We stayed two more weeks in Sydney, but I couldn't wait to get back to the bush and peace. Sydney to me is like a large anthill where everyone rushes madly about, far too busy to stop and take stock of their lives.

Mother acted as if we were off to the Amazon, and said she couldn't see how Allen and I could possibly be content so far away and missing all that goes on in Sydney. I told her that I was miserable away from the bush and missing so much that went on there.

"Do you know, Mum," I said, "even

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● Charlie and pet "wild cat" — tamed by his big sister, Jane.



GONE BUSH

—continued

From page 29

though we do not go to church or see a parson where we are, I feel much closer to God out there. One sees the wonder that He creates, the million and one miracles that happen each day, that people who live in town don't know anything about."

When we were home and settled again, Allen told me that while we'd been away he'd been trying his hand at shooting rabbits instead of trapping.

"It's not much good with the old rifle I've got, but if I could get a new one with telescopic sights I think we'd do better than we do with traps."

This shooting had been in Allen's mind for a long time, but the buyer had said it wouldn't be possible to make a living at it.

The rabbits had to be shot through the head or they'd be too bruised to sell. As bullets were so expensive, a man would have to be a pretty good shot to make enough to keep a family.

A whole slope seemed to get up and run away

Once again we moved camp. The new property was, so to speak, "busy with rabbits." No one lived on the place, and an occasional visit by the owner to check the fences and sheep was the only interruption the wildlife had, and so it wasn't surprising that the place abounded with roos, rabbits, and emus.

As we drove slowly through, looking for the best camp site, we saw what looked like a whole slope get up and run away. Rabbits, rabbits everywhere.

"Oh, what I could do with a good rifle," said Allen.

"Well, get one if you are so sure you'd be able to shoot enough," I said.

After much skimping and scraping we managed to raise the £60 to buy the finest rifle we could get.

"Oh, joy, no more trapping," were my thoughts when the rifle arrived. Allen, myself, and the children crowded into the old Bomb and off we went for the big shoot.

"Now, quiet!" said Allen, as we stopped near a large warren. Bang, bang! Down went the rabbits. "Hop out and pick them up, darl," said Allen.

So "darl" learned yet another new trick—to watch where the rabbits fell, dash over and pick them up, and catch the car as Allen drove slowly on, stopping every so often to shoot. Well, it's good for the figure, if nothing else, I thought.

It took a little time until Allen could shoot nearly every one in the head. Until then we ate most of the kill, cutting away the flesh bruised by the bullet. "What a shame, they don't have a chance," I said.

"Well, it's over quickly and more humane than the trap," said Allen.

Allen used to go out at dawn and shoot the rabbits when they came out to feed. He'd bring the catch home and get a few hours' rest while I drove to the chiller. The children would go with me, and I was thankful to have Jane to open and close the gates. One must always be careful to close the gates, as to leave them open would cause a lot of havoc and you wouldn't be popular with the grazier.

The weather was very hot. Sometimes the gates were so hot one could hardly touch them, and Jane used to wear gloves to protect her fingers.

We saw a lot of interesting things on our daily journey, sometimes a large snake, herds of goats, or a large mob of kangaroos. Sometimes we'd see emus with

baby chicks, and this was the most delightful of all, the funny little chicks with their striped bodies trying to keep up with mum and pop.

Sometimes we'd disturb an emu on the fence and it would run for miles beside us trying to outrun the car and often did.

Once on our way home we found a live emu caught in the fence. This was quite a common thing with roos and emus. When they jump to clear a fence, sometimes they don't make it and become entangled in the wires.

When Allen found an animal trapped like this he would shoot it, because they died slow, terrible deaths of thirst, and the crows would tear them to pieces.

This day I hadn't a gun. What to do? I hated to leave the poor thing, yet I remembered the warning from Allen to keep away from an animal like this, because both emu and roo kick like mad if approached.

Parking the car a short distance away and telling the children to stay put, I went to see what I could do. The emu was caught by one leg. Using a fallen branch as a lever and keeping my distance, I managed to part the wires enough for the emu to pull its leg free, and away it went, followed by the cheers of the children. It was a good feeling to save a life for a change, I thought.

With the first money we managed to save we bought a kerosine fridge. Oh, what heaven, what delight! I don't know how we ever existed for so long without it. Now we could have cold drinks, jellies, and ice-cream, all the delights almost forgotten. Best of all, we could keep our meat without having to cook and eat it at once.

Having no room inside for the fridge, Allen built a shelter outside the van for it, and as I passed it I would par and fondle its gleaming white walls and open the door and look inside just for the sheer joy of seeing all our foods so nice and cool.

I was intoxicated by this fridge. I had

"Charlie said, 'Hey, Dad, look at all those rabbits, they've got headlights on!' The rabbits were gone in a flash, and Allen's fury was something to see. Poor Charlie received a thorough dressing-down."

wanted one for so long and had not really expected that we'd get one out here with things going wrong for us so many times. But now with the gun Allen was proving what he'd said—he'd double his catch.

Then we decided to start spotlighting three or four nights a week. Sometimes I would drive, sometimes Allen. The children came with us. We'd take pillows, blankets, tea in a flask, biscuits in case we felt hungry, and off we'd go.

The first time was very thrilling for Jane and Charlie. Jane worked the spotlight, I drove, and Allen shot from the back of the ute.

We came upon a large group of rabbits feeding. When Jane shone the light on them they stopped, transfixed, their eyes shining bright yellow in the glare of the light. All was quiet as Allen took aim, then loud and clear in the night air came Charlie's voice: "Hey, Dad! Look at all those rabbits, they've got their headlights on."

The rabbits were gone in a flash and Allen's fury was something to see. Jane and I tried to suppress our giggles but couldn't, and exploded in laughter, probably heard by every rabbit for miles. Poor Charlie received a thorough "dressing-down."

When the novelty of spotlighting wore off, Charlie would snuggle down and sleep. He became so used to it that he would sleep right through, no matter how much noise we made. With the night shooting in addition to the day, we at last started to show a profit. Allen started to talk about a new car.

The old Bomb was all right for shooting, but we needed a faster car for the 70-mile round-trip to the chiller. The rabbits didn't take long to "go off" in the climate, and a fast car meant they could be in the chiller in half the time. So our next target was a new ute.

We slowly managed to save enough for the new vehicle. What a wonderful day it was when we went to collect it, a Vanguard utility, with grey duco and red leather seats.

I was afraid to drive it in case I scratched it. Imagine my feelings when, driving home from town one day, a great red roo jumped straight into the side of the car.

I stopped. The roo was lying a few yards behind the car. I started toward it.

"Look out, it's alive," said Allen. At that the roo got up and went off into the bush. "Damn thing, look what it's done to the car," said Allen.

One headlight was hanging off, there was a large dent in the mudguard, and along the side of the car there was a huge scratch made by the roo's claws.

"It will have sore toes tonight," said Allen. "Oh, well, it could have been worse. It's a wonder it didn't come into the car."

Once, when we were returning from town, a stick went through the radiator and we were really in trouble. Allen can fix most things, but this time he was

stumped. We decided we'd have to camp till daylight. Not a happy thought, four people on a seat of a utility. I suddenly had a brainwave.

"Would chewing-gum stick up the holes?" I asked. I knew we had six packets in the glove-box.

"Well, it's worth a try," said Allen. So the four of us busily sat around chewing gum like mad. The situation struck me as very funny, and I could hardly chew for laughing at the sight of us, sitting here on a lonely bush track in the middle of the night chewing gum. But it worked.

We spent many months alternating between the two stations, moving camp when the rabbits became too scarce or gunshy. Myxomatosis was doing its cruel work in the district. We had heard about it, but so far hadn't seen any of it. The disease passed through in strips, hitting a station here, missing another there.

We knew it was necessary, for the rabbit breeds very quickly and can eat out country in no time at all, but our hearts

bled for the poor things. Sick and blinded by myxo, the rabbit finally starves to death. Many a blighted one Allen shot to put it out of its misery.

The station boss asked Allen if he would do something about keeping the roo population down. They were becoming very troublesome, eating the feed, knocking down fences, and drinking the precious water.

So far we had left them alone, but now we started a war on them. Allen made his target 1000 roo skins. We had heard that the skins were bringing up to a pound a skin. "When we have our 1000 skins we'll give the bush away," said Allen. So it started, the great roo hunt.

Allen would shoot and I would peg out the skins—one more trade to add to my bushcraft. My husband believes in equality of the sexes.

The morning shoot would come in, the skins neatly rolled. Allen showed me the correct way to "peg out." Jane would sweep a level patch of ground and I'd begin.

Oh, those roo skins, how I grew to hate them. Big and small, grey and red, I hated the lot. The smell was enough to paralyse one. It was no easy task to stretch and nail the skins into position, and many times I'd found I'd nailed the skin out crooked. I was slow and clumsy, and hit my finger with the hammer many times.

Crawling around on my hands and knees did nothing for my temper, but it was the maggots that really upset me. The skins got blown very quickly, and I was surprised they didn't get up and walk away. The ants came and cleaned the skin of fat and sinew, and the sun and air did the rest.

Pegging out skins is a sure-fire way of stopping smoking. I couldn't bear my hands near my face and smoked only before and after work.

I was hopeless at skinning. I learned how to cut the skin from around the legs, but couldn't pull it off. The idea was to put one foot on the body, grasp the skin, and heave. In theory the skin should just peel off, without tearing, but I just couldn't do it. I wasn't sorry, either. It was nasty.

We had to destroy the joeys, too, but I left that to Allen. Quite often the children ended up with pet joeys around the place.

We spent hours grooming the roo skins for market

When the skins were dry, Jane and I would curcomb them. These were going to be the best skins ever sold. We spent hours picking out prickles and brushing dust and dirt out of the skins. They really looked lovely when finished, and I longed for a jacket made from grey skins. I didn't get one.

Finally, we had all the skins stamped at the police station and sent them away to be sold. We sat back to receive our cheque.

In the meantime, Allen did some fencing for the grazier, as rabbits were very scarce. The "dry" and the myxo had done their job.

All this time Jane had been doing her correspondence-school work, but the time was close for her to start high school. She was quite happy to spend the rest of her days in the bush, but she was growing up and needed the companionship of girls her own age. We decided it was time we went back to civilisation.

One day Allen came home and told me he had been offered a job on the station. We talked it over and were undecided on what to do.

Then we received the cheque for the roo skins. We were paid 5/- to 7/6 each.

We were devastated. The money for the skins was going to give us a new start, or so we had thought.

Allen was disgusted. "What a racket," he stormed. "A man works day and night for that price. For all I care the roos can go on breeding."

Allen accepted the job on the station. We would first make a trip to Swan Hill to arrange for Jane to attend the high school. Allen's cousin lived a few blocks from the school and she would board there.

We stayed for two weeks to get Jane settled, then bid her a tearful farewell. This was the first time we had been parted, and it was awful to have to leave her, but we knew that she would be well cared for and her schooling was important. Then we started back to the bush.

We were about halfway to Ivanhoe when it started to rain. It hadn't rained for a long time, but now it made up for the long, dry spell. Soon we were getting bogged. The car slipped and slid all over the road. A few hours after pushing out of one bog we'd be in another.

A nightmare of bogs and slippery roads

Allen called a halt and decided to camp for the night. He lit a fire on the side of the road, using bits of wood broken off the two cases of apricots that I was taking back to preserve. How he ever managed to keep the fire going I'll never know.

I took stock of the food situation. We had the apricots, a case of tomatoes, a few dozen eggs, a loaf of bread, and a few scones.

We had the waterbag (which we never travelled without) but no milk or tea. The only cooking utensil was a very small frying pan I had bought in Swan Hill.

Nevertheless, we had supper—scrambled eggs and tomatoes scooped out of the pan with bread and scones and washed down with water.

Charlie thought this was great fun. A picnic at night, with a fire, too, but he wasn't so happy when he realised he would have to sleep in the car instead of in his beloved cot, which was on the back of the ute.

We huddled in the ute's cabin all night, and still it rained. Came the dawn and soon a watery sun.

"Looks like it may clear. Given a good wind, the road will be dry in no time," said Allen. But no wind came. We started the heartbreaking job of trying to go forward. A few yards forward, slip off the road and get bogged. Try again.

The road was like glass in some parts, and a couple of times the car slid round, pointing in the wrong direction. Sometimes I would get going and travel quite a distance before slipping off or getting bogged again.

When this happened, Allen shouted, "Keep going, keep going!" and I would, with Allen stumbling along behind, spattered with mud from head to toe. He would jump on the back of the ute and ride there until we bogged again.

I had never experienced anything like it and it went on for hours, until it seemed as if we were in some mad nightmare, fated to stay on this terrible road for ever.

When we stopped for lunch (tomatoes and apricots), we could hear the sound of a car engine behind us. "Hope it's a four-wheel drive," Allen said. We continued with lunch, and I could see Charlie was none too happy. He'd had a slight cold when we started out and this trip wasn't helping.

"We'll have to keep going and get

Charlie in out of this wet," I said. "If only we could make it to Ivanhoe, we could stop at the hotel for a few days."

The sounds of the car came closer, and then we could see a large car pulling a caravan. "How on earth did he get this far?" said Allen.

When the car drew level we could see it had chains on the wheels. "I'll stop when I get to a decent spot," sang out the driver, and as the caravan passed us we could see a tall figure dressed in black, wearing a top hat. He bowed low and raised his hat as he passed.

"Well, the things you see when you haven't got a gun," said Allen.

The car stopped a few yards farther on, and the driver and his mate walked back to us. "Having trouble?" the driver asked.

"And how," said Allen. The chap in the top hat came up, and we could see he had had a few drinks. The driver had had

hanging from his shoulders, a dirty bundle under his arm.

"Gee, am I ever glad to see youse," he cried. "I want a lift to Ivanhoe."

"So do we. Hop in," said Allen.

The man was odious, but we couldn't leave him there, that was plain. I moved close to Allen and held Charlie on my knee. The man smelt awful.

"Got any food aboard, Missus?" he asked. "I'm darned near starving. Expected the mailman with me grub yesterday, but he didn't come. Bogged down somewheres, I expect. I'm a trapper, you know," he added.

"Are you really?" Allen said.

"Yes, I've been a trapper for 20 years. I've had me ups and downs, but I've never run out of tucker before," the man replied.

"Any good trapping around here?" asked Allen.

"Oh, yes, you have your good times and

"Allen shouted, 'Keep going, keep going,' and I did, with Allen stumbling along behind, spattered with mud from head to toe. He would jump on the back of the ute, and ride there until we bogged again."

a few, too. "You are welcome to come with us," he said.

"I'd rather keep going if I can," said Allen.

"Well, follow us, and we'll help you if you get stuck," said the driver.

"Why don't we leave the ute and go with them?" I asked.

"Not likely, they are loaded," said Allen.

The men told us that the road farther on wouldn't be too bad for a few miles, and then there would be a bad stretch again. They were station owners from round about and knew the road.

We finally made it to the "good" stretch of road and made a bit more speed. We passed the car and caravan, stopped, with its occupants apparently having lunch.

"If the road in front is worse than what we've just come through, we'll not make it," Allen said. "The only thing to do is to take to the bush."

So we kept a lookout for the best spot to cross into the paddock. Suddenly we saw a man on the side of the road. Did I say man? More like a scarecrow. We pulled up and he came toward us . . . small and skinny, a week or more growth on his face, feet encased in old sandshoes, an old army overcoat two sizes too big

your bad," the man replied. "Blasted myxo just about fixed it now, though, but there was money in it once, oh, yes, there was money in bunnies once."

I said, "We've got apricots and tomatoes."

"That's quite a mixture," said the man, "but it's better than nought at all, ain't it?"

We left the road and took to the bush as soon as we could, and although the going was rough and boggy in places it was better than the road. Our mates behind followed suit, but they kept getting bogged with the caravan and finally abandoned it. Slowly we made a few more miles until we came to a drain we couldn't cross and had to go back to the road.

Soon we were slipping about again, and Allen and the old trapper had to get out and push. This wasn't to the old man's liking at all, and often when we got bogged he would stay in the car. Allen told him to get out and push, or else.

Our mates in the car had come out of the paddocks a little ahead of us, and when we rounded a curve there they were.

Their car had slipped off the road and was facing the opposite way from which they were travelling. All the doors were open and water poured through.

The driver was slumped over the steering wheel and the man in the tall hat was on the back seat, his feet up on the back of the front seat. We went to the driver, who we thought must have been injured.

"I'm OK," he said, "but I've had it. I'm stopping here until this rain stops."

"It may rain for days," said Allen.

"I don't care, let it," said the driver. "Can't get going again, anyway."

"Lend me your chains," Allen said, "and we'll all get to Ivanhoe before dark." So their car was jacked up and the chains put on the ute.

We set off again, with the two mates sitting on the back, one swigging scotch, the other eating apricots. We travelled quite some distance with the help of the chains, then suddenly we went off the road and down into a boghole.

"This is it, I'm afraid," said Allen. "We'll not get out of this in a hurry and

we haven't more than 20 miles to go."

"Well, you wouldn't read about this," said the trapper. "What a go."

We sat around trying to figure out what to do, having tried and tried to get the car out. We could hardly believe our ears when we heard the sound of a car coming from Ivanhoe. A Land-Rover came into sight, with two men in it.

You'd have thought we'd been shipwrecked on an island for 50 years the way we greeted those two men. When they offered to take us all into Ivanhoe we couldn't believe our luck. We all piled in, the men in the back, Charlie and I in the front.

"You're only 16 miles from Ivanhoe," said the driver. "How you ever got so far beats me in this wet. Land-Rovers are the shot for this kind of travel."

I believed him, as we were doing about 65. "Can go anywhere in any weather," he said.

"Hey, slow down a bit, you'll turn over," came a voice from the back.

"No, we won't," said the driver. "Here, have a bit of a warm-up," he said to me and handed me a bottle of scotch.

"I can't drink from a bottle," I said.

"Well, you'll jolly soon learn," said he. I took a swig at the bottle.

"That's the stuff to warm you up and keep away the chills," said his mate.

I agreed as the whisky swilled into my throat, making me almost choke. I did feel warmer, and, after a few more swigs, a lot happier. I began to see the point of keeping a bottle of scotch in the glove-box—for medicinal purposes only, of course!

When we reached the hotel at Ivanhoe the men on the back were a sight to see, dripping wet and covered in mud.

"Ye gods! I reckon one ride like that in a lifetime is enough," Allen said. I giggled, and said I'd endorse it.

Old Jack lived to trap, and trapped to drink

We thanked our friends with the Land-Rover and went inside, me slightly staggering from the weight of whisky inside me.

I had been dosing Charlie with aspirin, and after a hot bath and some food he went to bed and slept like a log, waking in the morning none the worse for his two days' adventure.

Allen and I retired to the parlor. It was crowded, mainly with people who, like us, had been delayed by the weather.

Old Jack the trapper was in again and would be until his money ran out. He only lived to trap, and trapped to drink. He would come in from the bush every so often, pay his bills, then retire to the pub.

"Just let me know when I've drank her out," he'd tell the barman, and he'd hand over all the money he had.

Sometimes he'd be there for a week or more, then he'd return to his camp to work and sweat and live on "tick" until he'd earned enough for another binge.

"What a life," Allen said. I never really knew if he envied or pitied Old Jack.

We stayed at the hotel for three days. The next day the rain had stopped and the wind had blown strongly all night. Allen went out with the tow-truck to get the ute. When he got back he said the road was dry again, but Charlie's cot on the back of the ute was really a mess.

We said goodbye to our friends at the hotel and went out to the station, where we were to live and work. We stayed there for 12 months and then left to start a more civilised way of life.

Ten years have passed since then, but I haven't forgotten and often long for the life we lived when we "went bush."



● Allen Harrop and his son working on the old car whose parts rejuvenated old Bomb.



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A READER'S STORY about the doubtful joys of letting your dream house to tenants

"Please don't leave your leftovers in our house!"

A Sydney reader (who feels she must remain anonymous!)
is resigned to finding strange souvenirs of her holiday tenants.

HAVE you ever found a row of long-dead, reeking starfish in the bath? Or had a cloud of strange, winged creatures fly round your head when you opened the flour tin?

If you have a holiday house you sometimes let or lent to friends you will know that such experiences are not uncommon. Now the holiday season is upon us, you will either begin to suffer terror symptoms (if the house is new) or brace yourself resignedly for what is to come, if it is not. I know, because I have passed through stage one and have now entered the calmer waters of stage two.

Ten years ago my husband and I went through the awful-wonderful period of buying a block of land at a beach about 60 miles from Sydney and gradually building a house on it.

When it was finished the sheer wonder of it all kept thoughts of letting from our minds. But, steadily, the rates went up, luxuries like garbage service, piped water, and road grading sent them almost as high as city rates. We had to do something, so, grasping the nettle, we called on an agent.

He tried to persuade us to sell it, but when at last he agreed to handle the letting we gave up the key to our cherished beach dream home.

Soon the first people were in, and a long series of lets began. After a time, a behaviour pattern appeared.

Departing tenants seem to think they are being big-hearted if they leave food behind. So they are if the food they leave is, say, tinned ham or asparagus. But the food usually has been already "started."

Half-eaten packets of cornflakes, limp as rose petals, clog the cupboards, opened tins of peaches with mottled green fur, honey jars interestingly patterned with ants linger in the safe. People never seem to think that when they leave no one might come near the place for weeks.

Six-week-old chow mein

Once the house had been empty for weeks, and on arrival we found a note on the refrigerator (turned off).

"Chinese frozen dinner in fridge we couldn't pack. Best with noodles."

Chinese food or not, I had no oriental calm to cushion me from the shaft of air shot from the six-week-old captive chow mein when I opened the door.

One guest must have been pleased with the way he dealt with the empties instead of taking them to the tip. He made an ornamental border for the flower-beds. Any one passing must have thought the house sheltered a bunch of dipsomaniacs.

May I here enter a plea for beach-house owners to tenants? PLEASE take away your stuff with you! We have had opportunities to study hip-high piles of papers from the "Bandywallop Gazette" to the "Motor Maniac's Manual."

Apart from food and newspapers, there are other, less easily defined, objects sometimes left in the house. Perhaps the oddest

was an indecent arrangement of driftwood and banksia made by some gifted soul.

Ancient, puckered bathing caps, almost exhausted toothpaste tubes, soap slivers embedded with sand, and empty ice-cream containers by the million are commonplace "left" objects.

Less usual was a completely new, never used white satin lastex woman's bathing costume, left in a drawer—as if a bathing bride had been left in the lurch.

And dare one speculate on the character of the guest who took all the aces from the four packs of playing cards we keep in the sideboard?

One wonders at the cluelessness of those who left a water pump endlessly thumping 3000 gallons of water over the cliff during a drought.

On the good side, we can marvel at the tenant who, unasked, painted the shutters and renewed the screen in a fly-wire door.

Some people appreciate nothing; others, everything. We have found notes from strangers: "Loved the view." Others have asked for a refund for a 12-hour earlier departure.

Even your friends . . .

It is a myth that because you know people they will look after your house. Some friends who let their cottage on that principle have had scalding experiences. Maybe strangers think you might sue them if they cause too much damage, whereas friends feel they are immune.

You can never be sure who will look after your house and who will not. The best tenants we ever had were a couple with three pre-school children. The wife did out all the cupboards and cleaned the silver, and the husband mended the guttering and mowed lawns. The children left no evidence of their presence at all.

We sometimes wonder if tenants ever realise how much we know about them from little clues they leave behind. Once my husband arrived at the house with no previous knowledge of the ex-occupants.

"Ah," he said. "We've just had people in who are cigarette smokers" (the smell lingers in cupboards), "swam a lot" (the track down the cliff to the pool was newly worn), "like Christmas enough to put up decorations" (thumbtacks with streamer ends still remained), "aren't readers" (his strict alignment of books along the shelves was undisturbed), "are fond of birds" (the kookaburras, used to being fed, flew to the window-sills when we came inside) . . .

"Stop," I begged him. "You'll be telling me the husband beat his wife next."

Our love-hate relationship with the agent continues. We love him when he tells us that a retired couple want a three-months' let in the winter and hate him when he sends up people to look at the house when we are in it. They peer through the windows, not quite mustering the nerve to announce themselves.

But one thing is sure. You never know what is in store when you turn the key in the lock to open up after a stay from The Tenants.



TRAVELLER'S TALE



● Muryl Anderson (pillion passenger) and travel companion Charles, above, on a motor-cycle in Algiers. Right, Muryl in the tent of a Blue Chieftain near Goulimine, Morocco, where a feast was prepared for her.



EIGHT-YEAR MARATHON— CANADA TO AUSTRALIA

● *Pigtailed girl's journey began with a boy's racing bicycle and graduated to hitchhiking, motor-cycling, donkey-riding, buses, bullock carts, aircraft.*

AUSTRALIA looks a close neighbor from my home of Vancouver, Canada. But I took eight years to get here.

I don't regret the many years of lonely travel, which taught me so much through direct contact with people in every country on my route. But it was wonderful to meet the rare traveller going my way and to share experiences aching to be told.

I had saved enough only for my passage across the Atlantic to England, plus a few dollars for expenses, when I cycled and camped my way across Canada to Montreal.

In my pack I had a school-teaching certificate, although I had never taught after graduation, and a reference from the shipping office where I had been a secretary. That job was responsible for getting me on the road.

Names like London, Singapore, Ceylon, Hong Kong, Fiji, Tahiti, and Australia were too tempting.

It was July, 1959, when I cycled away from Vancouver in the rain. The Coast Range mountains swallowed me up, and I turned the cranks rhythmically due east for Montreal, 3800 miles away.

I wear a fringe and pig-tails and people were surprised that such a husky "little" girl was undertaking such a long trek.

Wolves haunted my iso-

By
MURL ANDERSON

lated camping places, and one night a large marauding bear turned over my bicycle and raided my food.

Before he departed, he came lumbering over to my tent and stood looking defiantly at me with his small, bright eyes. Abruptly, he ambled back into the forest while I lay awake willing morning to arrive.

It was a crisp September and most animals were searching for food, so this wasn't the last encounter I

had before reaching Montreal on October 3, just before the first snowfall.

Ragged and sunburned, I had, I believe, become the first girl to cross Canada by bicycle.

I landed temporary office jobs until December, when I left for New York and sailed for Britain on Christmas Eve.

New Year's Eve found me crowded with thousands into Piccadilly Circus. Big Ben boomed midnight and the city panicked itself straight into the underground for fear of missing the last tube train home.

Bundled up to fight the dank London fog, I uncovered a job as a live-in chambermaid at a small residential hotel near Victoria Station. Being inexperienced, I was dubbed a "debutante" by the hotel staff, which included a few unemployed stage and TV actors. At our cue of the room-service bell, we put ourselves "on stage," efficiently portraying roles of porters, waiters and waitresses, chambermaids, even "boots."

Continued overleaf



● Long-robed Muryl with the police chief at Goulimine at the end of the asphalt — the Sahara Desert begins at white markers.

EIGHT-YEAR MARATHON

Counting my hoard of tips in spring, I discovered I had sufficient to travel Britain from Land's End to John O'Groats and back again.

Zigzagging my own trail, I met the first woman to do that famous journey on horseback, Freda Newcombe, of Leamington Spa. She took me over her riding stables, and I learned that she was also the first woman to repeat Dick Turpin's ride.

England, Scotland, and Wales swept under my wheels, then I was on the Emerald Isle, circling from Dublin to Dublin. I poured with rain, but the Irish just laughed, peeled another jacket off a steaming potato, and sipped Irish whisky.

It was November, 1960, when I left London and headed by ferry for the Hook of Holland—and Christmas in Copenhagen.

Whisking through sleet and rain in tulipless Holland, cobblestoned Belgium, and industrial North Germany, I gratefully crossed the Danish frontier.

Cold and bedraggled, I found a room with a Danish family just in time to help them decorate their Christmas tree. On Christmas Eve we joined hands and circled the tree while they sang carols and the candles flickered in golden peace.

The family adopted me and I looked after the children and learned Danish from their level up. Next I scrubbed floors in a factory, and my Danish kroners increased gloriously until summer, 1961, when I bade Copenhagen farewell.

The fields of Denmark, regal mountains and majestic fiords of Norway, green beauty of Sweden, and entwining lakes in Finland brought me close to Russia.

Every country had refused me a Russian visa. As a last-ditch effort I tried the Soviet Embassy in Helsinki and my visa was granted. I was elated until I discovered the officials would not let me cycle into Russia or across the country.

However, I finally came across a tourist agency with a camping bus travelling from Helsinki to Moscow and back. Talking persuasively, I was permitted to leave the bus in Moscow and make my own way to Poland.

The bus group were young and lively and we whooped with joy when we crossed the Russian frontier and travelled through small log-cabin villages to Moscow.

Before us shone the golden onion domes of cathedrals and the red, red of the Kremlin fortress.

Another passenger was a Western Australian, Betty Astrand, from Boulder. With our group we trooped around Moscow, getting off alone whenever possible to "meet the Russians."

We smiled at everyone, shook hands, and talked in sign language.

One day I took my bike into the permanent exhibition ground in Moscow and into the Transportation Building.

An official cornered me, gathered a crowd in front of the world map, and plotted my course — Vancouver to Moscow "BY BICYCLE" she boomed in Russian.

A flood of Russians embraced me and the air buzzed with "Kan-ah-dai!"

At the Bolshoi Ballet I got a seat for the sold-out performance of "Swan Lake" the night Premier Khrushchev had a State visit from Prime Minister Nehru of India.

Instead of being up in the gallery where I could have hidden my blue jeans, I was in the middle of the dress circle. My jacket was printed with the word Canada and a big white maple leaf on the back, and the audience seemed to get a kick out of it and my pigtails.

Low on finances when I arrived in Warsaw, I became so interested in the city and the Polish students I met that I outstayed my visa. After a government warning, some students rushed me to the railway station shouting above the protests of the conductor and put me on a train which chugged out while I clung to the carriage door for dear life.

Hush over Berlin

White-faced, the conductor pulled me inside, shook his head, and gave me a free trip to East Germany.

A hush hung over Berlin. I had not heard the world news while in the Soviet Union and was astonished to learn that only a few days earlier the monstrous Berlin Wall had been constructed.

I continued toward south Germany, but en route my cycle tyre got caught in a tram track and I was tossed over the handlebars to land on my head and suffer concussion, with loss of memory.

After I recovered, I crossed into Austria and followed the Danube toward Vienna.

A car driven by a smiling woman inched by and waved me to a stop. This is how I met Mrs. McDuff, an N.S.W. station owner. Under her wing in Vienna, I sampled new wine in the hilly village of Grinsing, sat enthralled at the opera "Magic Flute," and knelt in the peace of St. Stephen's Cathedral.

I returned to Germany just before Christmas. East Berlin was barren and windswept. Knowing provisions were scarce, I was armed with food parcels, plus a supply of coffee, which I'd heard was \$10 a pound.

I played Santa Claus to a German family I had met before and we visited the closest point allowed near the wall and the Brandenburg Gate. Looking west, we saw giant friendship Christmas trees twinkling their lights of hope invitingly from over the wall. Tears streamed down the faces looking west.

It was still snowing when I crossed the French border. Paris was waiting with a cold and hungry winter, although I was fortunate to share a flat with some French students in the Latin Quarter, near Notre Dame Cathedral.

Our house turned out to be the old residence of Napoleon Bonaparte when he was a struggling young lieutenant.

Soon I became "au pair" or mother's help and lived-in with a family while I studied at the Sorbonne.

Once again spring brought me itchy feet.

The snowy peaks and charming chalets of Switzerland were next, and afterwards I ate my way through Italy and its pasta. Before I knew it, Europe was slipping away.

Dramatically wishing to say one more goodbye to Paris, I recrossed Europe.

And in Paris, under the nose of a policeman and the eyes of the gargoyles on Notre Dame, my bicycle was stolen.

Before I became too depressed I bought myself a rucksack and joined the ranks of hitchhikers.

My road was east to Israel, where I wanted to spend the coming Christmas.

Things went well until I arrived in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, after running a whole night through the forest, chased by a mad Yugoslav who wanted to wreak vengeance on me because of the war. My feet were raw from running over cobblestones and gravel, clothes torn from crawling in ditches.

Luckily I had jumped out of his car when I sensed danger, but I worried about how I would get out of Yugoslavia.

I needed a husky young man to ward off such kooks. My answer walked into the students' hostel — a bearded German student, tall and well muscled, his destination also Israel.

We travelled through the mountains and along the coast to arrive weary and grime-stained in Athens.

"I did a job I had dreamed of — planting trees in the desert"

At the post office, I met a couple of Australian boys. Patrick Clancy and Les Cameron, of Melbourne, had travelled from London on bicycles, but had sold them and were looking for jobs.

My German friend and I joined them as volunteers at a youth camp, working at the Athens Mental Hospital until a sympathetic citizen heard Les and I wished to continue to Israel but were short on funds. He got us free passage on a Greek ship to Haifa.

After we landed, Les joined a kibbutz, or collective farm, in Galilee. I went south toward the great Negev Desert hoping to settle somewhere.

I found Kibbutz Gevulot, 15 miles from the Gaza strip. I was warmly accepted into the small community of 100 settlers and did the job I had dreamed of — planting trees in the desert.

Irrigation and landscape gardening were some of my other jobs, and I felt a thrill at seeing the desert becoming green after its centuries as arid wasteland. I spent almost a year there.

In spring, 1963, I bade Israel "Shalom" and went to Istanbul, Turkey, where some friends were working in the James Bond film "From Russia With Love."

I ate fish out of the Bosphorus, puffed experimentally on a hubble-hubble water pipe under Galata Bridge, and strolled endlessly through the arcades of Istanbul's great covered market.

Hitchhiking in Turkey meant a series of chaperons. The Turks are very conscious that you are a woman and no harm must come to you. The father or brother of a family would even go a day's journey to escort you to a destination.

By the time I'd eaten myself full of Turkish delight, I decided to visit Spain and the "Running of the Bulls" in Pamplona before heading farther into the Middle East.

I crossed the Pyrenees into Barcelona, Madrid, Granada, Seville, and then Pamplona, of Hemingway fame. Streets echoed with thundering hoofs as bulls charged to the arena.

Jostled by the crowds, I was crammed into the arena, too. My badge-covered jacket got carried off and I saw it go by impaled on the horns of a bull.

Gibraltar loomed up in the south of Spain. Even though I was Canadian, this little British protectorate allowed only registered residents to get jobs.

I unpacked the deck of cards I carried and began to tell fortunes to the tourists in the camping-ground. Later a small tearoom hired me, and my fame spread until I even told fortunes on radio and television. I also took in washing at the camp.

My price was constant — 2/6 to tell a fortune or to

wash a shirt. My nestegg grew large enough to get me across the Straits to Africa.

Tangier proved to be a symphony of nasal Arab flutes and beautiful veiled women. The cities of Rabat and Casablanca had become modern since the days of the Humphrey Bogart films.

Pearl of Islam

Eager to see the city that had been the capital of Morocco, I went to Fez, the ancient walled Pearl of Islam.

Near the town was a small whitewashed animal hospital, walled in and approached through a Moorish arched doorway. I was able to stay in the grounds for a few days because the veterinarian was a Canadian.

Short-handed for help, Dr. Rousseau recruited me to work in his stables which housed 80 to 100 donkeys, mules, and horses.

Other patients were camels, gazelles, sheep, cows, storks, monkeys, dogs, cats, even a boa-constrictor.

Before becoming a donkey nurse, however, I hiked



● Muryl with a donkey at the American Fondouk animal hospital at Fez, Morocco, where she worked.

north again to spend my next Christmas in Denmark.

Copenhagen was snow-bound. During a cosy Christmas evening with friends around a candle-lit tree, a Scandinavian zoo agent asked, "How about buying ten camels for me while you're in Morocco?" I was flabbergasted, but decided to investigate.

Back across the Straits of Gibraltar, I settled into my job at the animal hospital.

The months flew by, while I plotted my future course through the camel markets of Morocco.

During Easter, I received extra time off and headed south to Goulmine, the world's largest camel market where the Blue People of the Sahara meet to buy and trade. The indigo-blue dye of their turbans, which colors their skin in the heat, gives them their name.

The market at Goulmine was empty. I had arrived too late—the nomads had returned to the Sahara.

A Sahara policeman, however, introduced me to a Blue Chieftain who had a large herd.

In a police jeep, we bounced over a scrubby landscape following camel dung until we arrived at the chief's grazing grounds.

A feast was prepared in my honor and I sat on plush red carpets in the chief's tent, sipping mint tea while the food was brought in.

Chief Hamadi offered me the greatest delicacy, an eyeball of a goat.

Swallowing nervously, I politely accepted the eye in its socket, but discreetly squashed the eyeball back into the dish and I just ate the socket—delicious.

Before inspecting the camels, I was escorted to the harem tent where lovely, sloop-eyed girls lost shyness quickly and were soon giggling, pulling my plaits, and inspecting my clothing.

Next came camel inspection. The police chief and Hamadi helped me pick ten young animals, including a baby I saw being born, which was named in my honor.

When I returned to Casablanca, I began to sort out transportation to Denmark. I could find nothing cheaper than \$5000. This put Operation Camel on the shelf.

I notified the Blue Chief, Hamadi, feeling rather dejected, but he laughed gleefully—he was not yet ready to market his herd.

I left Morocco a year later when I met Charles, an American boy who needed someone to share expenses on a motor-cycle journey across North Africa.

We roared off on his ancient motor-cycle, only to break down about every 200 miles all the way from Tangier, Morocco, to Alexandria, Egypt, a journey of a couple of months.

The Egyptian Customs discovered Charles had neglected to renew his licence and insurance, and gave him a quick exit stamp in his passport to Alexandria only, and the next ship out.

My only thoughts, as I waved goodbye, were that through months of camping across Africa I hadn't once seen him take off his boots.

I left by desert bus for Cairo, the Pyramids of Giza, and the Sphinx. Farther down the Nile, I wandered through ancient temples in Luxor and hopped on the back of a donkey to explore the Valley of the Kings and Queens of ancient Egypt.

To Lebanon

Following Charles' footsteps, I took a ship from Egypt across to Lebanon. Beirut rises out of the sea like a mirage and leads to a countryside encrusted with ruins. The hills turn to brown crossing to Syria.

In Damascus, I met a Swedish couple and hiked with them throughout the country, over to Jordan, and into the desert again to the canyons of the rose-colored city of Petra, carved in rock.

Returning to Damascus, and its markets hung with silks, I caught a rickety bus that made a two-day journey (mine was three because the driver kept getting lost) through the desert into Iraq and dust-speckled Bagdad.

Having picked up a fair amount of Arabic, I took a job as a freelance journalist (really I'm just a good woman!) on the "Bagdad News."

I worked for the newspaper in the mornings, and in the afternoons I had a secretarial job. My home was the back room in a florist shop, which I got rent free for guarding the incubator chicks which shared my room. Life in Bagdad brightened, but when I applied to renew my visa I was classed as a vagrant and told to leave.

Apparently, a flower shop was not a suitable residence for a single girl, who, by Iraqi standards, should have been garbed head-to-toe in a black chador (cloak).

An American youth named Harry, also making a hurried departure, met me on the road and we headed south to Kuwait—I was to visit a girlfriend at the American Embassy.

Ninety-five miles out of Bagdad, our "lift" almost crashed into an oncoming truck.

I was tossed through the windscreen while Harry was thrown out the door. We were left for dead by the driver, who threw our luggage out and scuttled back to Bagdad.

We were taken to the closest hospital by bus. There, unfortunately, the resident surgeon became amorously inclined and had me moved into his quarters.

Wobbly on my legs and with my arm in a cast, I dragged my rucksack out of his rooms. Enraged, he ordered Harry out of the hospital, too. Standing at the hospital entrance in his pyjamas, he dramatically ordered us to "Go!"

The little oil capital of Kuwait was a modern oasis. The Emir, or leader, of the country had turned the profits from the oil strike over to his citizens, who would soon be able to build new bungalows to replace the huts their Cadillacs were parked by.

There I settled my bruised bones in a comfortable chair in my friend's flat while I thought of Saudi Arabia, just over the border.

I had been refused a Saudi Arabian visa on the

at a hospital in Hamadan I became a temporary staff member in the sewing-room, mending hospital linens.

After I had shared Persian festivals with the community, and eaten my share of kabab pilav (shishkabab with rice), spring sunshine warmed my road to Afghanistan.

On a rickety bus to Ker-man, fate stepped in with another travelling companion—Eric, a young American writer on his way to India.

Asphalt roads into Afghanistan didn't exist, and a beat-up bus travelled through river-beds and slimy mud. We ran out of petrol in the middle of nowhere and our driver just walked off.

Next morning he returned, with more petrol, and we finally got to the border.

In Herat, first town in Afghanistan, all the men wore flowers behind their ears and squatted at the roadside in their baggy trousers to sniff any blossom they saw.

Kabul, the capital, was a hodge-podge of old and modern buildings, while the Afghans still insisted on squatting on the roads to smell flowers.

In Kabul, I picked up my old career of freelance journalist for the "Kabul

with the overpowering hospitality of Moslem people.

A friend's mother was even eager to pierce my nose so that I could wear one of her exotic gem-studded rings through my right nostril.

In the debilitating summer heat, we left Karachi for Colombo, by ship—a four-day journey costing us \$15 each, including food, as deck-class passengers.

Being the only foreigners, the first-officer gave us a cabin and invited us to share meals in his quarters.

To our surprise, Eric and I had a mutual friend from our days in Denmark (although we hadn't known each other there) who lived in Ceylon. We began our stay in Colombo with this boy's family, who prepared us their culinary specialties, curries so delicious but so hot that we cried.

Tragically, our Ceylon visit ended when a friend died while we were visiting him. The funeral pyre was lit at sunset; the flames flickered as the golden-robed monks chanted a requiem until the sun sank.

From the northernmost point of Ceylon, a ferry carried us to Rameshwaram, in India, for our first third-class train ride.

Indians with heavy, cumbersome bundles crammed into the small wooden compartment on top of us, sitting and sleeping on top of each other, in the aisles and luggage-racks.

In Bombay, the Gateway of India, lush gardens and lovely Marine Drive contrasted with crowded slums. Poverty was everywhere, but the people laughed, sang, and were happy.

The cool whiteness of the Taj Mahal rose out of the dust as a symbol of purity at Agra. Still, Old Delhi was where our hearts lay. In crowded bazaars, we were jostled endlessly by thousands—all with shining white teeth, all smiling.

We washed our clothes and bathed with the multitudes on the banks of the Ganges, in Benares, and watched the dead placed on funeral pyres and set alight along the Burning Ghats.

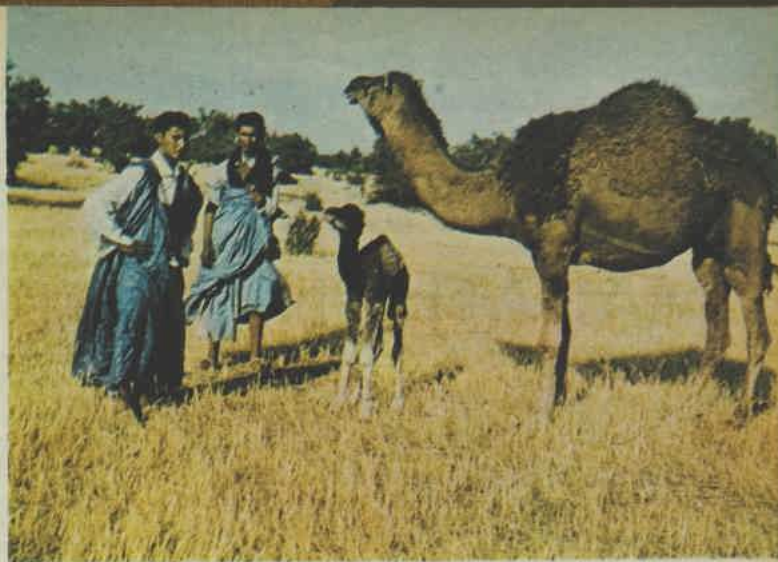
Indoctrinated by poverty and sickness in the Middle East and other parts of India, we were still not prepared for Calcutta.

At 5 p.m. the streets were sardine-packed with sleepers, the living side by side with the dead. But the tragedy was apparent only when the living got up each morning and walked away, while the dead waited for the body-collectors.

Peace and isolation became important and almost unobtainable until we visited the small village of Santiniketan. Now an international university and memorial to its founder, Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian poet, artist, writer, philosopher, and social reformer, Santiniketan means abode of peace. It was.

There I wrote my first novel to the drum of the monsoon rains and the beat

Continued overleaf



● Chieftain of the Blue People of the Sahara, Chief Hamadi, and a member of his tribe with a new-born camel, which was named Muryl in the writer's honor.



● Hamadi, the Blue Chieftain, grilling goat's liver in the open. Visiting the chief, Muryl was offered the greatest delicacy of a feast—an eyeball of a goat.



● At the animal hospital at Fes, a typical owner who brought a donkey and a mule for treatment, holding a bottle of free medicine. Patients included a boa-constrictor.

Where towering Buddha statues are carved into the cliffs

grounds that there was no tourism for a single woman.

Finally, I remembered I had given a lecture to the American Women's Club in Denmark, and so I wrote a letter to the club's president in Dahran, Saudi Arabia, before I applied for my visa.

I had a highly acceptable address and a suitable reason for my application, so I was given a visa, free from the usual \$21 fee, but restricted to seven days in the area where the American Women's Club had its headquarters.

I flew in to find nobody knew I was coming. The Women's Club president had been away and had not received my letter.

"How did you get here?" everyone asked. My surprise technique was the talk of the settlement, and I even managed to deliver a lecture to the club before flying back over the Arabian Gulf to Shiraz, in Iran.

Rugged mountains surrounded Shiraz, the gateway to the historic ruined city of Persepolis, which still exudes the majesty from the times of Cyrus, Darius, and Xerxes.

Northward was Isfahan and its large community of artisans. Shops abounded with intricately designed copper and brass.

Tehran, the capital and home of the Shah, sprawled at the foot of snow-capped mountains. The treasury of magnificent jewels and the glittering Peacock Throne were memorable sights, but it was to the ancient city of Hamadan that I travelled—the site of the tomb of Esther.

It was February, 1966, and

Times," and once I showed my deck of cards I was latched on to by city dignitaries to forecast their rise to prosperity.

Sitting on the river-bank, I gathered crowds of turbaned spectators while I sketched the locals, at the same time dodging the odd tomato, or pinch thrown my way because I was not covered from head to toe.

It was so hot I preferred to dodge the tomatoes. As it turned out, Eric was a good protector, the first travelling companion to stand in front of and not behind me.

When I heard a rumor the King wanted me to read his fortune, I decided it was time to leave Kabul.

Ramshackle bus

Eric and I got the only transport toward the valley of Bamiyan, a ramshackle bus with a narrow wooden bench as a seat.

The deadly 12-hour journey had only one reprieve—when a roof passenger refused to pay and the whole bus, including the driver and some veiled women passengers, got into a fight.

Having released pent-up emotions, the passengers tumbled back into the bus and, laughing with good humor, we continued to Bamiyan, the tiny hamlet where the towering 175ft. Buddha statues stand carved into the rose-colored cliffs.

Eric and I crossed through the yellow granite furrow of the Khyber Pass, which opened out into Pakistan. Peshawar, Rawalpindi, Lahore, and Karachi feted us

EIGHT-YEAR MARATHON

of village drums, while Eric completed his third.

When the rice harvest arrived, the Santal villagers invited Eric to drum with them at the festival of rice wine, and all too soon it was our farewell evening.

Drawn to the Tibetan people, Eric went north to do a volunteer job in the Himalayas with the Tibetan refugees.

I returned to Calcutta and began a small school for underprivileged children in a Buddhist monastery. I received a room and one meal a day.

Time passed quickly, but after nine months in India there seemed no way to earn money to travel farther east.

I had gone through my own funds, had cheques for a few hundred dollars stolen in the mail, and had learned that any money earned in the country could not be used for a ticket out.

Meanwhile, the heat was taking its toll and my hair began to fall out, along with a consuming physical weakness.

At this crucial point, I received a letter from the Australian friend of my days in Russia.

"You're probably stuck in India," she said, "so if you want me to bail you out, just say the word."

I did, immediately. Soon I was on an aircraft to Perth.

In the next few hours I was installed in a small fishery factory up the coast, grading prawns and replacing my friend so she could whisk over to the coronation of the King of Tonga.

July was eighth anniversary

July, 1967, was my eighth anniversary on the road, and I travelled to Fremantle to visit Mr. and Mrs. Williams, whose daughter Lyn had worked with me in the shipping office in Vancouver, then on to Melbourne to visit Kathy Ellis, whom I'd met hiking in Greece, then to New South Wales and the station of Mrs. McDuff, whom I met in Austria.

One important item to be included is getting my fiancé, Eric, out of India.

We hope to marry here in Australia, where the future looks good for us jacks and jills of all trades, but, as far as settling down, we can't commit ourselves until the world of the waiting Orient is explored, and after that, well the world isn't such a small place, after all.

Perhaps I may have missed all the glamor and glitter of first-class hotels and restaurants and constant

travel by plane, but I would also have been so much poorer in experience and compassion.

If you are willing to travel on a threadbare shoestring, I say go ahead while you are young, or wish to stay young. Look at me, I've been 24 for almost a decade, and I'll probably remain 24 until I settle down and become 25.

For girls, I believe it is safer to travel with a companion and to learn to "see around corners," very hard to do when one is young.

Hitching alone I used to wear round, rimless spectacles, hair in pigtails, baggy jeans, and a loose duffle coat to appear sexless, and, in inaccessible, primitive countries, I carried a loaf of bread and a wicked-looking knife.

Slice dangerously through my loaf

These I could bring out immediately after entering a car, feigning hunger, and slice dangerously through my loaf so that a driver would think twice over any ideas he might have had.

And, if that doesn't work, always be on your toes. Know how to jump out of a moving car, landing on your feet.

With luck, escaping the law of averages, ahead of you will be a world of education and "romance" — a romance with the road.

POSTSCRIPT FROM THE AUTHOR:

Since I last wrote, I have enjoyed a stay on a sheep station, which gave me a chance to see a little of the real Australia, before returning to the bright lights of Sydney, and getting married.

With the myriads of New Australians, it is wonderful to be able to recapture corners of their worlds here in Australia. One could almost say, "Why go abroad — the world is here!"

In great measure this is true, were it not for the lack of beautiful, cloistered, white-washed villages with the narrow streets of cobblestones gleaming like silver dollars in the moonlight, or the still peacefulness of the clop of a donkey's hoofs echoing like heartbeats — not drowned out by the crush and roar of heedless traffic.

These are things not in the modern world, and sometimes are very good reasons for going "over there."

But Australia holds many secrets to explore, more than enough for a lifetime, hidden in its great deserts and far outback, and I can be happy doing just that.

● It is generally accepted that keeping cool is a matter of keeping comfortable. But it is more than that. It is an important matter of health.

Most Australians have their own ways of dealing with the heat during the long, searing summer days, but few seem to realise that heat is hard on the heart — that the first few days of a heatwave inevitably bring an increase in heart attacks.

For more than 20 years D. George Burch and his associates at the Cardiovascular Laboratories of the Tulane University School of Medicine in New Orleans, U.S.A., have been doing research on people's responses to heat stress.

From these studies there has emerged quite a lot of basic information on how heat-dissipation mechanisms interact to keep the body temperature within the extremely narrow range — only a few degrees — that is compatible with life.

BEAT THE HEAT— AND STAY HEALTHY

MOST of us know that small amounts of heat are disposed of by the skin surface, acting as a radiator. But when heat and humidity are overpowering, our primary coolant is sweat.

Profuse sweat that pours off the body in rivulets is virtually wasted. It is the vaporisation of sweat that cools most efficiently.

Adverse reactions to hot weather range from symptoms of fatigue, irritability, listlessness, depressed mental and physical efficiency, insomnia, and flagging appetite, to dizziness, pallor, lowered blood pressure, clammy skin, and signs of impending exhaustion.

We cannot change the weather. We can, however, change our "microclimate," the immediate personal climate we live in.

In hot weather we can open and close windows, turn on air-conditioners and fans, dress for the heat, change from sweat-soaked to dry garments, take cool baths and cool drinks, keep to the shady side of the street, and in a hundred ways try to keep comfortable.

Our most efficient physiological "heat pump" is the circulatory system. When blood of sufficient temperature reaches the hypothalamus, a tiny nerve centre in the middle of the brain, complex heat-dissipating mechanisms are triggered.

The heart works harder to increase the volume of blood flow. Blood carries heat from muscles and internal organs. Blood vessels at the skin dilate. Sweat glands "distil" sweat from blood plasma. The rate of blood flow may

become extremely high — and the heart may do a prodigious amount of work.

Which means, according to Dr. Burch, that in many ways effects of heat and humidity are equivalent to strenuous exercise.

Without our skins we would be dried to death in a few minutes by exposure to a gentle, warm, dry breeze.

The body is about two-thirds water, contained within a dermal sack that enables us to carry around on dry land an internal environment similar to the primitive seas in which life is thought to have originated.

The principal dam that keeps our "sea" from leaking away is the topmost horny layer of the skin, which can dispose of small amounts of heat like a radiator.

But when heat and humidity are overpowering our primary coolant is sweat, or to give its genteel equivalent, perspiration.

One can lose a gallon of water a day from the skin and respiratory tract in hot weather. Ordinarily, about one-third as much water is lost from the skin as in urine.

Men sweat a little more easily than women.

The highest rate of water loss in a comfortable environment is from the palms and soles. Under hot and humid conditions, the most rapid loss occurs in the armpits, forehead, arms, trunk, and the hands and feet.

"Working up a good sweat" is not a sensible way to cool off. It is the vaporisation of sweat that cools us, and high humidity levels will seal vapors stiflingly upon our bodies.

We see dogs panting in hot weather to lose heat from the lungs.

Human lungs can also lose heat at times, but precisely

AIR-CONDITIONERS

MORE and more people today are installing air-conditioning units in their homes.

In terms of economics, the refrigerated air-conditioner costs no more than installing a fireplace, electric radiator, and fan.

If you leave the air-conditioner on for a full 24 hours a day — and most people switch it off when they go out, or if the day doesn't

need it — the cost of running works out at approximately 28 cents a week.

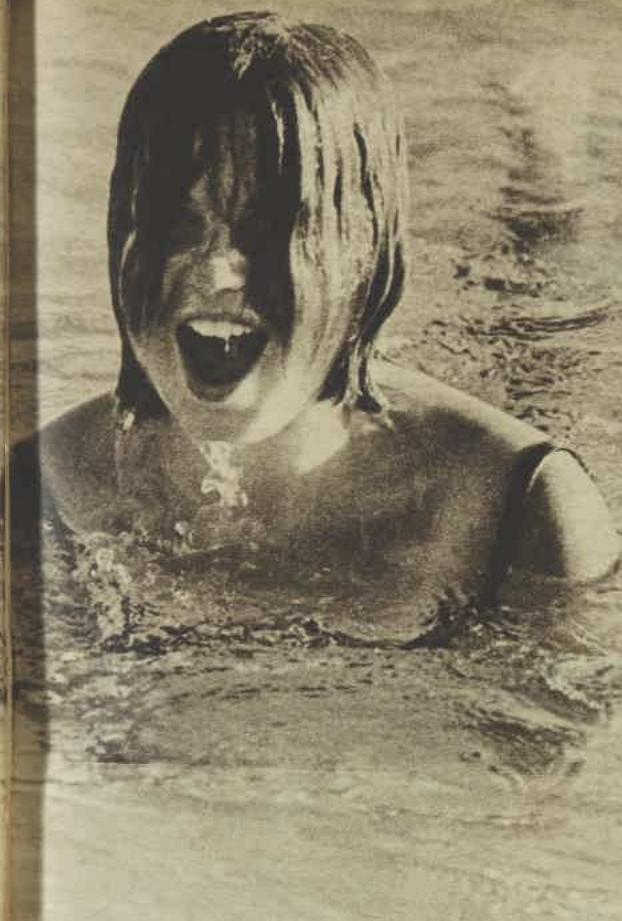
Wall models, many of which are styled to blend with furnishings and walls, are priced from \$500 and their installation costs between \$20 and \$45.

The small model can be plugged straight into an ordinary power point, while the larger models need special points to take 15 amps.

One small portable unit which can be fitted to a window by the householder himself costs little more than \$200, and is generally used in the bedroom.

The unit, connected to a power point, collects the excess moisture in the room and dissipates it through a condenser or an overflow pipe to the outside.

The unit will work better in a room where the ceiling has been insulated.



measurements show that our lungs are unreliable cooling agents; heat is lost when it should be preserved, and gained when it should be lost.

During two hot and humid New Orleans summers, Dr. Burch and his colleagues made clinical studies of patients in adjacent wards in a hospital. One ward was air-conditioned.

It was found that patients in this ward enjoyed longer and more restful sleep, and slept more frequently during the day.

They were calmer and quieter than the patients in the other ward, who appeared restless, irritable, sweaty, and sometimes agitated.

Measurements indicated that patients' hearts did 57 percent more work in the warm and humid ward than in the air-conditioned ward.

And differences among patients with cardiovascular disease were striking. Those with congestive heart failure who showed little improvement despite adequate medical care were observed for weeks in the warm and humid ward.

They were transferred to the air-conditioned ward, and there, without exception, improvement in the course of the disease developed; in some instances, the improvement was dramatic.

How much harder does your heart work in muggy weather? About 50 percent harder than it would have to if you kept comfortably cool.

Air-conditioning, even for only part of the day, is beneficial. An efficient conditioner not only cools the air

but wrings large amounts of moisture from it, and the drier air encourages cooling evaporation of sweat.

If you are thinking of air-conditioning only one room in the house, then it should be the bedroom. A comfortable night's rest enables you to meet the next day's torrid weather with more fortitude.

Fans neither dry nor cool the air, but they help by moving air over our skins so that evaporation of sweat is assisted and makes one feel cooler.

A fan in a closed room cannot cool it adequately. Properly placed and of sufficient size it can, however, draw cool night air into a house or expel the hot air accumulated throughout the day.

Tepid baths are the best

You will probably need to experiment with the correct placing of the fan, in opening a door or window and closing others to get you the most effective air stream.

On the days when it seems that the air is "on fire" it is wise to close all the windows and keep blinds down until evening.

Cold showers are effective in cooling the body quickly, but they usually stimulate a compensatory heat production.

A tepid bath has longer-lasting benefits, especially for babies and elderly people, whose systems generally cannot take the shock of sudden cold.

Studies show that heat lost from part of the body cools the body as a whole.

Advice to the elderly: wear light clothes, eat light meals, take a nap

OFTEN elderly people collapse in extreme heat because they wear too many clothes.

"It is the most difficult task to wean them from their heavy clothes," a Department of Health medical officer said.

His advice? Wear very little light clothing and venture out only in the cool of the early morning or late afternoon.

Eat light meals frequently and have plenty of rest during the day.

And always have tepid baths. The sudden shock of a cold shower or bath could harm the system.

Tests were conducted with people at rest in a room with a temperature of 105 degrees and a relative humidity of 75 percent; they were able to remain quite comfortable for long periods simply by keeping one hand and forearm in water at 59 degrees.

When a larger area of the body, between the shoulder-blades and thighs, was cooled — by sitting in a water-cooled chair — they endured extremes of heat and humidity almost indefinitely.

Some spent the time reading comfortably in temperatures as high as 116.

It is much more cooling to place your hand and forearm in water than it is to fan your face.

Although the hand and forearm constitute only about 5.5 percent of the total body surface, the great numbers of blood vessels in your fingers and hands bring large amounts of blood in proximity to the cool water.

It is necessary to have plenty of fluids to replace sweat loss on a very hot day.

Cold drinks are warmed quickly to the body temperature after consumption and absorb a little heat in the process.

The popular belief that salt tablets are cooling in hot weather is quite false.

Young and vigorous people who do hard physical work in extremely hot environments over considerable periods of time shed enormous amounts of sweat and drink vast quantities of water to replace it.

This may flush so much salt from the system in the sweat that muscles are gripped by excruciating-intermittent spasms, known as heat cramps.

If the victim is removed to a cool environment and given salt by mouth it does correct the heat cramps, but it does not cool the patient; it merely replaces the salt lost.

In most climates there is no need to use salt tablets, which can severely irritate the lining of the stomach.

Simply add a little extra salt to your food and, if you find you are drinking a large amount of fluid, put a pinch of salt in your glass.

The old belief that a cup of tea is more cooling than a cold drink is true when it stimulates sweating at the right time.

Hot foods, Dr. Burch advises, are best avoided. Plenty of salads, cold meats, and fruit should be taken in small quantities and frequently.

Light, porous clothing is ideal for hot weather, and

... AND FANS

In most rooms more heat comes in through the ceiling than through any other single source. Insulation delays the penetration of heat for at least some hours and so reduces the load on the air-conditioner.

If properly cared for the unit should last as long as a refrigerator.

Fans can also have their uses in the home. They don't cool the air; they move it, and in doing so increase the

evaporative cooling effect on the skin.

To be efficient, a cooling fan must provide an air movement that can be felt. It should be capable of moving the whole volume of air in the room at least ten times an hour.

This means that for an average living-room a fan in the 12in. to 16in. range will normally be necessary.

In kitchens and other smaller rooms, the 8in. to 10in. sizes are sufficient.

The small personal fan is fine for the purpose for which it is intended, and should be placed near the user — for instance, on an office desk.

The kitchen is especially vulnerable in a heatwave, but many modern kitchens have a fan in the wall or in a window which draws the hot air out of the room and with it the cooking odors.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

one of the fine furniture pieces in this room is a Pope air conditioner

(if you look closely you'll see it)



We deliberately styled the air conditioners to blend with your furnishings. Pope "furniture front" it's called. Of course, people will know you have one, even if they can't see it right away. They'll feel the comfortable temperature immediately they're inside, when it's oven hot—or freezer cold—outside. Pope's ability to cool down in summer—and warm up in winter—surprises lots of people who think air conditioners are only summer workers. And did you know this? It costs less to run all year

than it costs to run a radiator all through winter. And there's more. Pope Air Conditioner cares for your furniture, clothes and building materials by reducing winter "damp" and summer "mugginess." Pope also works at keeping air free of invading germs and hay-fever-producing dust and pollen particles. Pope Air Conditioners hide behind their "furniture fronts" at your nearest electrical dealer. The man with the slide-rule-type of card that tells you the exact sized Pope you need.

Go see a Pope Air Conditioner soon—for the temperature that comforts you best all year round.

POPE
Product of Simpson Pope

BUILT TO PERFORM BETTER—LONGER

PRAC. 60.FPC. WW.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 10, 1968

SKIN AND HAIR CARE IN A HEATWAVE

CARE in choosing your make-up during the long, hot summer days can pay big dividends in your appearance.

Cleansing lotions are more suitable for summer use, being cooler and lighter than creams.

Choose a specially prepared cleanser with a moisturised formula and avoid summer's "dry skin."

Beware of the temptation to use more astringent toning lotion in summer to get rid of excess oiliness. The skin during this time is very liable to weathering, and attendant dryness.

A guaranteed non-drying skin freshener is the perfect answer. It also helps to close pores, which are always more conspicuous in summer.

The most refreshing way to use it is either to place the whole bottle in the refrigerator or soak thin 2in. by 2in. pads of cottonwool in the skin freshener, put them in a plastic bag, and keep them in the refrigerator.

A new summer product to be introduced here next month is a moisturising lotion with the addition of a sun-filter ingredient. It can be worn as a colorless make-up base with just a dusting of powder over it.

Light and fashionable, it allows the skin to breathe comfortably and precludes any danger of make-up clogging or getting patchy during the really hot days.

With the sun-filter addition, its value, particularly to the outdoor girl, will be excellent.

One of summer's most annoying legacies, as far as make-up is concerned, is the shiny nose. There is a cooling, skin-tinted astringent on the market which absorbs the shine before it even reaches the surface.

The long, hot days make it worth while to check on your deodorant. Is it a deodoriser and anti-perspirant? The second quality ensures your comfort and appearance during a sizzling day. Most today are absolutely harmless and non-staining to fabrics, and are gently perfumed.

Steer clear of cloying, heavy scents during the summer; go for something with freshness and tang to it.

Do not keep your scent in the refrigerator, because it will lose a little of its bouquet. On the other hand, do not, on any account, let it sit in sunlight or even in a harsh light.

Keep it standing in a corner of your underwear drawer, then you can have all the pleasure of your favorite fragrance permeating your pretties.

A quick refresher — perfume on temples

Everyone knows the time-honored places to apply fragrance: behind and below the ears, the crook of the elbow, the back of the knees. But for a quick refresher on a hot day in town or at some function, whip out your purse bottle of skin perfume and stroke it on the temples.

It won't disturb your make-up, and the soothing, cooling feeling is wonderful.

Lastly, the night creams — necessary and worth their weight in gold. But keep away from the heavy creams. Use one of the newly developed light-as-air nourishing and conditioning night creams which are instantly absorbed and, most important, non-greasy.

Hair can be a problem in the hot weather, especially when it becomes excessively oily through perspiration.



BABY, IT'S
H-O-T
OUTSIDE

YOUNG babies need very special care when the temperatures soar to create a day of searing heat.

The standard advice is to keep them in a cool, draughty part of the house. Where this is not possible, a fan should be used to create a breeze.

Dress them in very light clothing — a nappy is quite enough. Sponge them frequently with tepid water, and give them plenty of fluids.

If you have to take your baby out during the day, resist the temptation to deck him in the lovely fineries you have been given, such as woollen booties and matinee jackets. Just dress him in a nappy and a loose cotton top.

Woollen bonnets will make him flushed, hot, and uncomfortable. The best protection from the sun is a shady cotton hat with a peaked brim.

A good idea is to use salt in the rinsing water after your shampoo. It has a lasting, drying effect.

Hair which has been given a good, skilful cut should retain a set for at least a week. If it shows signs of wilting, give it a booster service.

Put two or three rollers in your hair before you shower or while you are getting breakfast; use a little hairspray on them. After ten minutes or so take the rollers out and brush the hair.

Eau-de-cologne brushed into the hair is a good de-greaser.

To protect your hairdo at night, crepe toilet paper wound around the head like a turban and fixed with a couple of bobby pins is excellent.

Chiffon or silk scarves pick up a lot of static and are inclined to charge your hair with electricity, making it difficult to control.

Don't let the car become a sweatbox

DRIVING a car when the temperature climbs into the nineties can be very unpleasant, and stepping into the oven-like interior of a car which has been parked under the blazing sun is even worse.

However, there are a number of things a motorist can do to take some of the sting out of summer.

If you have been wise enough to choose a very light-colored car in the first place, the temperature in it could be anything up to 15 degrees lower than in your neighbor's black, red, or dark blue model.

Good ventilation helps in keeping the car cool while it is on the move. Quarter lights can be used effectively to direct the air stream where you want it, and a number of the most recent cars on the road incorporate adjustable direction vents, which are a real asset.

But beware the rear glass panel on station-wagons. A semi-vacuum forms behind a moving vehicle and should the rear window be open poisonous carbon monoxide can be drawn into the car.

So don't drive with the rear window open unless the front windows are also open and a good, strong draught is passing through.

Park in the shade whenever you can — and remember that the sun is moving across the sky.

The most effective, though the most expensive, way to beat the heat is to fit your car with an air-conditioning unit — for around \$400.

Beat the heat—and stay healthy

From page 37

the coolest garments are made of cotton or blends of cotton with other fibres that have "wicking" ability, the power to soak up perspiration and promote evaporation from the surfaces of thousands of textile tendrils.

This vaporising mechanism is "drowned" if garments become sweat-soaked and cling to the skin.

Synthetic fabrics which are too closely woven can act as heat blankets, unless they are made very loose and free flowing.

It is well known that heat exhaustion is most likely to strike the ill and the poorly acclimatised. Older people and those debilitated by chronic illness are particularly vulnerable to heat-stroke.

Usually the victim has an extremely high fever, about 106, sometimes as high as 112 degrees. The skin becomes dry, hot, and flushed. Sweat glands virtually cease to function, reflecting a dangerous breakdown of vital thermoregulatory systems, and the patient falls into a coma.

The best emergency treatment is to put the patient into a tub of ice water or, if that is impossible, to strip him and cover him with cold, wet sheets with a fan blowing on him while medical help is on the way.

But it is far better to prevent heat distresses, even though mild, than to suffer through them.

All that is necessary to keep comfortably cool, no matter how hot the weather, is to keep heat intake and heat dissipation balanced, and this can be attained by

measures restraining protective body mechanisms from violent activity that may increase the heart load.

Since it takes several days, or even weeks, to become acclimatised to hot weather, allowance must be made by throttling down a bit on the fast-paced rate of living — in other words, modify your pattern of life to suit the climate.

As the sun is generally at its hottest between 11 and 2 each day, housewives should do their shopping in the early part of the morning and, when possible, take a nap in the afternoon.

If it is necessary to go into town on a very hot day, step into an air-conditioned building every now and then for a breath of dry, cool air.

Postpone any tasks, such as ironing, polishing, or washing, until the comfortable cool of the morning or evening.

Cut down on heavily spiced foods and on sugar-sweetened desserts, both of which create heat in the bodies. Instead, have light salads, grilled steak, and, for the children, pure fruit juices mixed with iced water — these are better than effervescent drinks.

Remember, keeping cool is more than a matter of keeping comfortable. It is a matter of minimising the stressful and, for some people, hazardous loads that heat and humidity can pile on to the heart and circulatory system.

• Condensed from "Today's Health" and the "Reader's Digest."

Turn the page for
ICE-CREAM DESSERTS

AT a buffet party fingers are apt to get sticky, and paper table napkins alone are not sufficient. Soak pieces of colored plastic foam in water, place in small dishes beside the napkins. They look gay, and guests will appreciate them.—Mrs. E. R. Waite, 5 Proctor St., Boyup Brook, W.A. 6244.

To store stewed fruit in a deep freezer, line a square biscuit or ice-cream tin with foil, allowing enough overlap to cover the top after freezing. After stewing the fruit, pour it into the tin and chill for four to five hours in

HANDY HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● These useful hints, sent in by readers, win a prize of \$2 each. They will help mothers and holiday hostesses.

the refrigerator. Then place it in the freezer and, when frozen, fold foil over top. Store tin upside down in freezer.—C. Jacobs, Station Rd., Bethania, Qld. 4206.

Plastic bags used to pack icing sugar make good disposable piping bags for writing on children's birthday cakes or

other simple cake decorating. Snip off one corner of the bag to required size.—Mrs. J. Fredheim, 246 Lenah Valley Rd., Lenah Valley, Tas. 7008.

To clean a soiled white felt hat, use carpet shampoo; let dry, brush with stiff brush.—Mrs. I. Clements, 27 Wilson St., Broken Hill Sth., N.S.W. 2880.

Remove crayon and grease marks from wallpaper by covering with a white tissue handkerchief and pressing with a warm iron. Replace tissues as they become soiled.—Mrs. J. W. Eno, Muswellbrook Rd., Cooyal, via Mudgee, N.S.W. 2850.

To mend small tears in holland blinds, cut out flower-shapes in brightly colored, self-adhesive plastic and place these over the tears. They look attractive and prevent tears from widening.—Mrs. W. Page, Box 51, P.O., Harrow, Vic. 3317.



The greatest school shoe value

(So comfortable, long wearing, smart styles, too!)

Firestone VULCON approved school shoes

Firestone Vulcon school shoes are Australia's best school shoe value! Made from smooth, strong, top-quality leather uppers, with absorbent in-sole, Vulcon shoes are designed to keep active, growing feet healthy. The triple-life sole guarantees for long-wearing comfort under the toughest conditions, yet is both flexible and light. Choose black or tan, punched or plain styles in a full range of sizes. Tremendous value from only \$3.49. (Priced slightly lower in South Australia.)

FROM
\$3.49



Firestone Safety Yellow Raincoat

(approved by the Road Safety Council)

Designed for safety and comfort, Firestone Safety Yellow Raincoats are made from rubberised cotton and completely water-proof. Styled in safety yellow with black trimmed collar in a full range of sizes from 18" to 46" with two inch rises. Proved safest—Firestone Yellow Raincoats are available at all leading department stores. Value price, too!

Matching Sou'westers, made from rubberised cotton, come in a full range of sizes: extra small, small, medium, large and extra large.



For Quality and Service

Fruit mince wins prize

● If you've any dried fruit over from making the Christmas cake or pudding, use it for the delightful Claret Fruit Mince that wins \$10.

USE the prizewinning fruit mince as a filling for small tarts (it can be thickened, if desired, by mixing in a little blended cornflour and stirring over heat); or use it, warm or cold, as a sauce over ice-cream.

CLARET FRUIT MINCE

3lb. raisins
1lb. currants
4oz. mixed peel
2½ cups brown sugar
grated rind and juice 2 oranges
1 tablespoon mixed spice
2oz. glace cherries
1 to 2oz. blanched almonds
claret to cover

Roughly chop raisins, peel, cherries, and almonds; place in large bowl and add all other ingredients; mix well. Spoon into clean jars and cover with claret. Cover jars with lids or plastic wrap and elastic bands.

Allow to stand at least 1 month before using.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. T. D. Campbell, Inkerman Hill Estate, Carstairs, Nth. Qld. 4806.

QUICK MIX BURGERS

1lb. minced steak
1 onion
1 egg
1 pkt. chicken noodle soup
salt, pepper
oil or fat for frying
seasoned flour

Place minced steak in bowl, add finely chopped onion, beaten egg, and contents of soup packet; season with salt and pepper. Form into rounds, then roll in seasoned flour. Fry in heated oil or fat 15 minutes, turning several times; drain.

Serve from slices of toast with shredded lettuce.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. P. Williams, Flat 11, Warrawong, 75 Glendower St., Perth 6000.

CURRIED EGG DIP

3 hard-boiled eggs
1 onion
1oz. butter or substitute
1 tablespoon flour
2 teaspoons curry powder
1 cup milk
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon fruit chutney
salt, pepper

Melt butter, add chopped onion, saute until golden brown. Mix in flour and curry powder, then gradually add milk. Cook, stirring, until mixture boils and thickens. Remove from heat, stir in chopped eggs, chutney, lemon juice, and salt and pepper.

Serve hot or cold with cracker biscuits.

Consolation prize of \$2 to B. Rogerson, 230 Railway Pde., Cabramatta, N.S.W. 2166.

RECIPES
FROM OUR
LEILA
HOWARD
TEST
KITCHEN



ICE CREAM

. . . the basis
for wonderful
desserts

● Ice-cream, served just as it comes from can or carton, is always popular in summer, but, using it as a base, you can easily produce the most delicious, coolest, and prettiest desserts with the minimum of effort on hot summer days.

TTEAM ice-cream with chopped nuts, fresh or canned fruits, a glace cherry or two. Or make a special-occasion dessert such as a parfait or sundae; or add to plain ice-cream one of the richly flavored sauces in this two-page feature.

We have not given specific quantities for the desserts, because ice-cream can sizes vary from State to State. The half-gallon size can be an economical buy and enables you to dig deeply to get perfect scoops of ice-cream.

In those States where strawberry and chocolate ice-cream is available only in sizes larger than half-gallon, buy the neapolitan. This has vanilla, chocolate, and strawberry flavors combined, and it is possible to scoop out any of these flavors individually.

STRAWBERRY PARFAIT

strawberries
vanilla ice-cream

whipped cream

Hull strawberries, reserving a few for decoration. Arrange alternate layers of strawberries and ice-cream in tall glasses. Top with whipped cream, decorate with a whole strawberry.

PINEAPPLE SUNDAE

vanilla ice-cream
canned pineapple
pieces
Cardinal Sauce
(see overleaf)

strawberries to
decorate

Arrange scoops of ice-cream in dishes; surround with pineapple pieces. Spoon over Cardinal Sauce; serve topped with a strawberry.

ICE-CREAM CAKE WITH CARAMEL SAUCE

sponge cake
vanilla ice-cream
whipped cream

Caramel Sauce
(see overleaf)

Cut sponge cake into 3 in. squares; cut each across horizontally. Sandwich slices together again with a thick square of ice-cream of the same size. Quickly cover cake with whipped cream. Serve at once with Caramel Sauce poured over.

MELON AND ICE-CREAM

rockmelon
watermelon
pineapple

vanilla ice-cream
sugar
white wine

Cut melons and pineapple into pieces. Sprinkle with sugar to taste and, if desired, moisten with a little white wine. Fill into individual serving dishes. Top each serving with a large scoop of ice-cream.

CHOCOLATE PARFAIT

Chocolate Sauce
(see overleaf)
vanilla ice-cream

whipped cream
chopped nuts

Spoon or scoop layers of ice-cream into tall glasses. Drizzle Chocolate Sauce generously between the layers. Top, if desired, with swirl of whipped cream and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

COOL DESSERTS, above, are, in back row from left, *Chocolate Parfait*, *Chocolate Cream*, *Lime Freeze*, *Strawberry Parfait*, *Neapolitan Delight*. In front, *Ice-Cream Cake with Caramel Sauce*, *Banana Split*, *Pineapple Sundae*.

BANANA SPLIT

strawberry, choco-
late and vanilla
ice-cream
bananas

cherries
whipped cream
chopped nuts

Soak unskinned bananas in iced water $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before serving. (This slows down discoloration.) Peel and slice bananas. Place scoops of ice-cream in dishes; arrange sliced banana decoratively around. Spoon a swirl of cream on centre ice-cream scoop, sprinkle with chopped nuts and decorate with cherries.

LIME FREEZE

vanilla ice-cream
Lime Sauce (see
overleaf)

chopped nuts

Fill individual dishes with scoops of ice-cream. Spoon over Lime Sauce; sprinkle with chopped nuts.

CHOCOLATE ORANGE DESSERT

chocolate ice-cream
1 pkt. orange jelly

segments from 1
orange

Make up jelly as directed on packet. When cool, fold in orange segments; allow to set. Place scoops of chocolate ice-cream in dishes. Chop jelly roughly and spoon over ice-cream. Serve, if desired, with extra orange segments.

SHERRIED MACAROON LAYERS

macaroons
sweet sherry
strawberry ice-
cream

whipped cream
whole strawberries
to decorate

Crush macaroons; moisten with a little sweet sherry. Arrange alternate layers of macaroon mixture, whipped cream, and ice-cream in tall glasses. Decorate with whole strawberries.

CHOCOLATE CREAM

chocolate ice-cream
whipped cream

chocolate shavings

Arrange scoops of chocolate ice-cream in serving dishes. Top with whipped cream and sprinkle with chocolate shavings.

PASSIONFRUIT COOLER

vanilla ice-cream
passionfruit pulp
(fresh or canned)

whipped cream

Place scoops of ice-cream in tall glasses. Drizzle passionfruit pulp over ice-cream. Top with whipped cream.

NEAPOLITAN DELIGHT

vanilla ice-cream
chocolate ice-cream
strawberry ice-
cream

cream wafer bis-
cuits
glace cherries

Place 1 small scoop of vanilla ice-cream, 1 of chocolate, and 1 of strawberry in each serving dish. Decorate with a cream wafer biscuit and glace cherry.

Cardinal Sauce (see recipe overleaf) is a nice topping for this flavor combination. Or top with a swirl of whipped cream.

Continued overleaf

***** AS I READ ***** THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Jan. 3

ARIES

MAR. 21-APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, grey, lilac.
* Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

TAURUS

APR. 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, rose, navy.
* Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.

GEMINI

MAY 21-JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, blue, black.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

CANCER

JUNE 22-JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

LEO

JULY 23-AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, black, white.
* Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

VIRGO

AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, orange, tan.
* Lucky days, Monday, Tues.

LIBRA

SEPT. 23-OCT. 22
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, green, brown.
* Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

SCORPIO

OCT. 23-NOV. 22
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, red, white.
* Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 23-DEC. 22
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, green, blue.
* Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

CAPRICORN

DEC. 23-JAN. 20
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, red, lilac.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

AQUARIUS

JAN. 21-FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, blue, grey.
* Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

PISCES

FEB. 20-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, red, tan.
* Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"DANETTE" — Smart shirtmaker is available in navy/paris-pink/white, chocolate/turquoise/white, or black/red/white screen-printed twill cotton.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$10.65; 36 and 38in. bust, \$10.85.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$7.15; 36 and 38in. bust, \$7.35.

Postage and dispatch 60 cents extra.

● NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 22. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.



KEEPING COOL . . . concluded

SAUCES FOR ICE-CREAM

LEVEL spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce-cup measure are used in the following recipes.

CARDINAL SAUCE

1 small can strawberries
2 tablespoons raspberry jam

2 dessertspoons arrowroot
little water

In small saucepan, combine strawberries, juice from can, and raspberry jam. Heat, stirring, until jam dissolves. Push mixture through a sieve. Add arrowroot blended with a little water. Cook, stirring, until mixture boils and thickens. Cook for 1 minute; allow to cool.

MOCHA SAUCE

4oz. chocolate
2-3rd cup strong coffee

1 cup sugar
pinch salt

Chop chocolate roughly; combine with coffee. Cook, stirring constantly, over low heat until chocolate melts and mixture is smooth. Stir in sugar and salt; cook, stirring until sugar dissolves.

LEMON SAUCE

1/2 cup sugar
2 tablespoons cornflour
2 cups water
2oz. butter or substitute

grated rind 2 lemons
1/2 cup lemon juice
pinch salt

Combine sugar and cornflour. Add water, mix well. Cook, stirring, until slightly thickened and clear; boil a few minutes. Remove from heat, stir in remaining ingredients.

PINEAPPLE SAUCE

15oz. can crushed pineapple
1/2 cup sugar
1 dessertspoon cornflour

1 dessertspoon butter or substitute
pinch salt
juice 1/2 lemon

Drain juice from crushed pineapple. Mix cornflour and sugar together, add to juice. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture boils and thickens; cook a few minutes. Add pineapple, butter, lemon juice, and salt. Simmer 1 minute.

CARAMEL SAUCE

1 tablespoon butter
1 cup brown sugar

4oz. can reduced cream

Put butter and sugar into small saucepan, cook over gentle heat until melted. Add reduced cream, stir well until cream has dissolved. Serve warm or cold.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

2 1/2oz. butter
1 cup brown sugar

1-3rd cup cream

Melt butter, add sugar, and cream, stir until sugar dissolves. Bring to boil, boil 5 minutes over low heat; remove from heat. Beat 30 seconds until mixture begins to thicken. Allow sauce to become almost cold before serving.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

3oz. dark chocolate
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup water
pinch salt

1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1 pint cream

Chop chocolate, melt over hot, not boiling, water. In another saucepan combine sugar and water. Bring slowly to the boil, stirring constantly to dissolve sugar. Boil 5 minutes (time this carefully; it is important), remove from heat, and cool. Pour sugar syrup into melted chocolate slowly, stirring constantly. Stir in salt, cinnamon, vanilla, and cream; mix well.

SHERRIED-FRUIT SAUCE

2 1/2 cups prepared fruit mince

1/2 cup chopped walnuts
1/2 cup sherry

Combine fruit mince and walnuts in saucepan; heat, stirring until mixture boils. Remove from heat. Stir in sherry. Serve warm over ice-cream.

APRICOT SAUCE

1 cup apricot jam
2 tablespoons water

1 tablespoon rum or brandy

Push apricot jam through sieve; add water. Heat, stirring, until mixture boils. Add rum or brandy. Allow to cool before using.

LIME SAUCE

1/2 cup lime cordial concentrate

1/2 cup water
1 dessertspoon arrowroot

Combine cordial and water. Add arrowroot, blended with a little extra water. Cook, stirring until mixture boils and thickens; simmer 1 to 2 minutes. Allow to cool.

A few drops of green food coloring and peppermint essence can also be added.

HOT MARMALADE SAUCE

4 tablespoons marmalade jam
1/2 pint water

sugar
lemon juice
1 1/2 tablespoons arrowroot

Combine marmalade and water, add arrowroot blended with a little extra water. Heat, stirring, until mixture thickens; cook 3 minutes. Add sugar and lemon juice to taste.

LIQUEUR TOPPINGS

Liqueurs make a delightful special-occasion topping for ice-cream. Many of the most popular can be purchased in small bottles, providing sufficient topping for approximately 4 servings.

Flavor is highly concentrated; a little will add a lot of flavor. Try any of the following:

Crème de Menthe (peppermint); any of the coffee-flavored liqueurs such as Kahlua; Irish Coffee Liqueur; Crème de Cacao (chocolate); Cherry Brandy; Cointreau or Curacao (both orange).

COOL WAYS WITH SUMMER SALADS

When temperatures soar and appetites become finicky, a cool colorful salad with lots of good flavor can tempt the most reluctant palate.

Even a simple green salad will be more enjoyable if salad greens are crisp and fresh.

Wash and prepare the lettuce the day before use. Pull off tough, outer leaves, wash lettuce under gently running water, and stand upside down to drain. Shake off surplus moisture and store in a plastic bag or plastic container with lid in the refrigerator. When served it will be beautifully crisp, with a "spring" in every leaf.

To prepare lettuce in a hurry stand an upturned saucer in a large bowl, wash lettuce and place in bowl, add a generous handful of ice cubes, refrigerate. The ice will crisp the lettuce quickly and surplus water from melting ice will disappear beneath the saucer at the base. To serve, take lettuce from bowl and dry gently.

After washing salad vegetables, don't stand them in water in the refrigerator; this takes away color and flavor. Cut them as desired and store in a plastic bag or plastic container to chill.

Exceptions are celery curls and radishes in fancy

rose shapes which need chilled water to make them curl decoratively.

Here are some suggestions for unusual and delicious summer salad combinations.

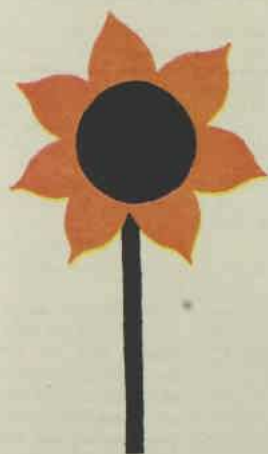
● Cook green peas or beans in usual way, drain. While still hot, mix in enough french dressing to moisten; add some freshly ground pepper, and some sliced, canned water chestnuts. Refrigerate until chilled.

● Garbanzos (or chick peas) make a delightful salad with crunchy taste. Cook garbanzos until tender (about 1 1/2 hours), drain. While still hot, mix in some french dressing or mayonnaise, and some finely chopped onion. Refrigerate. Just before serving, mix in a generous amount of finely chopped parsley.

● Aubergine (eggplant) and tomato salad is colorful and tasty. Slice unpeeled aubergine, sprinkle with salt, stand 1 hour. Rinse well, pat dry. Leave slices whole, or cut into large dice. Fry in hot oil until well browned on both sides; drain and cool. Combine with 1 chopped green pepper, 1 chopped white onion, 2 peeled and quartered tomatoes. Spoon over sufficient french dressing to moisten, toss lightly. Sprinkle with parsley before serving.



DO-IT-YOURSELF 'FLOWER POWER'



TURN on the "flower power" with these sugar-and-spice niceties, and bloom your way into any man's heart.

You can create a dainty, butterflyed cheek for those romantic evenings, or blossom down to the beach with a delicately painted leg. A perky strawberry above your knee would look delicious.

There's no need to worry if your artistic talent stops at applying make-up — all the work has been done for you.

Just cut out the motif you see here (leaving a $\frac{1}{2}$ in. of white space all round), glue on to thin cardboard — and, when dry, cut out the centre shape.

Attach with transparent tape — lightly — to the area you want decorated, then paint in the cut-out space.

● Splash colors

When you've painted the basic shape, let your imagination run riot. Add vibrant splashes of color to the butterflies, an arrow to the heart, spot the strawberry, or pretty-up the flowers.

For best results use the new body-paint and color kit which is smearproof and waterproof (ask at chemists or store cosmetic counters), and for any extra colors lipstick and waterproof eye-liner work wonders.

But, if your budget doesn't run to such luxuries, economise with lead-free poster paints. These can work almost as well — IF you don't go in swimming or wear your motif under a stockings leg.

So don't be a wilted beach belle any longer, or an insignificant wallflower at that important party.

Go ahead and paint yourself pretty. And, please, don't forget those smooth-shaven legs.

Story: MARGARET ANN KANDAL

Picture: DON CAMERON

ROUND
ROBIN

Adair

BEAUTY FOR THE BEASTS

I SEE that a visiting American cosmetics expert — a man — predicts that males soon will be using as much make-up as females do. "The market for men's toiletries (please don't call them cosmetics) is exploding now," he said. "A difficulty we have is in finding names for products — subtle names."

I don't see much difficulty in promoting men's cos — sorry, toiletries. Builders' laborers could be enticed to buy a hand-lotion by the come-on: "Don't let your hands say house-work."

Alice's old man should be told to lump crates after applying the same stuff — Denise's dad does, and he has the softest hands on the waterfront.

A certain soap could promise a schoolboy complexion in 14 days.

And, with new, vitalised Scrub, no longer need a bloke go to a staff ball and be told by his wife: "Isn't that Charlie over there? I thought you said he went to school with you. He looks much younger."

Men should also be told that history shows that wearing make-up isn't sissy.

Maoris decorated their faces, and anyone who thinks they're not tough boys can tell that to a Maori in haste and repent at leisure.

Red Indians painted themselves and I can swear that they were hard as nails. Naturally, I say that without reservations.

There's even more than a strong suggestion that Oliver Cromwell and his Roundheads wore make-up.

One of Cromwell's most famous sayings to his men was: "Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry."

"Sometimes I love him"

"I AM 17 and have been going steady with an 18-year-old boy for the past five months. Sometimes I feel as though I really love him, and then, again, sometimes I can't bear to be with him. He treats me better than any other boy I have ever met, and I think that's why I am hanging on to him. Last week I met an ex-boyfriend of a year ago and immediately I felt myself falling for him again. I think he feels

the same way. I can't get him out of my mind, but I don't want to make a mistake."

"Uncertain."

• The only mistake you could make would be to think you are ready for love. You are quite a few romances off the Real Thing. Re your steady: You are only one of many girls who hang on to a boy because he treats her "better than any other boy." But are you being fair to him? After all, you are preventing him from meeting someone who could really fall for him. However, before returning to the arms of your

• Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

An added advantage



• School students should realise that it is not necessary to choose their future careers early in high school. But it is essential they aim for the highest passes they are capable of in maths and physics. Passes in these will equip them with the basic requirements for entrance into any university course. Don't suffer the disappointment I did, by finding the university course of my choice closed to me because I took the easy way out, dropping maths and physics for easier subjects.

— B. DOHERTY, North Avalon, N.S.W.

That settles it!

WHEN young people marry, people always refer to it as "settling down" and make such remarks as, "Your parents must be glad to see you settled." It sounds so dull. I suppose one does settle down in the accepted meaning of the term, but those most concerned think of it in a different way. As something much more exciting; a new life ahead alongside the person they want to be with; the achievement of things together. All are things much more exciting than just "settling down." — F. Manusa, Chatswood, N.S.W.

Maori mates

AFTER living in New Zealand for two years, I've grown to appreciate the Maori people and their natural flair for music. They delight tourists with their action songs, poi dances, and haka, and it's fun to have them in youth gatherings, and at parties, because an occasion is bound to succeed through their presence. I urge more Australians to take the time to learn about the culture of these neighbors. — Rita Grobins, Hamilton, N.Z.

Time heals . . .

AT the beginning of last year I noticed that my girlfriend's personality had changed, and found her difficult to understand and to get along with. I am sure she felt the same about me. Of course, I could not see any change in myself, but not many people do notice all the changes that take place in themselves. Now, almost a year later, we understand each other much better, and sometimes we even think alike. It is amazing what time can do. — "Friends," Seaton, S.A.

Who's hue?

LIKE many other teens, when on holiday at the coast I try to tan my legs. Why? So I can return home to cover them with white stockings again — like many other teens. This subject of a tan brings to light another contradiction. After madly sunbaking for hours (enduring sunburn), we become "as brown as berries" like the colored races of the world. Why, then, do some of us feel superior to those who are lucky enough to be born with "a tan"? — Annelise Bryne, Holland Park, Qld.

HERE'S
YOUR

ANSWER

(from Louise Hunter)

"ex," do spare some deep thought for the reason you broke away from those loving arms in the first place.

Heart aweigh

"I AM a 19-year-old girl who has fallen for an English sailor, also 19. He comes out to Sydney only once every three months. Until recently he has written and told me he loved me and I believed him, but in his last letter he told me of a girl back in England he used to take out, who has married his best friend. He seems very upset about this, and his letter worried me. He still told me he loved me,

but I can't help thinking something is wrong. Do you think I should wait, as he asks, or should I take the chances that are here for me with a Sydney boy? I truly think I'm in love with the English sailor."

"Missy."

• At least wait until he returns to Sydney so that you can confront him with your fears. If you "truly" love him, this shouldn't be too much to ask. Sometimes letters can be misleading; one badly chosen word can alter the whole meaning. It's only natural he should feel upset about his ex-girlfriend marrying his best friend.

For teenagers

LETTERS

Lesson in life

I HAVE just completed two years' training as a librarian. Humanities subjects are included in the curriculum in order that students maintain a broad outlook. These subjects are compulsory, and must be passed if the student is to obtain a diploma. As a result of these studies I have learned something of the great philosophers and their ideas, gained some knowledge of German, and learned to understand a little of what life is all about. — Lesley E. Miller, Doncaster, Vic.

Nest-egg

AT the moment I am the happiest I have been for a long time, because I have something worth working for, instead of living in the con-

A FRIEND of mine gave up her seat to an old lady in a bus. When the woman had sat down and not said anything, my friend leaned down and said, "I beg your pardon?" "What?" I didn't say anything, "was the answer." "Oh, I'm so sorry," my friend replied, "I thought you said, 'Thank you.'" The woman was very embarrassed. — M. Zimbler, Kew, Vic.

tinnous dream of doubt (and, perhaps, of fear) which I think the majority of my age-group experience. I've decided that as soon as I've earned, and saved, enough money I will buy some land and start a chicken farm — and also keep goats and a couple of dogs. When I have these things I will know I have achieved something for myself, by myself, after about eight years of planning and saving. — "Gina," Quairading, W.A.

Beauty in brief:

FRESH START

YOU wouldn't put a clean collar on a dusty dress, but it's all too easy to slap fresh make-up on a slightly dingy face. The result, as you would expect, is always dull.

Remember that the bloom begins with a fresh, clean skin, so whatever you do get rid of the old make-up before you put on the new.

Try various cleansing methods to decide which acts best for you.

By and large, cleansing cream does a good, efficient job of removing tinted foundations without a rough scrubbing, but be sure to whisk away every last trace of oil and dirt.

To do this, follow cream cleansing with soap and water or, if you like, with astringent. If you do not use a cling-type make-up base, soap and water alone, thoroughly rinsed off, may be your best choice.

Whichever method you choose, repeat it often enough to keep your skin fresh. A clean skin always looks clearer and smoother, takes make-up better than a cloudy one.

If you've been relying on one good cleansing all day long, just see how much prettier you look when every make-up starts from scratch.

—Carolyn Earle

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

end-of-the-year dance, I discovered with the help of my friends that my boyfriend has since asked another girl out without even contacting me. I am lonely, miserable, disappointed, and extremely unhappy. What can I do? I love him. I am 16 and he is 18."

"Woeful"

• Before sinking any deeper into despair, give your boyfriend a chance to explain his actions. Has it occurred to you that your friends may have misunderstood something he said? If he has "two-timed" you, it could be because you take life too seriously. At 16 you should be gay of heart, treating a romance as a time of shared laughter that may not last. An intense girl is only asking for trouble.

Disillusionment

"EVERYBODY I go with seems to be a double-crosser and two-timer. After being invited to an

THE LOOKING GLASS MURDER

Dramatic opening instalment of our new
three-part serial by ANTHONY GILBERT

BRIT
PASS



I T was a grey day when I left Rome for the last time. Sitting in the air terminal, waiting for my coach to be called, I remembered a scandal that had taken place here a year before. A girl had been poisoned with coffee ordered and poured out by her lover. Few people had any doubt of his guilt; she had been pestering him to marry her, and the arrangement being clearly unsuitable, he had taken what to many had seemed the only possible way out. His defence was that she had taken the drug herself, intending him to be blamed. I don't know how the case would have gone in England, but he won it here in Rome.

Like a lot of other people, I had been convinced of his guilt. One of the lucky ones who got away, we told each other, nodding wisely. Now that I stood in his shoes I was less sure.

I found an empty table and sat down. When I had ordered coffee I opened my paper; my own name sprang into view:

SOLANGE PETERS FLIES OUT
and a double-spread picture.

Hurriedly I dropped the paper on the ground and looked about me. At the next table two Italian women, looking like exquisitely turned out macaws, were chattering in high, rapid tones, and it seemed to me they were staring directly at me.

I moved at once. I knew that probably they weren't even thinking about me, but I was hypersensitive. After the Marchesa's sudden death, for which I knew they all held me responsible, I felt I had only to stand at a window of the palazzo and a crowd would instantly collect outside. They wouldn't throw stones or break glass, because it was Florian's property, but I could feel their hate and contempt pouring up at me like fog.

"You have been very fortunate," my Italian lawyer had told me, the lawyer Florian had engaged to defend me in case I found myself facing a murder charge. This was after the inquiry, when it had been decided there wasn't sufficient evidence to bring me to book. "If there had been a prosecution, then" — he shrugged — "even though you had not been found guilty, there would have been nowhere for you to hide. As it is . . ." He shrugged again. "Your other piece of good fortune is that you hold a British passport."

I had my mother to thank for that. It's what your father would have wished, she told me. I had lost both my parents and my Italian stepfather by the time I was sixteen, and the lawyer told me, long-faced, that it would now be incumbent on me to earn my own bread.

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*Wearing the charm bracelet, Solange
felt a new identity surrounding her.*





HEY CURLY!

Great news! You can be a smoothie... like me!

Get CURL FREE... the new curl relaxing discovery! A cool, creamy lotion that lets you comb out natural curl. Your hair stays smooth for months! Natural body remains. You're free to swing with any style you want. What if your curls resist like crazy? Hang on! Even the tightest curls give in to CURL FREE. Keep using it! You'll be a smoothie like me!



NEW!
CurlFree NATURAL CURL RELAXER

THE LOOKING GLASS MURDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

I wasn't at all disconcerted. From childhood I had wanted to nurse.

I started working at a children's hospice until I was old enough to be accepted at a training hospital. I was twenty-three when I came to the Palazzo Polli as resident nurse to the widowed Marchesa.

At that time she was a vigorous fifty-two, crippled by poliomyelitis, but still the busiest and most competent of women.

No patrician herself, she had had no difficulty in marrying into the Italian nobility, and she handled the family's export business with the skill of a man. Her husband, the late Marchese, had taken little interest in this, confining his energies to the properties that her energies supported.

The heir was a cousin of the second generation, Florian. The Marchesa had only two daughters, one well married and established in Milan, and a much younger girl, Perdita. I don't know when I realised that it was her mother's ambition to marry this shallow, secretive little creature to her beloved Florian.

Florian was dark, handsome and had a charm that could wheedle a bird from its nest. When he came for one of his lightning visits the whole house seemed to kindle into warmth. I suppose it was inevitable that I should fall in love with him and equally inevitable that the notion he would take me seriously would never occur to the Marchesa. The first time he took me in his arms and told me that he, too, loved, I could scarcely accept it.

"And we shall be married soon?" I urged.

And Florian laughed. "Well, not tomorrow."

He explained that he was negotiating a very important contract, if he could pull this off he would be able to impose his own terms, would conciliate the Marchesa.

"Why should she not welcome me as your wife?" I asked jealously.

"Oh come, carissima, you know better than that," Florian teased me.

"You would never give me up, would you?" I pleaded.

"We shall be married?" "Well, not tomorrow," Florian said. "How British you are!"

The Marchesa found out about our "affair," as she called it, in the most unfortunate way. A letter from Florian, intended for me, found its way into the wrong envelope. Soon after I had taken in her mail that day, her bell rang imperiously.

She showed me the letter — it had the slightly guarded tone of all Florian's letters to me. I wondered later if he was afraid they might be intercepted. Then she put me through an examination as grilling as the one I was later to face in regard to her own death.

Did I, she demanded, really expect Florian to marry me? Yes, I did. We were in love.

She disregarded that. How long has this intrigue been in force?

There was no intrigue, I said.

If that were true, why had she been left to discover the position in this underhand way?

Because Florian wanted to see the results of his latest enterprise. It would mean he had more to offer me.

She laughed then. "The Marchesa has nothing to offer you but what I choose to give him. Deprived of my business interests, he will be as poor as a clerk."

I expected her to tell me

to pack my cases and get out the same day, but she always took the long view, it was the secret of her great success. "I shall write to my lawyers," she said. "I shall show the letter to Florian when he comes. He is a free agent, he is of age; if this marriage is what he desires no one can thwart him."

"You may be surprised," I told her.

"We shall see."

But we didn't, because before Florian arrived three days later, the Marchesa was dead.

I was away from the palazzo at the time of the tragedy, having gone on an errand to the Corso to match up some silk.

It was a glorious afternoon. I had settled the Marchesa in her chair in the garden close to the house, and I knew I had plenty of time, since shops in Rome close at noon and don't open again until three o'clock. It took me some time to find the right color, and it must have been almost five o'clock when I returned. Florian was due the next day, and when he came all my troubles would dissolve like the snow.

As I approached the palazzo I was startled by the buzz of voices and the noise of feet. I wondered if Florian could have returned early, and I almost ran through the gate. A man in uniform stopped me.

"Who are you? No one is allowed in."

"I'm the nurse," I said. "What's happened? The Marchesa..."

The Marchesa cannot see you, I was told. I was led into a room that seemed remarkably full of people and asked a fusillade of questions.

WHAT had happened was that the Marchesa had met with a remarkable accident that might well prove fatal. As I said, I had left her in her wheelchair in the gardens of the palazzo. She was a very energetic woman, despite her disability, and she liked to keep everything under her eyes. In this chair she was quite mobile; she could take it along the path, by the flower beds and through the entrance to the kitchen garden.

Apparently she had gone on one of her normal tours of inspection, but when she applied the brake, as she must do, at the head of the gentle slope leading to the vegetable garden, the brake didn't work.

Although the incline was not steep, the Marchesa herself was a very heavy woman who had put on considerable weight since the onset of her disease, while the chair itself was not light. Once it started, on its descent, there would be no stopping it.

She had crashed into a stone fence, the shock had jerked her forward, she had struck her head with some violence on the stone itself.

A gardener had found her. A doctor had been sent for — the police came later. It was the gardener who discovered the faulty brake. I said it had been in good order the last time I saw the chair. I had established her in her usual place. Yes, I agreed, it was no surprise to me that she should have moved, she was accustomed to propelling herself in the grounds when she was alone. I added that I should like to see my patient, I had the right...

The look in the eyes of my interrogator gave me my first hint of the way the wind might blow. No one could see the Marchesa, he said, she was unconscious, and the medical opinion was that this condition might obtain for

some days. Perhaps, he added, she will never regain it. "How would that suit you, signorina?"

"What a question!" I cried. "It couldn't conceivably suit me. She is the only one who can tell us what happened."

"We know what happened; what we have to learn is how it happened."

The chair had been handed over to experts for thorough examination. It must have been that night, I think, that I realised they were going to suggest the damage to the brake was deliberate.

Police swarmed in the hall when I came out and went up to my room. There was another officer on the landing. He intimated I had better stay where I was, unless and until I was sent for again by the authorities.

"What is happening to the Marchesa?" I demanded. "Has she been removed to a hospital?"

"That is not thought wise." Special nurses had been summoned, my services would not be required.

Perdita came out of a room on to the staircase and saw me standing there. "Don't let her loose," she said to the policeman as she went by.

So I realised I was being kept a prisoner in my own room. Later a tray of food was brought to me, handed to the officer, and passed through my door. I had my own suite here, so I had no excuse even for venturing on to the landing. When later I asked if there was any change in the Marchesa's condition, my only answer was a shrug. No one, it appeared, would speak to me.

The next morning I asked whether Florian had arrived. I was told that if my presence was required I would be summoned. Later I received such a summons, from the man I had seen before. Another rain of questions fell upon me. It had been discovered that the chair had been willfully damaged. It was absurd, I said, no one could do such a thing without my realising it. I asserted it had been in good order when I left the palazzo.

Did I then suggest that some member of the household was responsible? It was quite as probable as that I had had anything to do with it, I retorted hotly. I refused to accept the theory that the damage was deliberate. By some unforeseeable accident the chair had got out of control. The Marchesa herself might have exerted too violent a pressure — she had great muscular strength in her arms — but I didn't believe that, either, I simply couldn't find any explanation.

Florian came back that night. I heard his voice in the hall, sprang to my feet and went to the door of my room. The inevitable policeman was on guard. He said if my presence was required I would be informed. I went back impatiently to wait. I supposed Florian would have to cut a lot of red tape, be subjected to the usual hail of questions, before he would be free to come to me.

It was more than an hour before I heard his foot on the stairs. Once more I sprang from my chair, stood beside the door. The feet went past, down the steps.

They can't have told him I am here, I thought, and wrenched the door open. My love was disappearing down the fine marble staircase. I called to him.

"Florian! Florian, I am here."

He didn't turn; he made no sign that he heard me. Perhaps, I thought, I've lost the power of speech, I only think I cried out, I ran past my guard to the head of the staircase. The guard tried to impede me.

"It's the Marchesa," I panted.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 10, 1968

THE LOOKING GLASS MURDER

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Below me a door closed.

The next day I had an unexpected visitor, a lawyer sent by Florian to protect my interests. He took me through my story once again, and seemed as dissatisfied as the police had been at my answers. He probed more deeply, though, into the situation between me and the Marchesa. I said he had better address himself to Florian, and I asked once more why I hadn't been allowed to see him. He said it was in my own interest, that it would be fatal if a rumor got about that we had been accessories.

"Accessories in what?" I demanded. "Oh, this is ridiculous. The Marchesa may have resented the idea of a marriage between me and her cousin, but she would be the first to assure you . . ." He gave me such an odd look then that I paused. "The Marchesa can't help you," he said. "She died this morning without recovering consciousness."

Florian had sufficient influence, I suppose, to have the funeral before the public inquiry. I heard the noise of arrivals, footsteps, voices, but no one came near me. No one, of course, suggested I should attend.

BUT then after the funeral came the public inquiry. I was allowed out for that, all right, was compelled to attend. In a way I was glad, for surely Florian must be there, I should see him at least, somehow he would give me reassurance, explain his strange silence of the past days.

He was there, all right, I suppose you could say it was he who saved me.

My appearance was the signal for a rain of hisses. Once more I told my story, was grilled and tricked till I scarcely knew what I said. When at length they let me go it was Florian's turn. All this time he hadn't attempted to catch my eye or send me a message. Looking back, I can see he was as much on tenterhooks as I. He told the court it was absurd to suppose I had any hand in the Marchesa's unfortunate death, since I had no motive. The result to me would be the loss of a position I had occupied for eighteen months and in which he believed I had been happy and secure.

He laughed at the idea of any marriage contract between us, had never spoken of it to the Marchesa because he had never entertained any such notion. On the contrary, he had his cousin's permission to announce an engagement; it had been the Marchesa's wish and generally accepted. He and Perdita — the names revolved like blinding suns — he and Perdita.

I didn't for an instant believe the story he was telling the court; he'd never looked at her, no, he was making this sacrifice for me, and I didn't want it.

The Marchesa had written to her lawyer concerning new conditions that would obtain after the wedding. Changes would be made in the household, the Marchesa wished the lawyer to arrange for a small present to me as a return for my devoted service. I had spoken more than once of wishing to return to my native country. And it was true. You will take me to England after we're married, I pleaded. I would like to see my father's country. I never thought of it as mine.

Finally he made the point that no nurse will risk injuring her patient, she holds the honor of the profession, as well as her private honor, in her hands. He was very eloquent; I could understand how he was so successful in his business dealings, you could feel the atmosphere of the court lightening. Florian went on to say that he'd had no communication with me since his return, and there was plenty of evidence to support that.

My lawyer produced some witnesses to speak of my attentive care for the dead woman. The doctor said he had always had implicit faith, the Marchesa herself had always spoken well of me . . . and I suppose it occurred to a number of people that if I'd wanted to murder my tyrant there were safer, more certain ways. She might have been injured but not killed; she might have recovered sufficiently to bring a charge herself.

"You have been very fortunate," my lawyer said to me.

"A matter of opinion," I told him. "Where do I go from here?"

He told me that the Marchesa, in consultation with his lawyers, had made a certain provision for my future. Clearly I could not hope again to find work in Rome, equally clearly my presence there would be an embarrassment to Florian and also to Perdita. A single ticket to London would be supplied to me, together with enough British and foreign currency to cover my journey. In London a sum of money would be lodged at a London bank and could be claimed by me on receipt of a letter the lawyer would have signed. In England I could make a fresh start.

A very generous offer, my lawyer said. In return, I must give an assurance that I would leave Rome immediately and not return for at least ten years.

"Am I not to see Florian again?" I inquired.

He widened his eyes in astonishment. "To what end, signorina?"

"I should like a final word. Remember, I shall not be crossing the frontier even for ten years."

I don't think he approved, but he made the arrangement. Florian looked pale and remote; his lawyer was with him.

"The Marchesa has to leave in a few minutes," said this man.

"I shan't keep him more than a few minutes," I told him. "Florian, I wanted to thank you and say how grieved I am to have — have involved you . . ."

He shook his head. All the fires were damped today. "Not you, Solange."

I thought that was his way of telling me he knew I had had no hand in his cousin's death.

He said, "Naturally, I never believed ill of you. I hope in your own country happiness awaits you."

There was nothing more to say. I returned to my room. Florian left the palazzo that night.

Next day I called a cab and was driven to a hair-dresser near the Colonna, where I had never visited. I had my hair restyled and darkened. It had been the thing about me Florian had sometimes seemed to love best. It's like living gold, he would say. When I returned, the lawyer, who was to remain on the premises until my departure, congratulated me on my good sense. I packed my clothes and had the trunk

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Kent's admiration for the girl's courage was sincere but he still had to convince her

BLIND DATE

By A. M. LIGHTNER

THE girl stood apart at the end of the subway platform. Except for the slight staring quality of her eyes and the heavy dog harness gripped in one hand, there seemed nothing unusual about her.

Kent Volney mentally applauded the straight, slim figure, the courageous stance of this girl who made her way about the city in darkness. As he approached, her dog, a beautiful shepherd, saw him and wriggled in recognition.

The girl spoke: "Hello, Kent, is that you? I knew a friend was coming from the way Hilda was vibrating."

"I guess nothing escapes you, Elizabeth. This is luck meeting you. Mind if I ride home with you?" It was not unusual for Kent to meet Elizabeth on the way to work, for their morning hours coincided. Going home was another matter. He often worked overtime, and he knew the blind girl was released early to escape the rush. Now his hopes rose with the thought of using this opportunity to advance their friendship.

The train roared into the station and Kent took her arm to guide her through the door. He handed her into a seat and glanced to see if the dog was all right.

Pushing his bulk into the crowd so as to protect the girl and dog, he considered how best to begin. But what could he say? How could she know? He looked honest, dependable, but that could mean nothing to her. As he reached up to get a better grip on the overhead bar, his eye caught the words on an advertising placard. "Stadium Concerts . . . Go Subway!" Elizabeth had once told him she liked music.

"Hey, I've got a great idea!" He bent toward her to make himself heard. "It says up there that the Stadium Concerts have started. Why don't we just keep on going? Do you think we'd get in?"

"Yes," she said. "If we get there early enough, before the line forms. But I didn't know you liked music."

"Crazy about it. Much as I know. You'll have to teach me more. Would you really go? Right now — tonight?"

"I don't see why not. It's a very good program."

She knew all about it. She really wanted to go. She assured him that the dog would be no problem, that Hilda behaved beautifully in all circumstances. When more people got out, Kent sat down beside her and prepared for the trip to the top of the island. They could have dinner near the subway exit.

They had to settle for what Kent called a joint. But there was a secluded booth and the food was not bad.

Kent watched with interest how the girl handled her knife and fork. There was just the slightest touching of the plate and food to ascertain where everything was. Little by little he adjusted the conversation with a person who did not look directly at him, who listened rather than watched for his reactions.

Tactfully, Kent strove to keep the conversation away from her handicap, but the girl brought it up herself.

"I'm not always so ladylike," she said in reply to some casual remark. "I'm glad you weren't around last Monday. I'd be ashamed to have you hear the language I used then."

"How was that?" asked Kent in surprise.

"It was much more crowded than usual. I should never have boarded that train, but I was late and there was no one to tell me. Later, more people than ever got on. They pushed and shoved, and somehow I got separated from Hilda."

"Did you let go of her?"

"I had to. It was that or choke her to death. She was being walked on as it was."

"But what did you do?"

"I told them all what I thought. I used words I didn't even think I knew."

Her hand reached out for his like a covert side glance. "Now you're shocked, I'm afraid. But if you knew what it's like to lose contact . . . to be left all alone with



nothing to hold on to, nothing to show you the way! And not knowing what was happening to Hilda!"

"I can well imagine! How'd you get her back?"

"They must have been stunned. To have a person that looks like me talk like that! Sometimes it's just as well I can't see what people are thinking. But they knew what I thought! They got her back to me."

Yes, when you put it that plainly, Kent mused. But could he ever know what she thought of him? Now more than ever he realised this girl was everything he had imagined from their first meeting.

These considerations kept running through his head throughout the concert and the trip back in the subway. At 59th Street they got off to change trains. As they stood on the almost deserted platform he noticed a pair of young toughs come swaggering down the stairs. They banged against the litter can, laughing at the chatter it made. Then they sauntered past the bench where a girl was sitting, knocking her hat forward over her eyes. The girl screamed, and one of the hoodlums leaned forward and said something to her. She screamed again.

"Excuse me," Kent said. "Wait right here. That girl's in trouble."

"Wait!" said Elizabeth. "Be careful. Such people are dangerous."

"Only a girl and a couple of kids," he said. "Stay here with the dog."

As he approached the hoodlums he saw they were older than he had first judged. They whirled to face him, and one of them flashed a knife.

"Leave the girl alone," he began.

But she screamed again. "A knife! Look out! He's got a knife! Police!"

He was aware of the girl running for the stairs, and he tried to remember what he'd heard about protecting yourself in such circumstances. He threw up his hands before his face, at the same time kicking out with his feet. And then a charging force hit the hoodlums from behind. All three of them were bowled over under the impact of Hilda's onslaught.

"It's a dog!" yelled one of his attackers scrambling to his feet. "Where'd it come from?"

The knife barely grazed Kent's arm before it was knocked from the man's hand, and then both ruffians were running for the exit — and into the arms of the police.

"I'm all right," Kent insisted as a policeman helped him up. "Just take the dog back to the lady there. She can't get along without it."

"Seems like you can't get along without it, either," said the policeman. "I'll get a doctor for that cut."

Kent began to protest that he didn't need a doctor. All he wanted was a chance to take his girl home. Quite against his will, he found himself in an ambulance, with Elizabeth and Hilda crowded in beside him.

"Of course, I had to let the dog loose," Elizabeth was telling the doctor. "When a friend of mine's being attacked . . ."

At last Kent relaxed, savoring his warm happiness and exultation. Even without her hand nestled confidently in his, he would have known that only for a very special friend would Elizabeth have relinquished her one light in a dark world.

(Copyright)

COLLECTORS' CORNER



● Child's teaset.



● Graceful vase.

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

"COULD you give me any information on this child's teaset (above)? The sugar bowl, jug, and saucers have no markings, but the cups and teapots are marked '1240/0/4244', the plates, '1240/13/4244'. It is a setting for six." — Mrs. A. Lawrence, Biggenden, Qld.

This attractively designed porcelain child's teaset was made in Staffordshire during the last quarter of the 19th century, but, of course, predates 1891.

"THE enclosed pictures show one each of two pairs of vases. Could you tell me something about them?" — "Vases," Oamaru, N.Z.

The beautiful vase decorated with a panel of flowers painted in a naturalistic manner (top right) was made about 1835 to 1840. The Rockingham porcelain works made very similar vases, but without a personal inspection any attribution must be of a conjectural nature. Coalport examples are known and similar ones were made in France.

The other vase (not illustrated) is about 80 years old. I cannot, from the photograph, attribute it to a particular potter.

DON'T be surprised to get a request all the way from the U.S.A. Can you, from the picture (above, right), help me with information about my chairs which were bought and reupholstered in Australia? Under the chairs are tin plates marked Cooper and Holt, Manufacturers, 51 Bunnhill Row, London." — Mrs. H. Mauk, Sacramento, Calif., U.S.A.

These well-constructed chairs, of walnut, were made about 1880 to 1890 in the late-Victorian era.

"CAN you give me the approximate age of an antique three-cornered cheese dish, 10½ in. by 5 in., the base of which is plain china but the cover a deep chocolate background with large gold patterns of foliage and fruit? On each side there is a landscape scene with a tall steeple in the distance. On the back there is a branch



● Victorian-era chair.

of a tree with fruit, and two circles. In the larger circle there is a sea scene with two ships under full sail. On the top of the cover is a gold knob which looks somewhat like an animal's head. Inside the cover there is a coat of arms with 'Dieu et Mon Droit,' and beneath this 'By Royal Letters Patent, Charles Barlow, XSmithfield Ware, Hanley, Staff.' — Mrs. N. Burke, Rosanna, Vic.

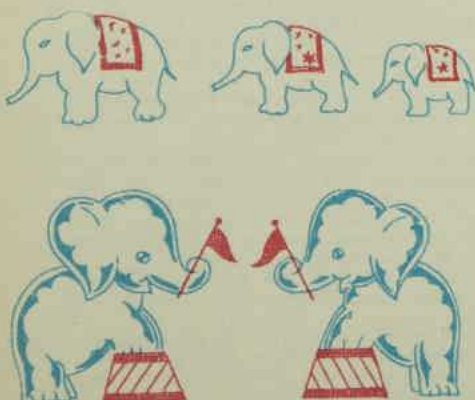
Your cheese dish was made by Charles Barlow, of Hanley, during the 1880s. The particular method of ornamenting wares with bright and dead gold effects is referred to in a patent taken out in October, 1882, by C. Barlow.

"I HAVE a pretty, oval-shaped Spode dish with gold on the scalloped edge and little posies of flowers. On the back it has 'Spode, Feldspar,' then a word starting with what looks like 'Por...'. Underneath is the number 3883. It is part of an old dinner service. Could you please give me some idea what age it might be?" — Mrs. B. McKenzie, Port Kenny, S.A.

Your Spode dish, which is marked underneath "Spode, Feldspar, Porcelain" (apparently indistinct) was made between 1815 and 1827.

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THE LOOKING GLASS MURDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

forwarded by train to a London station. Take care of your receipt, the lawyer said. It is your passport to your new life.

Indeed, between them Florian and the lawyer had covered every contingency except the one they could not possibly have foreseen . . .

Someone spoke urgently in my ear, a hand touched my elbow. It was my waiter telling me that my coach was about to depart for the airport. I snatched up my small case and pouch bag and hurried between the tables. The two Italian macaws had vanished; they were already on board. When we reached the airport we learned that owing to the vagaries of the weather, our through flight to London had been cancelled, we would touch down at Bordeaux, where we would take up a number of passengers.

There was a lot of loud chatter and complaint, to which no one paid any heed. It made no difference to me. I felt like someone existing in a void.

I TOOK a seat near the front, feeling that this way fewer people would have to pass me, which would reduce the likelihood of my being recognised. The plane was about two thirds full — some superstitious passengers had cancelled their journey, preferring to wait for better weather. I had a seat beside a window, but overlooking a wing. My Italian pair were sitting just behind me. They were still talking nineteen to the dozen and after a little I heard the name of Polli.

"It was the daughter, I daresay," said one. "It is known she intended to catch her cousin, and this was her opportunity. Once the nurse was out of the way — she was in the house, yes? There were no witnesses."

"It is no wonder they did not wish to press the prosecution," said the other. "But — what a Borgia — her own mother."

It was a solution I could not ignore. There would be no servants about at that time of day. Perdita had only to offer to wheel her mother into the herb garden, let go of the handles of the chair, and quite a small push would send her flying . . .

"No," I said aloud, but I knew I would never be able wholly to obliterate that vision from my mind. I remembered what she had once done to a dog who had displeased her.

I turned to the window again, we seemed to be flying through murky cotton-wool until we touched down at Bordeaux. Nearly all the passengers left the plane. I decided to buy some custom-free brandy and have some more coffee.

I found I couldn't face the possibility of being recognised in the cafe, so when I had bought my brandy I went out and found a row of chairs facing on to the airstrip, and here I sat down to wait. The plane looked like a great silver bird stretching its wings in the sun which had suddenly rolled away the clouds.

"Could you be British?" said a voice in my ear in an accent I didn't recognise.

I looked up in instant suspicion to find a girl of my own age and gay and full of a kind of serene joy.

"I heard you ask for brandy," the girl explained. "No sense being solitary unless you have to," she went on.

It occurred to me she might be from some newspaper. "This is my first time out," she told me. "I'm from Aus-

tralia, but you probably guessed that, they say we give ourselves away every time we open our mouths. Going to London?"

I said yes. "They say it's a great city. Are your people there?"

I said I'd been working abroad for some years, my people were all dead.

Her hand, warm, confiding, touched mine. "I know. Gives you a funny feeling, doesn't it? Even if they were old and you knew they couldn't last, it doesn't seem to make all that difference."

Over the microphone passengers were asked to take their seats for the flight to London. We walked together to the plane. The girl, who said her name was Julie Taylor, stayed at my side. I saw with relief that the two macaws had remained behind at Bordeaux.

She had been a school-teacher back home, Julie confided, living with Aunt Marty, just the two of them. Like me, she had been an orphan for years. Aunt Marty had died a few months before, leaving her a little legacy.

"See the world while you can, she always advised me, it doesn't pay to put things off. She'd always meant to travel herself, but she kept putting it off. And it's not," Julie wound up, "as if I had anyone but myself to consider now."

I told her my name; I said I'd been working in Rome. It didn't mean a thing to her.

"I mean to see Rome on my way back," Julie said, "but I reckoned I'd start with England. Our plane sprang a leak or something, anyway, we had to come down at Bordeaux. There's always a meaning in everything, Aunt Marty says. Maybe it was meant for you and me to meet."

While we were talking the plane had carried us away from the sun and we were once more back in a world of cloud. What could be seen beyond the window, which wasn't much, was dark and menacing. A woman a few seats away was starting to panic.

"I can't see a thing, Arthur," she declared. "How can the pilot . . . ?"

"They have radar, dear," Arthur said.

"I guess they're British, too," Julie confided. "They were in the bar. There was another Britisher there, on his own. I talked to him for a bit; to hear the way he went on you'd think London was the gate of heaven."

"It's natural to think that about your own city," I suggested. Remembering my love for Rome and the conditions of my exile, I drew a long sighing breath.

"Nervous?" asked Julie in gentle tones. "I guess the pilot knows his job."

I stared out of the port-hole. Now the cirrus cloud was all around us, I knew we must be flying utterly blind.

"I'm cold," I conceded.

"Maybe we could get you some coffee."

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

I saw her look around, then she lifted her hand and waved in a gay little gesture. "My Briton of the bar," she explained.

"Don't worry about the coffee," I told her. "The stewardess will have her hands full."

The nervous woman behind me called out, "I'm going to be sick, I know I'm going to be sick, Arthur, I want to get down."

Two or three people laughed heartily, others were impatient. "I told you it was dangerous in this weather," the voice whined on. "The forecast . . ."

The air-hostess appeared, looking as cool as a painting. "Drink this," I heard her say, though I couldn't see what was being offered. "We're in an air pocket, it makes the plane a little unsteady, but there's nothing to worry about."

She was a good linguist, that girl. When she had to make an announcement, as she did not long after, she made it first in Italian, then in French, then in English.

Another voice, this time as English as roast beef, observed heartily, "It's what I've always said, if we were meant to fly we'd be given wings."

A few people laughed, but the woman at the back began to scream. You could feel panic spreading. Julie Taylor put out her hand and touched my arm.

"It's going to be all right," she said. "I'm wearing my mascot—look!"

She pushed up the sleeve of her coat and showed it to me. It was a bracelet made of copper, shaped like a snake, with small turquoise eyes.

"It belonged to Aunt Marty," she said, "she wouldn't walk the length of the garden without it. Wear that and you'll never come to harm, she told me."

There was a sudden terrific lurch and then a crash, as though a trayful of china had fallen over. It was no longer possible to pretend everything was going smoothly. I heard a quick crackle as one or two paper bags were opened. The stewardess went to a man sitting nearby and asked him if he'd mind putting out his pipe, the fumes were upsetting one of the lady passengers.

He made rather a fuss about it; people who became air-sick shouldn't travel by air, he said. Why do they do it?

The loud, accented voice of the man who'd talked about having wings boomed out again. "People who haven't any consideration shouldn't go on breathing," he remarked, "but they do."

Julie laughed, and the man put his pipe out.

"He's an old sweetie," Julie told me. "We got talking while we waited. I'd give you one of my cards, he told me, only they're a bit in short supply just now, and I can see you're one of the ones that'll never need it." She smiled. "I told him about my bracelet, and he said I suppose that's what they call a symbol, not that I go for this high-toned talk myself."

I thought I knew what he meant. Julie gave out the most extraordinary sense of security, as though whatever happened she could never be mortally wounded in herself, as most people are . . . impulsively I put my hand over hers.

"You're my mascot," I told her.

In a flash she had removed the snake from her wrist, and slipped it on to mine.

"Now you'll be safe," she said.

"But you—I can't take your luck," I protested.

"I reckon you could do with a bit," she said. "You've had trouble—bad — haven't you?"

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THE LOOKING GLASS MURDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

I muttered something. "Maybe one of these days you'll feel you can talk about it," she said. "It's a help sometimes."

Then the lights in front of us flashed on. We were plunging more wildly than ever. Pieces of hand luggage started to fall all around us; the woman at the back set up a steady scream.

"We're going to be killed, all of us," she declared.

"Please fasten your safety-belts," said the hostess, walking down the aisle, prim and unruffled. "I'm going to have a word with the pilot. In the meantime, please don't panic, it only makes things more difficult for everyone."

She came back with the second pilot, who proceeded to address us, also in three languages. This time he spoke in English first.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he said. "I'm sorry about this delay, but it's due to weather conditions over which we've no control. We've struck a spot of bother and it appears it's not possible to land at the London Airport, so the pilot is trying to locate another airstrip where we can get the word to come down. I'm afraid this is making us a bit late, and I'm very sorry. It's rather murky outside, so if there's anyone who hasn't fastened a safety-belt I suggest this is the time to repair the omission. But believe me, there's nothing to worry about."

He repeated this in Italian and in French. However, Arthur's wife was belying all I had ever heard about British phlegm by dissolving into a fit of hysterics. The air-hostess asked coolly if there happened to be a doctor on board. Miraculously there was.

"You don't want me to knock you out, I suppose?" he said. But she was past caring. "I told my husband—I don't want to fly, I said—this absurd meeting of yours—if you're so important they can hold it up, can't they?"

I suppose the doctor gave her an injection, because she quieted suddenly, stopped in mid-scream as it were. Julie's hand was still on mine, warm yet cool.

Now the only noise we could hear was the grinding of the engines; outside, the wind seemed to be rushing past like a horizontal torrent, darkness had come down and smothered the world. Then the noise altered, quietening, and the plane dropped a little. A fresh voice behind me said, "That's nice. One of the engines cut out."

The machine was limping now. For the first time it occurred to me we might all be doomed. Perhaps I shivered at the thought, because Julie's voice in my ear said, "You're bound to be all right, you have your mascot."

Those were the last words I heard before we crashed—all the lights went out, for an instant we seemed to have the noise of a collapsing world in our ears. Then it died and the hand that had been holding mine went away, but it didn't matter, because this was the end of the world.

I opened my eyes to find myself in a narrow bed with what looked like thin sheets of metal all around me. I must have spoken or cried out, because one of the walls was pulled back and a woman in a white uniform and cap came and stood beside me.

"Come round at last, have you? I'll get Sister," she said, and disappeared.

Sister came and took the place beside the bed. "We've been waiting two weeks for this day," she said. It didn't make sense. It was only a short time since I'd been in a

plane with Julie beside me. "When you feel up to it we'd like to ask you some questions," she went on, "but no one's going to hustle you. Only if there's anyone you'd like sent for..."

"There isn't anyone," I said. I hadn't got the situation fully in focus yet. "This is a hospital, isn't it?" I said. "What happened to the plane?"

"It came down," said Sister briefly. "You were hurt, but you're doing nicely now."

"My head," I told her. "It feels very strange."

"That was one of the things that was injured in the crash," she told me. "Don't try to force yourself, it'll come back in due course. Nature's never in a hurry."

Someone else, a man, came around the side of the screen. "So you've decided to come back to us, Julie," he remarked. "That's good."

bed, I was afraid I might be going to fall or float away.

"You can explain better when you've had a bit of a sleep," Sister promised.

"No sense fooling yourself," said the doctor robustly. "It was a frightful thing, but this is a world in which frightful things happen. There were only three survivors..."

"The two old women," I began, before I remembered they'd stayed at Bordeaux.

"Both the others were men. That's enough for today. You've been a very sick girl, but just remember you've started to get better. Hang on to that. I'll be seeing you."

And he was gone. A nurse brought me something to drink. I didn't know if it was a sleeping draught, but soon afterward the clouds came

Here was my chance to say, "It's all a mistake, I'm not Julie Taylor, but at that instant a nurse came bustling up."

"What's going on here?" she demanded. "Mrs. Blount, what's the paper?" She snatched it out of the woman's hand.

"I thought she'd want to know," explained Mrs. Blount in an ingratiating whine. "It's not every day you get your picture in the papers."

I suppose that was my first real chance to put matters straight, but I told myself that this nurse was a stranger to me, I wanted to explain to Sister or possibly the doctor, and there'd be plenty of time. I see now that at the back of my mind was the thought that perhaps I could skip the explanations altogether, though I'd have been shocked to know it at the time.

I'd realised that Solange Peters was officially dead and buried in a mass funeral. It was even possible that news of the crash had been received in Rome, doubtless with relief. Coming into the open now would mean more trouble for Florian—and all the confusion about the money in the bank and the box of clothes at the railway station. I mulled the situation over this way and that until, when Sister appeared carrying the snake bracelet, I was in a positive fever.

"What's all this?" demanded Sister, gimlet-eyed. "What's upset you, Julie? Look, I've brought you your mascot. You must have had it a long time."

"I've been thinking," I said, making a final effort. "That other girl—Solange Peters—"

"She told you her name, did she? H'm. I wonder if she told you her history. I hadn't meant to discuss this with you, Julie, but I can see you're getting all worked up. Now we know her story. She was coming to a country where she had no friends, coming

"Perhaps not," the doctor agreed. "She was never officially charged was she? Still, whichever way it was, it's not important any more, not to you, anyhow. Her life's over, poor thing, yours lies ahead. You owe it to yourself as well as to the rest of us to make the most of it."

I reminded myself that I was probably going to be questioned later by the police or whoever was conducting the inquiry into the crash. I could tell them.

Actually, as it turned out, I was hardly questioned at all. Of the three survivors, I had sustained the worst injuries, and one of the other two had given a clear account, so far as anything could be clear, of what happened. The disaster hadn't been due to the failure of one of the engines; the machine had hit a tree while the pilot was trying to come down, and had broken apart. There was no one to blame, just sympathy for the bereaved; the matter was closed.

Sister had brought me the dead girl's bag, a big olive-green affair that I had last seen on Julie's lap. I took out the Australian passport, inspected the photograph. I saw a girl not unlike me, though seeing us together no one could have doubted whose this was. For the first time I wondered how far my injuries might have changed my appearance. I hunted through the bag for a compact, but there was none. The Sister would have removed that, of course, and there was only one reason. The burns I'd suffered must have disfigured me.

"I had a compact," I told the nurse when she came around. "It seems to have vanished."

"I'll speak to Sister," the nurse said.

After she'd gone I examined the handbag. I thought it might contain some clues to Julie Taylor's past. But there were none. Only a few snapshots in an envelope—some of an elderly woman with the words Aunt Marty on the back, one of a cat labelled Sam, two or three of

thing I could do. I could find out when I was able to leave the hospital.

Soon after that I left the hospital for the Godsmere Clinic to have my face patched up. Here there were cases so much worse than mine, I felt ashamed of even a grain of self-pity. Though the treatment was painful and sometimes frightening, in a sense I was glad, because it gave me a breathing space, a chance to grow into Julie Taylor.

The fact that everyone here took my identity for granted was a help, of course, and by the time I left—I was there a little more than two months—I really did feel I was Julie. Solange, poor girl, had died and was best forgotten, and with her went all the tragedy and heartbreak of Rome. There was a good library at the clinic and I spent a lot of time reading up about Australia, particularly the district where Julie had come from. It didn't seem to me particularly wrong to take her name, it was no use to her any more, and you only had to meet her once to realise she'd give you anything she had, even her life if it came to that.

I had one piece of unexpected good fortune. It appeared that Julie had taken out an accident insurance policy and the company honored this once they'd satisfied themselves I was the true beneficiary. It's odd how the mind works, I didn't feel dishonest taking that. The money was very welcome. I knew it would tide me over while I looked for a job. I still wasn't sure what residue of scar tissue there would be when all the bandages and dressings were removed, but I proved to be one of the fortunate ones.

"An exhibition job," Matron told me. "You won't have to worry about being looked at, except for the nicest possible reason."

That matron was kindness itself. She asked if I had a place to go when I left the clinic. When I said no she rang up a friend of hers, a Mrs. Stafford, who kept a boarding-house, mainly for young people, near Streatham Common. She added that it would be cheaper than staying in London, and that was an important consideration. When I asked about payment at the clinic she said there was nothing to pay, it was all covered by the National Health.

I went out for a bit before leaving Godsmere, bought myself a suit, and some cashmere jumpers and the sort of shoes other girls were wearing. I also bought a suitcase, and Matron herself saw me off on the London train. She said a car would meet me at the station and take me to Streatham, since I didn't know my way round and Mrs. Stafford was expecting me. She didn't ask me to keep in touch, I could see she wanted me to put this part of my experience behind me with all the rest.

I can't explain the confidence I felt as the train drew out. Dick Whittington setting forth to conquer London might have understood.

Pride goes before a fall. My confidence was to be gravely shaken before I reached London. At first all seemed well. I had a carriage to myself, the weather was good, if I got bored I could walk along to the buffet car and get myself a cup of tea.

Presently we drew up at a terminus and people started climbing in. The door of my carriage bounced open and a big rubber ball of a man fell into a corner seat. He was wearing very bright brown clothes and a brown checked cap. I thought he might be a farmer—when I knew England better I realised he looked more like a bookmaker,

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THE BOYFRIEND



"I absolutely adore tall men!"

Up to now we've been doing all the work, now you'll be able to lend us a hand."

I was feeling rather fogged, but something he'd said jelled. I couldn't place it. I looked down at my bare wrist, and I held it with the fingers of the other hand. There should have been something...

"You're thinking of your bracelet," said Sister at once. "It's all right, it's quite safe. We had to take it off, of course, but you shall have it back later. It was lucky really that you were wearing it, it helped us to identify you."

I realised what had been wrong with the doctor's speech. "No," I said painfully. "Julie Taylor..."

"That's right. Luckily there was someone on board who remembered your wearing it."

I was fighting some mysterious obstruction in my throat. Sister's words seemed to come across in slow motion, and my reactions followed suit.

"The girl sitting next to me," I enunciated with extreme care. "She's the one."

Doctor and Sister exchanged glances. Then the doctor said, "Listen, Julie, whenever you hear this it's bound to be a shock, you may as well take it first as last. I'm afraid your friend was killed when the plane crashed, together with a number of others. It was a miracle, really, you got out alive."

"Not a miracle," I insisted.

"The mascot."

"Mascot? Oh, you mean the bracelet. Well, perhaps, I could see they were going to humor me."

"You don't understand."

I knew this was my final effort, for the moment at least. The picture was beginning to clot again. I hung on to the side of the

down again. I thought, I can't argue any more now, and, anyway, the doctor's gone. There's plenty of time. If Julie's dead I can't do her any harm just using her name for a few days. She had no people, she'd told me that.

I don't know if it was the next day or the day after that they took the screens away and I saw I was in a ward full of people. "You've had a world to yourself long enough," Sister said. "You're our star patient, Julie, everyone's interested in you."

I must have flinched at that, because she said, reassuringly, "It's all right, no one's going to eat you. We're very proud of you."

Later one of the walking patients came and sat on the bed. "You gave us ever such a nasty feeling, dear," she said, "expecting you to peg out. How are you feeling now? No visitors yet, I suppose. But people have been calling to ask after you ever since they brought you in."

"I don't know anyone," I said.

She gave me an enormous wink. "More people know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows. There was a piece in the paper about you, I'll show you." She pattered off to her locker and came back with a newspaper cutting. "I'll read it, shall I? 'Julie Taylor, one of the three survivors of the Phoenix plane that crashed in thick fog on Wednesday night, is still lying unconscious in King'swell General Hospital with severe head and other injuries. Miss Taylor was making her first journey from Australia to England. She was one of three passengers thrown clear of the burning wreckage...'"

"I don't want to hear any more," I said. I couldn't endure the thought of that bright spirit consumed in the flames.

"Well, I was only telling you," The voice sounded offended.

LULUBELLE



"Can I check your letter to Teacher for grammar, punctuation, and spelling mistakes?"

under a cloud, she'd have faced a very hard future—I don't mean that reconciles one to what happened, of course, but...

"She didn't do it," I said. "Kill the Marchesa, I mean."

"She seems to have been very confiding. Well, perhaps she didn't, and in any case it's not for us to judge. But that sort of accusation is very hard to live down. You go on thinking she was innocent—poor girl, she needed some friends." She added, briskly, "Here's Doctor."

"How are you this morning?" the doctor said.

Sister answered, "She's worried about that girl who shared her seat on the plane."

"She didn't do it," I repeated.

a house, the house where Julie had lived, I suppose.

There was a wallet containing Australian banknotes which could be cashed in England and a book of letters of credit. I didn't bother to count them, I knew I could never cash them. The Australian notes I'd use, I had to have some currency and I couldn't touch the allowance made to me by Florian, any more than I could collect my clothes.

As soon as I was well enough I must look for a job—not nursing, because I'd be asked about training and diplomas, and those belonged to Solange Peters. Julie had been a schoolteacher, but I hadn't any references there, either. There must be some-



Woodwork and exposed sandstock bricks with russet-toned, long-haired carpet unify master bedroom (above) in Mr. and Mrs. A. Baldwin's house at East Lindfield, N.S.W. Bedroom opens to a deck.

Quarry tiles in varying colors extend from street into the vestibule (right). Door, like all others in the house, is of horizontal panels of western red cedar. Arch outside frames a tiled walk-way by a pool to the garage.



Sandstock brick house on a grand scale

Story, plan, and more pictures on page 53



Arched alcove (above) houses a bar equipped with its own refrigerator and telephone. Face of bar is of copper; top is of black laminate. Two arched windows provide natural light as well as a view of the pool.

Large sitting-room (right) has a minimum of furniture to emphasise feeling of space created by the high ceiling. Glass door opens to deck over pool. Low occasional table is built of western red cedar panels.





HOUSE of the WEEK

Street facade is startling and gives a vague impression of a medieval church, with its buttresses, arches, and small-scale moat. Entry path is beside brick wall; an arched walk-way by pool leads from garage to front door. Note the clerestory window created by steeply pitched roof, which is broken up into three sections.

Split-level house (left) was designed for the steeply sloping site. Entry is at street level; main indoor and outdoor living areas are on lower level. House is built of sandstock bricks with extensive use of timber. Deck at far right is off an attic study above the double garage.

Paved terrace and pool (right) extend from the main level; timber deck is off street-level sitting-room. Middle arch in huge brick "chimney" frames a barbecue alcove; others frame windows in bar. A portable timber screen can partition the pool from children at play.



but I hadn't met any then. He had a pile of papers in his hands and a shabby little bag that he dumped on the seat.

For some time he seemed obsessed with his documents. I had a book and pretended to read it, flicking over a page every few minutes but not taking in a word. I hadn't expected to feel nervous with strangers, and certainly no thought of assault of any kind came into my head, but I felt nervous, for all that.

After a while I saw that my companion had put his papers on one side; he seemed to be watching me with unusual interest. I thought fiercely, I'll outstare him, and lifted my eyes. The next second he was leaning forward, a huge smile wreathing his big red face.

"Remember me?" he said. I shrank away. "I think you're making a mistake," I told him, but I felt disturbed. Though so far as I knew I'd never set eyes on him before, the voice seemed familiar.

"I don't make that sort of mistake, sugar. The Phoenix flight from Bordeaux..." I remembered at once, the man with the resonant voice, Julie Taylor's "old sweetie." I thought I'd heard few less apposite descriptions.

"You said if we'd been meant to fly we'd have wings."

"Did I, sugar? Well, it's true, ain't it?" I thought, and was horrified at myself, that it was just my luck he should be one of three survivors. "I was sorry about your girlfriend," he went on. "It was too bad."

"It was too bad for everyone," I told him jerkily. "I don't know how you recognised me. I've been in the clinic at Godsmere, I've only just been released."

"They made a very nice job, sugar," he assured me gravely. "And I knew you all right—it's like Cleopatra and her asp." He nodded toward my wrist, and I realised I was still wearing Julie's bracelet. "Your mascot carried you through all right that time."

"It's changed my appearance," I said breathlessly, "but some people think that's for the better."

"The world's full of dames who think they can improve on nature's handiwork, and being dames, they're sometimes right. Not that you had much to worry about."

"I keep thinking about that other girl," I told him. "Her name was Solange Peters, she'd flown from Rome..."

"I read about her in the paper," the man told me. I thought, if he knows who I really am, let him come out with it now. I can't stand any more suspense. I wondered if he might try blackmail.

"It's rum how things work out," the man was saying. "Maybe it's better this way. Where are you bound for now?"

"I shall be looking for a job, of course."

"Let's see—schoolteacher, wasn't it?"

My relief was so great I didn't know how to control it. "That's right. Of course, I haven't got any papers or anything, they were all lost, but I shall find something temporary until I can get established."

"People live who mean to live," he said to me, "and chaps work who won't take no for an answer. Got any chums?"

"I've been in hospital ever since I arrived, and Australia's a long way off. They were very kind to me, especially at the clinic." I added breathlessly. "Matron taught me as much as she could."

"Taught you how to speak like a liever," said my companion. "Pity, really. That Aussie accent made a nice change." He hauled a big silver watch out of his pocket. "Talking's thirsty work,

ain't it?" he said. "Think I'll see if the bar's open." He pulled back the door. "Send anything up for you?" he inquired.

"I'll get a cup of tea later," I told him.

"Your bar's the other end," he said.

I gave him a minute after the door had closed before I jumped up and dragged my small case from the rack. That end the big olive-green bag was all the luggage I'd brought with me. There was more than an hour before we reached London, but I'd no intention of returning to the carriage. That he meant to do so was obvious, since he'd left his papers higgledy-piggledy on the seat. I knocked against them trying to open the door, and a card fell down. I stopped.

It was like an outsize visiting card, peculiar enough to hold my attention. It said Arthur G. Crook and gave two addresses and two telephone numbers. And underneath: "Your trouble out of business. And we never close."

I wondered if he was on

THE LOOKING GLASS MURDER

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opportunity to come prowling in and join me at an otherwise empty table.

When at last I had to move I thrust my way into a compartment already containing several other people. There was no sign of Mr. Crook when the train drew in. I let everyone leave the carriage first, and so I saw him getting out farther down and marching over to the taxi rank. I was so dilatory I didn't get a porter and almost missed my car.

When we reached my boarding-house, Mrs. Stafford came hurrying out to meet me. She insisted on carrying my bag. "You'll be able to meet some of the boarders this evening, and you don't have to be sensitive about your appearance, they all know you've been in an accident, they won't stare."

Actually, I don't think they'd have noticed if I hadn't had a head at all. They were all engaged in their own con-

I'd noticed advertisements outside stationer's shops asking for domestic help or babysitting.

"Don't touch 'em with a barge pole," said Ada Holloway. "They ask you for references, but what about their own? Never know what you may be getting mixed up in. No, read the ads in the evening papers or the 'Record,' they give box numbers, that gives you a chance to make inquiries, too."

I answered one or two advertisements—most of them were beyond my capacity—comptometer clerks, computer clerks, receptionist (shorthand essential), lady's maid (references essential), assistant in infant school (copies of two testimonials to be enclosed with application)—I got sick of that word Refs.

In the meantime I had bought a map and started finding my way about London. I came to a motor-driving school and went in to in-

plication "You're never going to answer that," she said in shocked tones.

"Why not?" I asked. "It sounds the sort of thing I could do."

Ada said in her flat, kind voice, "You must have lived a very sheltered life in Australia. Anyone with half an eye can see what this chap's after. Cook, nurse, gardener, chauffeur, bottle-washer, for a twenny's wages. Nothing said about those, I note, and no indication where this mansion of bliss may be."

"If it's someone convalescing," I pointed out, "they wouldn't want unsuitable applicants ringing the bell all day."

"I don't think they're likely to be bothered," Ada said. "They're just waiting for a mug like you." She made a sound like the honk of a goose.

In spite of her warnings I posted my application. Although I believed I had buried Solange Peters, the mere mention of nursing brought all my professional feelings into play. If I did get the job I must be careful not to be too professional.

Ada was probably right about there not being many applications, because Oliver Duncan rang me up as soon as he'd read mine and asked me to meet him at the big station hotel at Paddington at twelve-thirty next day. Nothing was said about lunch.

"He'll buy you a drink," said the knowledgeable Ada, "then if he thinks you're no good he'll give you your fare home, possibly enough to buy a bun and a cup of coffee, and no hard feelings on either side. If he offers you lunch it means you're in the running for the job, and before you accept it make sure it's what you want."

Oliver Duncan was a man in his late thirties, pleasant-spoken, good-looking in a rather conventional way, who seemed relieved at the sight of me. One thing was obvious, he was distracted to get somebody to fill the vacancy. It was for his wife, who had been ill for almost a year.

"What's wrong?" I asked. "And shouldn't she have a nurse?"

Anyhow, she began to think she might in some way have prevented what happened."

"But nurses can't be on duty twenty-four hours a day," I said. "They need time off like anyone else."

"You said that with real conviction. That's precisely the line to adopt. Mind you, you'll need to be careful, I don't want her to get the idea I've been prompting you. But if she could accept the fact that no situation is absolutely foolproof and we all have to take our chances, she might get back to a normal life. She's thirty-six and in perfectly good health otherwise."

"And how long...?"

"Almost a year. Unfortunately, she saw some report in a newspaper that bore the very slightest resemblance to her own case, and that seemed to start the trouble up again. It's all so futile. Nothing anyone does can restore Evelyn to life, and she knows, and so do I, that it was only a matter of months. But she got this idea that new patients regarded her rather oddly, didn't altogether trust her."

"I don't know whether anything was ever said, she hasn't told me. I hadn't seen her for about a year until we had this chance meeting in Salisbury. I recognised her at once, of course. I thought she looked tired, as if she'd been working too hard. She'd had a bit of a holiday after Evelyn's death—well, it hadn't been a sinecure, she needed a change—"

I interrupted. "Mr. Duncan, may I ask you? Was Evelyn your first wife?"

He looked surprised at the question. "Didn't I say? Oh, that's how Bianca and I met. Evelyn thought the world of her, nothing I could do would repay Bianca for the care and the affection she gave my wife during those last months. It must be an exhausting life, a nurse's, going from one sick-room to another, the demands made on her—not that there would be anything of the kind here," he added quickly.

"It's her suggestion that she should have a companion, not a nurse. She doesn't need professional attention, she just wants someone to—haul her up out of her slough of despond. That's why I asked for someone young. You'd be surprised how lively and enterprising she used to be. The change had started by the time we met in Salisbury, a purely fortuitous meeting. I asked her how she was doing, could I give her lunch, and suddenly it all came out, how she'd assumed responsibility for what had clearly been an accident, and couldn't shake off the feeling. She said it wasn't only patients, no one would trust her, she wouldn't dare marry or have children, not unless the man knew, and she'd never dare tell him."

I didn't like to ask for more details, but I couldn't help wondering if there was something Mr. Duncan didn't know. I didn't doubt that Bianca was a sick woman, but that didn't have to be due to disease. A lot of illness, I knew, is due to a defence mechanism. People want to retreat from a fact or a situation, and they can actually induce a form of invalidism which absolves them from the responsibility of taking decisions.

I'd opened my mouth to explain this to Mr. Duncan when I remembered just in time I wasn't a nurse. Anyway, he was ploughing on with his story.

"I told her that was nonsense, and she said, well, put yourself in his place. Would you marry me? And I said, of course I would. A man would be very lucky..." He fell silent. So that's how it was, I thought. I was definitely curious about Bianca

FOR THE CHILDREN

WUP, SHUFF & TUFF



the music halls, I'd seen that sort of turn on the television screen at the clinic. I peered up and down the corridor; no one was moving. We were hurrying through a semi-industrial area, there was nothing much to be seen from the windows.

"What a funny place to leave a card," I reflected aloud, and as clearly as though she stood beside me I heard Julie's voice.

"He said he'd give me one of his cards, only they were in rather short supply, and, anyway, he could see I'd never need one."

I began to shiver. Second sight? I didn't think so. This Mr. Crook wasn't the sort you associate with mysticism. Of course it wasn't that. He hadn't had a notion she was going to die, he'd simply known she'd never need his services.

But Crook had left one of his rare cards just where it was bound to attract my attention if I went near the door. And—I now understood—he had known I'd make for the door the instant he disappeared. But why? There was only one answer to that. He knew I wasn't Julie Taylor and he wasn't saying a word. I could fool myself as much as I liked that the skin grafting had changed my appearance, and that was true, but it wasn't the answer.

I pushed the card into my purse. It was always useful to know the whereabouts of your enemies, I thought. I'd been careful not to tell him my destination. I charged down the corridor, banging against closed doors with my suitcase, inviting exasperated glances from travellers in other compartments.

In the tea compartment I made myself unpopular by joining a party of three who'd only just sat down. There were various tables with only one occupant or two women together, but they were all getting near the end of their meal, whereas this trio was only just beginning. I wasn't going to give Mr. Crook an

cerns, never spent any time in the house, dashing off to work or rehearsals, and spending the evening in coffee bars or cellar dance halls or night classes.

There was one middle-aged woman who came over to sit beside me and say, "Well, you could have fooled me, I'd never have guessed. And they say every new experience is a milestone." Then she sighed and said, "It must be nice

quire about my test. I was told I should have a few refresher lessons first, particularly if I'd never driven in England before; they couldn't, they explained, apply for a test for me till they had some idea what I could do.

I'd had two lessons and was becoming used to the right-hand drive—we'll put you down for a test as soon as possible, might be a time lag of six weeks, though—when I

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



to see a different face in the glass in the morning."

She herself looked rather like a horse, her name was Ada Holloway, and she was a buyer for a big multiple drapers.

"Back to the treadmill?" she suggested, and I said I supposed so, and she said what's your line? and I said I had to wait for copies of my diplomas to come from Australia and in the meantime I'd take whatever offered.

"You'll be all right," Ada said. "The difficulty nowadays is to stay unemployed." She gave me the names of two or three employment agencies where I might apply and went off to listen to a program of classical music on television.

I didn't have any luck with the agencies. Right off I was presented with immense questionnaires asking for all manner of information that couldn't conceivably be relevant to the job in hand. There must, I decided, be other ways of getting work.

saw Oliver Duncan's advertisement in the Personal column of "The Times."

As last it seemed to me there might here be something I could do. A companion, not over thirty, wanted for an invalid lady recuperating from an illness. No nursing experience necessary, but someone willing and cheerful. No housework but an ability to do a little cooking three evenings a week appreciated. Car driver essential. No children or animals to be cared for. Regular domestic help. Nothing, surprisingly, about references.

I answered it at once, explaining about my motor lessons. (Julie presumably hadn't driven, there was no license in her purse.) If my patient, as already I thought of her, was herself a licensed driver, it wouldn't matter, because even a learner-driver can go out with an expert. Anyway...

Ada Holloway came in while she was penning my ap-

Mr. Duncan shook his head. "We've tried that, it didn't work. You see, there's nothing organically wrong—I've had her examined by specialists, it's a kind of nervous reaction and no medicine's any use for that. The specialist's term to me was 'mental conflict.' He suggested I should finish my drink and we'd go in to lunch. So far, so good."

During lunch he told me the rest of the story. It was rather strange. It seemed that Bianca Duncan had what he called a guilt fixation. She had been a nurse before her marriage—I didn't like that much, it was coming uncomfortably near home—and she had lost a patient.

"She wasn't in any way responsible," Oliver Duncan insisted. "She wasn't even on the premises at the time of the accident, and at first she seemed to accept that. Then I suppose she started brooding. I can only surmise from what she's told me since.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 10, 1968

Lower-level billiard-room (right) has a magnificent western red cedar ceiling. As in all living areas, one wall is completely of glass to show river views, and another window looks out to a rockery. A low bench with black vinyl cushions at other end of table provides informal seating.

HOUSE of the WEEK

... continued from page 51

LOFTY ceilings with clerestory windows and skylights; walls of glass that open to outdoor extensions of the living areas; massive brick construction providing several levels of living space — all these create a feeling of unrestricted space and size in Mr. and Mrs. A. Baldwin's home at East Lindfield, N.S.W.

The size of the house — 50 squares — was the result of a problem site which, from the street, sloped gradually away for 12ft. The street level had to be extended by adding filling and a 10ft.-high, 100ft.-long retaining wall.

The architect originally designed a one-storey, split-level house for the site, but when the retaining wall was built it was decided to utilise it by duplicating the main level underneath.

The street level comprises living-room, vestibule, children's bedroom suite, the double garage, and, above it, an attic study. On the second or main level, there is the dining-room, kitchen, family room, and master bedroom suite. The lower level is virtually vacant, apart from billiard-room and guest room, but the extra space will be needed when the Baldwins' two small children grow up.

The main level is extended out to a paved terrace, swimming-pool, and rear deck from pool terrace to the master bedroom at the other end of the house. As well as these terraces, the street-level sitting-room has a sundeck extension overlooking the pool.

On the street facade, the steep pitch of the roof (70 degrees to the vertical) is extended to ground level by buttress-like brick projections. At the entrance, these projections extend over a narrow "moat" containing plants and fish. Here the eaves provide a cover for a walk-away by the moat, leading from garage to front entrance. Archways in the brick projections add to the medieval-church appearance of the house.

A sandstock brick wall beside the entry path gives privacy to the entrance as well as to the main sitting-room.

The tiled roof, which forms a 90-degree angle at the apex, is broken up into three sections with narrow clerestory windows at each end of each section. These provide plenty of natural light in the high-ceilinged rooms. As well as clerestories, two skylights provide natural light in the hallway.

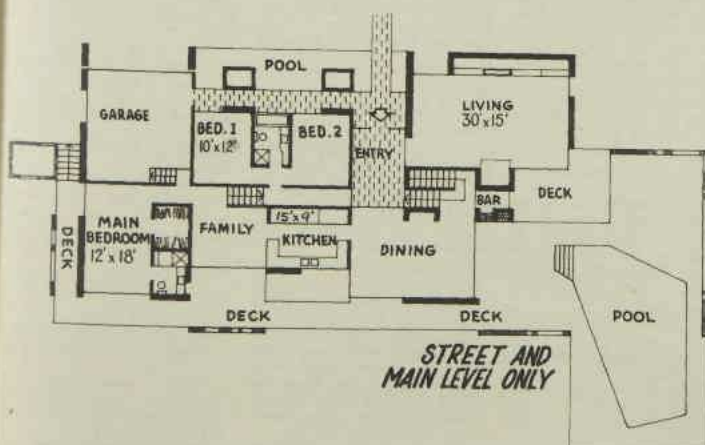
The house is built of sandstock bricks, with extensive use of natural timbers, such as oregon, western red cedar, and tallowood for house framework, timber decks, and a ceiling in the billiard-room.

Photographs by Keith Barlow

Story by Sandra Funnell



Gay finger-paintings by five-year-old Anthony match the plain but bright furnishings in his bedroom (above), divided from two-year-old sister Annalisa's room by a bathroom. The suspended timber shelf, lit from recesses above, will make a convenient study desk in the future.



Rich, warm browns are repeated in the kitchen (right) — in timber cupboards, cork floor-tiles, ceramic tiles, and copper flue in the cooking alcove. Small arch is a servery hatch to dining-room. Bar in foreground divides this area from small family room which opens to rear deck.



by now. Had she set him a trap and he'd walked in, only, if so, what had gone wrong? Why was she a neurotic invalid within two years? Or perhaps it hadn't happened quite the way he told it.

I noticed he'd refilled my wineglass. It was the best meal I'd had since I left Rome.

"How do you feel about it?" he said. "The job. I mean? I felt I had to tell you so much, though I hope I've not given you the wrong impression. I'm afraid having Nurse Adams was a mistake. She talked in words of five syllables and she rustled and crackled till it sounded as though the house was on fire. And she was full of stories about her other patients. Very few of them seem to have recovered," he added.

"At least I shan't be able to do that, shall I?" I said.

He looked at me eagerly. "That sounds as though you were really considering it."

"I need a job," I told him. "I'd like to be out of the city—anyway, for a time." To me a city implied Rome; I didn't want to think too much about Rome, not just yet. "I'm used to looking after people."

I wondered how he'd square that with my story of being a schoolteacher, but he took it all in his stride.

"Your aunt? She was an invalid?"

FROM what I had gathered from the real Julie, Aunt Marty had been as strong as the proverbial horse, it seemed a shame to sacrifice her now, but it couldn't hurt her.

"Only toward the end," I stammered. "Anyway, it would only be a stopgap wouldn't it? I mean, she's going to get well."

"Yes," said Mr. Duncan in heart-felt tones, "she's going to get well—if you'll lend a hand, that is. It was the doctor's partner who suggested we might try for someone young this time," he continued. "Let her see how much life has to offer to a healthy woman."

I thought if Ada had been present at this meeting she'd have caught me by the hair and torn me into Praed Street, but I had to begin somewhere. Besides—and here with a shock I discovered a bond between myself and the absent Bianca—I also had a feeling of indebtedness.

Mr. Duncan gave me details about pay and conditions. It wasn't exactly handsome, but it wasn't niggardly.

"I suppose it all depends on her now," I said. "It wouldn't be any good my coming if she didn't take to me."

"Well!" He sounded a bit dubious. "You do appreciate she isn't the taking kind. I mean, she's like those fellows in the hymn who always had their armor on. Your job will be to help her to disarm, and I have the feeling you may be the person who can do it."

"Parsley round the dish," Crook was to say later, when I told him that. "Well, he could hardly tell you she was an impregnable fortress. Even you, who don't seem to have all your marbles, would hardly have jumped into the pit then."

After lunch he drove me down to his house at Hotham St. Mary. He had a very handsome car and he drove it as easily as most people breathe. He said there was another car that Bianca used to drive, but since her illness she'd refused to take the

wheel or even to go out. He told me not to worry about the driving test, as he had a friend at court who could probably shove me in a bit early.

Bianca Duncan was up and dressed when we arrived. A tall grey woman met us at the door to say she (Bianca) was in the drawing-room. A languid voice called, "Is that you, Oliver? Any luck?"

She was a tall, very dark-haired woman, and if her voice was casual almost to the point of boredom her eye was like the eye of the prophet that misses nothing.

Her first question, and it took me by surprise, was "Why do you want the job? It's very monotonous and we live a very quiet life."

I said I wanted to be in the country, and Mr. Duncan intervened with an eager reminder of the plane crash. I had told him about that, to explain why this was my first job since my arrival.

Mrs. Duncan waved her hand impatiently. She wore beautiful rings, and she had the long, clever fingers of an artist.

"If we do come to an arrangement it must be understood that I am the patient. And that doesn't imply you can try to rule me with a rod of iron, as Adams did." Then she told her husband she'd like some tea. "Tell Mrs. Dotrice, will you?" Mrs. Dotrice was the grey woman who had met us in the hall.

There was a bell at hand and she could perfectly well have pressed it, but she wanted to get her husband out of the way. It was the most transparent excuse imaginable, and I suppose he saw through it, because he didn't come back immediately.

"How much did he tell you?" she demanded, and when I'd answered that, she said, "I can see you view yourself as St. Christopher or someone, lifting me out of the morass."

"That's what I'm here for, isn't it?" I said with more spirit than I'd realised I possessed. "There's not much sense my coming otherwise."

Her big, rather thin-lipped mouth parted in a smile. "What a self-opinionated girl! You're sure you'll succeed, aren't you?"

"No," I told her, "but I can try, and if I'm no use I'll move on somewhere else. But I don't see why I shouldn't work out." I could hear my own voice throbbing with energy.

She lay back, nodding. Mrs. Dotrice must have had the kettle on the boil, because she brought in the tray almost at once. She put it at Bianca's elbow.

"Why did you really leave Australia?" she asked, handing me my cup.

"I had this little legacy, I thought I'd like to see something of the world."

She smiled again. "I suppose it was a man. Oh, come, a girl with your looks doesn't go out as companion to an invalid without some good reason. Did you work there?"

"I was a teacher, but I thought I'd like a change," I said lamely.

"And you think this might be an easier way of earning your living? If you're coming to me we may as well start straight. What happened? Was he married?"

"No," I said, "but it turned out he didn't want to marry me."

"Then you're well out of it, aren't you? I suppose he's not likely to come after you? I don't want any melodrama here. We can supply all that ourselves."

Ever since I set eyes on her my interest had been engaged; her last words simply whetted it. Not that I wanted

THE LOOKING GLASS MURDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

any melodrama, either, I assured her. And . . . the man wouldn't be following me.

"If you've been dealing with children you must have acquired patience," Bianca went on. I noticed she didn't eat anything; she lit a cigarette, which she smoked in a long holder. "That was what Adams lacked. What she knew she knew, and what she knew was right. I'm not a clinical case, you know."

"Your husband told me. I suppose you could say I should be here to help you to cure yourself."

"So that your job would really be a sinecure. Did you arrange all the details with my husband? You realise it's not a permanency, of course."

"I'm not looking for permanency."

The door opened and Mr. Duncan came in. "All set?" he asked.

"What doctors call the climax has just come. There's one more point, Julie. I shall call you Julie, the other would remind me too much of Nurse Adams. If you're looking for a place where you can lie up and nurse a broken heart, this isn't the place for you. I have to be the centre around which your interests revolve. There's no need to look at me like that, Oliver. I don't want anyone here under false pretences." She sent him a long dark look. I didn't know what that meant. Not then.

"What price your feminine intuition?" Arthur Crook was to ask me later. "Gone to sleep for the winter, like a dormouse?"

Certainly on that afternoon when I said I could start work as soon as I was wanted, I had no notion what I was letting myself in for. And I still don't think I was entirely to blame.

Not that I wasn't warned. "You're joking, of course," said Ada Holloway that evening when I told her the result of my interview.

"No, why?" I asked. "I have to get my foot in somewhere."

"I dare say you do need a job, but you don't have to take the first that offers, like some terrified mouse, jumping out of a wainscot to find itself between the cat's paws."

"I hoped you were going to congratulate me," I said lightly. "This is the first job I've applied for in person." Because, of course, there'd been the others I'd written for without getting any reply.

"And you're surprised they jumped at you? Well, I'm not. You're the perfect answer to the hypochondriac—young, good-looking, inspired by the martyr spirit . . . what's really wrong with the woman?"

"I told you, she has this fixation. She thinks she is responsible for her patient's death. Nurses don't like losing patients," I added.

"Then they shouldn't be so careless. Any proof that she wasn't, by the way? Responsible, I mean?"

"She wasn't even in the house at the time."

"That's what she told you—huh?"

"It's what her husband told me."

"Not that that's anything to go by."

"Would Oliver Duncan have married a woman who might have murdered his own wife?"

"I don't know. It might have been part of the bargain. Oh, go if you must, but it all sounds as fishy as Billingsgate to me. Not that I think there'll be any attempt to murder you," she added.

"Only—take my tip. Leave your brains at home. Don't go round trying to be a clever

duck and sort things out." "You're in the wrong job," I said. "You should be writing thrillers."

"Or perhaps she's black-mailed him into marriage," Ada continued in absorbed tones. "Wouldn't care to be in his shoes. Is he a rich man?"

"It looks a rich sort of house. But have you any reason," I inquired with elaborate patience, "to suppose she wants to be a widow?"

"You'd be surprised at the people who do. Why do you have to be so original? Why can't you marry a nice young man and settle down?"

"Perhaps," I said, "because the nice young man doesn't want to marry me."

Even that didn't cause her to come unstuck. "Should have his head examined," she said.

IN effect, the job was easier than I had anticipated. I didn't know whether Bianca Duncan had assumed she was entering the seventh heaven when she married Oliver; if so, she was certainly disillusioned by now.

Not that I ever heard them quarrel, they didn't even ar-

gue, he was out a good deal—I suppose there isn't much encouragement to come home in the evening when your wife's always in bed, and if he wanted to entertain, it was easier at the country club. No, the only thing inclined to get me down was what she'd warned me about that first day—monotony.

It seemed to me my first job was to persuade Bianca to get up and go about like an ordinary person.

"What a bully you are, it's Nurse Adams all over again," she said pettishly one morning. "I should have thought I was much less trouble to you under the bedclothes."

"Bed's for invalids," I told her, "and only the helpless ones at that."

"Did Oliver tell you to say that?"

"I don't discuss you with your husband."

"What do you talk about when I'm not there?"

"I hardly ever see him alone."

"Tell me, how do you get on with Mrs. Dotrice?"

"She hardly speaks to me."

"I don't trust her. Oliver engaged her, you know."

"Your husband engaged me," I pointed out.

She stared at me in amazement, then broke into laughter. "If you believe that, you'll believe anything. One word from me and you'd have had your return ticket home. Now, Julie, don't try to rush me. I like you and I want you to stay. I don't stop in bed because I enjoy stopping in bed, but because to long

of going to London one evening, I was feeling suffocated by this narrow regime. I had taken my driving test by now and passed, but so far I hadn't persuaded Bianca to let me take her out in the car. I wondered secretly if that was how Evelyn had come by her death.

I couldn't have been more wrong.

It seemed that she had known hers was an incurable case, but she didn't want to die in a hospital if she could help it, and Oliver said he could manage with the aid of a nurse, which was how Bianca was introduced into the household.

"It was quite a heavy job," she told me. "I was the only nurse, so, of course, I couldn't stick to the letter of the law where hours were concerned. But I didn't really mind, she was the nearest thing to a saint I've ever met. Then one day I got this letter from a friend in London asking me to come up for the evening."

Bianca moved restlessly in the bed. "I mull it over and over but I still don't see how I could have guessed what would happen. She'd been deteriorating, we all knew, she was writing to her lawyer about some codicil to her will—and it was she who insisted I should go. I said I wouldn't stay late, but it would be nice to have a gossip. I meant to be back about eight. The housekeeper would be there to get the dinner in any case, and Oliver was spending the evening at home."

"I put her hot milk in the

flask and left the biscuits she liked, and her last words to me were, 'If you want to stop on, don't bother.'

"When I got to London—perhaps it was the change of air that intoxicated me; anyway, my friend had managed to get two tickets for a play everyone was dying to see, and I might never get another chance—the long and the short of it is I rang up and Oliver said, of course, stay, he'd be home all the evening. I enjoyed the dinner, I enjoyed the play. Only toward the end did I feel a sense of unease. I told myself it was absurd, but as soon as the last curtain came I refused a final drink and got a taxi to Paddington."

"Oliver came into the hall when he heard my key in the door. Had a good time?" he said. It was all right, no alarms. She'd had her milk and the omelet Mrs. — what was her name? the housekeeper of the day? — anyway, she'd eaten those and he'd read to her for a while.

"I went up and Evelyn was awake but rather drowsy. She wanted to know about the play, so we talked for a little, and then I gave her her two sleeping-tablets, and I came down and had a nightcap with Oliver—I never did as a rule, but this was to make up for the drink I'd missed in London."

"Everything seemed perfectly normal and I went to bed. There was a bell in Evelyn's room that rang in mine. She didn't use it often but I don't know whether she rang that night, that's one of the things that worries me. I slept like a log . . ."

"Then she didn't ring," I assured her firmly. "A nurse would wake at the first sound, it would be instinct."

She looked at me oddly. "I had a friend in Australia," I went on, not blinking an eyelid. "She was a nurse and she told me it's like a sixth sense, and over the years it becomes automatic."

"I hope that's right," Bianca said. "I shall never know for certain, because when I went in next morning she was dead."

"Wasn't that a blessing, really? I mean, if she couldn't get well and the pain was cumulative?"

"Yes, if it had been a natural death," Bianca told me. "But it wasn't. When the doctor came he told us she'd died, in his opinion, of an overdose of sleeping-pills, and he wouldn't give a death certificate."

"You think she took them—could she reach them?"

"They were in a bottle, a phial, by the bed. They made a lot of that at the inquest."

"You mean they thought she might have taken them deliberately?"

"She'd never have done that; she was a religious woman. And even if she'd have overcome her scruples or been desperate, she'd have left a note."

"Then what other explanation . . .?"

"Of course they considered the possibility—of murder."

"But who did they think . . .?"

"There were only two people who could have given them to her. Oliver or I. And I knew it wasn't I."

"But why should he?"

"He's an ambitious man, Julie. He wants to be regarded as a tycoon. And Evelyn had most of the money. He needed money at the time to increase his interests. Evelyn had given it to him before; she used to say my money's all I can give him now. Only when he made this last proposal, she refused. It was all right, she told me—we'd become very intimate—so long as it meant the business would belong to Oliver, but if he

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ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



The evidence was most
convincing but Jenny could
not make herself believe
Peter had been so weak

WITH the dozen or so tablets that she had shaken out of the envelope lying in the palm of her hand, Jenny stood, mouth agape, staring down at them unbelievably. Late sunlight splashed about the comfortable pretty sitting-room, flamed on the bowl of scarlet geraniums that only a few minutes ago she had put on the table set for their dinner in a corner by the open window. Now, for Jenny, everything but those small, white tablets was blotted out of sight and mind.

So this was it. This was what her father had feared, one of the possibilities he had warned her of when trying to persuade her against her rashly early marriage to Peter.

"Wait," he had pleaded: "Wait at least till he's through his first year Law, till he's shown what metal he's made of. Oh, yes, I admit he's a clever boy, but what do you know of the rest of his make-up, his temperament, his stability of character, I mean? Some of these bright boys are too clever by half."

"But, Dad —"

"So sure of themselves that they think they can study all day and half the night, give all the care and attention that they should to a young wife, and maybe find themselves a father before they're halfway through Fleming on Torts."

"What are torts? I thought that was some sort of cake," she had quipped. "Or is that tort?"

"Don't be flippant."

"No, but do tell me."

Her father, a lawyer himself, had answered crisply: "Tort is breach of a duty imposed by law whereby another person acquires a right of action for damages. And I consider," he had continued grimly, "that if you and this fellow —"

"He's not a fellow, he's Peter."

"— rush into marriage when he's only twenty-two and you're just eighteen the damage you may do each other could be incalculable."

The words, the memory of her father's serious face, came rushing back to Jenny now.

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LOVE AND THE LAW

BY MARGOT NEVILLE

THE LOOKING GLASS MURDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

took this further step he'd belong to the business, just a part of the machine."

"But you married him, you said you felt responsible."

"Because at that time I no more suspected Oliver than I would have suspected myself. What I thought had happened was that she had put out her hand to take a pill of another kind, a perfectly harmless mixture that she could have at any time — and she'd picked up the wrong bottle. It was only later I began to realise there could be another explanation."

I took my courage in both hands and asked her what she supposed had happened.

"It was in the milk, of course, it had to be. She liked her milk sugared. It sounds horrible, I know, but she was a great sweet-tooth. It would have been so easy for him."

I HAD to admit the explanation wasn't an impossible one, but so far as I could tell, she had nothing positive to back it up. That's what I thought then, but she speedily disillusioned me.

"If he's so mercenary," I hesitated, "why did he marry you? Why not another rich wife? Isn't that the usual pattern?"

"He married me for something all the money in the world couldn't get for him, an alibi. Wives can't give evidence against husbands, at least they can't be forced to, and if they do it's usually looked on rather poorly by a jury. I suppose he thought at the end of a year he was safe."

"Were people talking then?"

"My dear, he didn't give them a chance," said Bianca bitterly. "Almost immediately after the funeral he put two counties between himself and the district. He'd practically insisted on my taking a holiday abroad, where I wouldn't be available; and in this part of the country he was simply known as a recently bereaved widower, and, as such, ultimately available. A widower's the next best thing to a bachelor."

"Then I suddenly turn up and start resurrecting the past. I was in rather a state about it. I admit that. He knew I might be talking to get some reassurance and sooner or later the whole thing might flare up again. Oh, yes, I think marriage was his only choice. I never fooled myself that he was in love with me."

I felt appalled. Here was a situation that found me right out of my depths. It seemed highly improbable that this quiet-spoken, pleasant man should be a murderer, but I knew how deceitful appearances can be. And my problem was less what Oliver had or hadn't done than how to calm his wife. No wonder she was in a state of perpetual nervous tension if she really believed what she said.

And that she did believe it was made abundantly clear in the course of the next few minutes.

"They say it's always easier the second time," she said quite calmly. "I watched Oliver waiting for Evelyn to die, but she was so slow, she lingered and lingered, and he had to have that money. And now," she wound up, "he's waiting again, and this time it's me."

"He's got a long wait," I said. "You've got nothing wrong with you. You could easily outlive him, in the course of nature."

"Ah, but is nature going to be allowed to take her course?"

I think not. I told him I didn't want a nurse this time, I wanted a companion. What I really meant, as you'll have realised by now, is a police guard — to make sure I don't die suddenly through some mysterious accident as Evelyn did."

Whether she was right or wrong in her suspicions, the fact remained that she'd been living with them for months. She'd had no one in whom to confide — naturally not Oliver, nor Nurse Adams.

Dr. Mitchison wouldn't be any good, either. I'd heard he took over the private patients, leaving the National Health roster mainly to his partner, a much younger man called Gregg.

Bianca had met this young doctor and taken an instant dislike to him. Pushing, she said, obviously with no time for sick people who hadn't a definite disease to be labelled like a butterfly in its case. Since she had no disease, it didn't matter so much (from her point of view) that Dr. Mitchison was probably behind the times, if not actually incompetent.

And Bianca didn't appear to have any relatives or intimate friends. During the time I'd been at the house she'd had practically no visitors. She refused to see the vicar.

Bianca went on: "It's not Oliver's fault I'm still alive. He's a great trier."

She backed up her statement with what she considered unassailable evidence.

"The first time was the classic example of a husband and wife going for an affectionate stroll on a cliff top, and the husband coming back alone — distraught, naturally. We'd been married a few months and we were having a few days off in Cornwall. I don't care for heights myself, but Oliver presently peeped over the edge and exclaimed, 'Bianca, this you mustn't miss. The whole of the cliff face is papered with sea birds.'"

"I laughed and said, 'I'll take your word for it,' but he insisted on my coming to the edge. I peered over hurriedly and I said, 'It's a pretty sparsely patterned paper,' and he told me, 'You're not near enough.' He gave me a little jerk, and then I felt the cliff giving under my feet."

"Somehow I managed to twist back — he had his hand under my armpit. I came down on my knees and fell face downward on the cliff, shaking and sobbing. Oliver got down on the grass beside me, pulled me back on to my knees. 'I said to look,' he told me, he sounded exasperated. 'I didn't say pitch yourself over. I didn't give it much more thought until another incident some months later.'"

"Just as I stepped off the pavement a motor-cyclist came whirling up from nowhere, clearly not intending to stop. Oliver had me by the arm; he gave me a great shove. 'Get over quick,' he said. But I pulled back. The cyclist described a sort of arc and went zooming away. 'That chap shouldn't be on the road!' Oliver cried. 'He might have killed you.' That was when the thought went through my mind for the first time: Not the cyclist. You."

She added quietly, "Now you see why I want you to stay. You're the one person I can trust, though if Oliver had the least suspicion I'd confided in you, you wouldn't last long. From now on you must be on perpetual guard. Don't breathe a word to the doctor, either, he'd simply go running to Oliver and suggest I was suffering from a complex."

To be continued

LOVE AND THE LAW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

and confront him with her discovery?

She took a wavering breath and looking down again at the pills in her hand, wondered if, perhaps, she wasn't making too much of the incident. After all, was there any essential difference between pep pills and the pints of black coffee that some students resorted to as a stimulus on the eve of an exam, or the overflowing ashtrays that littered other young men's desks when they were studying?

But there was, there was. It was no use trying to fool herself with that sort of rubbish. There was all the difference in the world if doctors and psychiatrists were to be believed.

Well, then, what? Would she make some excuses after dinner and go out and ring up her father and ask his advice?

No, she certainly would not, that would be unforgivable.

Would she just try to put the whole thing out of her mind and —

And find herself creeping to his bedside every day when he got home and searching it and spying on him?

"Dinner ready?" Peter's voice called from the bedroom, making her start guiltily.

"Another few minutes, darling, I'm just going to put on the steak." She dropped the pills back into the envelope and thrusting it into the bottom of the briefcase, hurried out to the kitchen.

Distractedly she set about her task, a grilled steak and vegetables and a salad and fruit afterward. Oh, she had taken good care to learn all about energising diets — enough of this, not too much of that — but it hadn't been the answer. Somewhere along the line Peter's nerves had felt the strain and he had turned to these things. Hard study and marriage at Peter's age just didn't work, or only for the exceptional few.

Automatically, she dried the lettuce, sliced tomatoes, and green peppers, mixed the dressing, and turned the steak.

If he had only told her, she thought miserably, had made light of it. "For the next week, darling," if he'd only said, "I'm going to have myself a pep-me-up," she felt it wouldn't have been so serious, but by keeping it a secret from her —

Suddenly the thought of her own secret overwhelmed her. Her father had been right about the baby, too. Not that Peter knew yet. She had decided that she wouldn't burden his mind with the knowledge till this exam was over, till —

Or did he know? Panicked, she was brought to a sudden stop again, the spoon and fork tossing the salad were still. Was that the reason for the pep pills, the reason why for these last few days as the exam approached he had come home looking harassed and had been frowning and restless as he sat at his desk at night working?

Had he somehow guessed her secret and felt, as her father had warned, overburdened by the thought of the added responsibility?

Her fault, her fault. She had been careless because deep down she had wanted it to happen, she had wanted these next three years, while Peter must be only half hers, to be filled with a baby. Then she felt her happiness would be complete and overflowing.

When she first knew for certain she had set her mind to work, carefully planning it all so that Peter wouldn't be disturbed. And not only her mind. Taking her father into her confidence and finding him, as ever, her own understanding generous Pop, she had found with his help a bigger flat with a sun-room at the back where cot and later play-pen could be installed. Oh, everything was to have been perfect, and she had been congratulating herself on her own competence and ability to cope, when all the time right under her feet a volcano had been forming.

Hearing him come out of the bedroom she quickly dashed up the dinner and carried it in and put in on the table by the window.

During the meal she chatted away to him as naturally as she could. Until she made up her mind when, or if, she was going to tell him of her discovery she didn't want him to notice any difference in her manner.

But afterwards, when she had cleared away and washed up and they were together in the sitting-room again, he at his desk, shaded lamp light directed on to his book, Jenny sat curled up on the sofa, and not one page of the new novel was turned. Still as a painted figure she sat, unseeing eyes on the book, mind at work.

No, she decided at last, she wouldn't question him about

FROM THE BIBLE

● For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.

— Luke 2: 11.

the pills but would gently feel her way and take note of his reactions. Knowing him as she did, she wouldn't be able to be mistaken.

An hour passed... another... and then, hardly knowing that she spoke aloud, she suddenly broke the silence.

"Peter," she said, looking across at his frowning face, "are you so frightfully set on becoming a lawyer?"

Peter came back slowly from his intense concentration, slowly lifted his head and stared at her. "What?" he said, "what was that?"

"I meant that sometimes I think we'd both be a lot happier if we — if you went in for something simpler."

"Such as?"

"I — well," she stammered, "there are all sorts of things that people do these days. After all, the learned professions aren't everything. Lots of people are dropping out of the rat race and sort of getting back to nature."

Peter leant back in his chair, tilted the lamp so that its beam fell full on her face. "Beachcombing, eh?" he said.

"Don't be silly, darling, you know quite well what I mean. Why, your own brother said he didn't know what peace of mind was till he got out of Stocks and Shares and started to breed and sell cocker spaniels. Didn't he? You know he did. And the Boyds — there they are earning a good living and enjoying life growing mushrooms for market. We could do something of that sort, too, flowers or something. I'm a natural born gardener. Or we could get really with it and take a

country pub. Why, I can think of a dozen things."

She was babbling now, hand up instinctively to shield her eyes from the revealing light. "Instead, here you are tied down for another three years — three whole years! — slogging away at a lot of wretched books about murder and divorce and barratry and — and torts! And all that time we could be making money and leading a healthy outdoor life."

Peter looked across at her for a long minute without answering... looked right through her... through the brightly jacketed novel lying on her lap to his briefcase on the sofa.

"I get you," he said at last, nodding towards the briefcase. "Those pills! You take two at night before sitting down to work and again in the morning. Of course, you may develop a tolerance for them and have to go on increasing the dose, and before you know where you are you can be hooked for life."

"Peter!" She got up and ran across to him. "Darling... Putting her arms round his neck, she stooped over him, rested her cheek on the top of his head, begged him to let them try that flower farm; told him about the baby; poured out her father's warning on this very danger of drugs and more drugs."

"He's dead right," Peter said solemnly. "That's exactly what I've been telling Bob Ramsay for the past week. 'Bob Ramsay!' She jerked upright, took a handful of his thick dark hair and forced his head back, gazed down into his face. "Is that what — is that who...?"

He said mildly: "I'd nod my head if you'd let go my hair. Yes, poor old Bob's had me worried for a while. He only took a few of the things and today he handed the rest over to me and promised to switch to cocoa at bedtime."

"Oh, Peter!"

"However, I take a very dim view of your not trusting me," he added. "A lawyer's daughter should know the first principle of British justice: that a man's innocent till he's proved guilty, that no amount of circumstantial evidence, etc., etc."

But Jenny had grown several years older in the past few hours. She knew now that love and the law were poles apart. A husband might not have fallen for a blonde or fallen under a bus when he was ten minutes late for dinner and pep pills in his bag might have two explanations. But, alas, the heart didn't wear a wig and gown, and was all too prone to fear disaster. That was the penalty for loving.

Peter drew her down to him and kissed her... kissed her again and again. "Don't you realise," he said, "that you're the only brew I want — an exhilarating, soothing, savory, draught, guaranteed habit-forming but non-toxic!"

When her relief and riotous happiness had subsided enough to let her speak coherently she said: "And you don't mind about the baby?"

"Mind! I can't wait. Having him so soon he'll be able to take over my practice and let me retire early to that country pub!"

"And you won't be angry," she teased, "if I make you get up and walk the floor with him if he's fractious at night?"

Peter said firmly: "I'm afraid you're way out there, sweetie. I know the law demands many duties of a husband, but I'm dead certain you can't invoke tort law against me for that one."

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MRS. SPENDLOVE

By LORNE ROSS

Beneath the fragile air she harbored a determination to continue her gracious living

WE all loved Aunt Elsie, who was something of an anachronism—and it may have been that very quality which made her lovable.

It's not easy to find nowadays, except, perhaps, among the impressively aged, the flavor of lavender and old lace. Aunt Elsie's age, in terms of years, was not impressive. She could drive a car, she used make-up, and she had earned her living in the commercial world. Her favorite scent was not lavender and her taste in dress lay rather in the direction of cashmere twin-sets than cobwebby laces and delicate silks.

Nevertheless, she was, in spirit, utterly unmodern. It was as if her independence—and she had a most sturdy independence—was something she wore bravely because circumstances had made it necessary. By temperament she belonged to the drawing-room, not to the office or the self-contained one-room flat.

She was due for retirement on pension, and she used to speak with a gleam in her eyes of a dream cottage set deep in the heart of the country.

"I'd love to get away from turmoil," she told me, and she was, in fact, pouring out sherry, although in imagination I could always picture her more easily wielding a silver teapot. "I'd hate to spend my declining years in town."

She talked very cheerfully about her declining years. Obviously they held no terror for her, only a promise of peace, but the peace must be enlivened by the music of birds and the adventure of watching buds opening into leaf or blossom.

"A garden," said Aunt Elsie, and there was a sparkle in her voice as well as in her eyes. "Now, wouldn't that be lovely? I always have my bowls of hyacinths, as you know, and they're a great joy—but rather limited, aren't they? And temporary."

"But a garden's an all-the-year-round thing, and a pretty little house with chintzes and nice bits of china, and a dog for company—well, if it wouldn't be rather ridiculous, because, of course, I'm not thinking of going to Ireland, I'd feel inclined to call my cottage 'Innisfree.' You know—I shall have some peace there. And I might even have nine bean rows, although that sounds rather a lot. Would they be broad beans, do you think? I always picture them as broad beans—but I do prefer scarlet runners, actually, and the blossoms are so gay."

It was when she talked like this that Aunt Elsie seemed to step back, daintily, into an earlier and more gracious age.

Because we all loved her, we wanted that cottage for her—but we had doubts. Dream cottages, if you could find them at all, were apt to be expensive. We knew that Aunt Elsie's means were modest. We were doubtful, too, about the desirability of burying herself in the country; we were afraid that she might be lonely or, perhaps, nervous.

"If only you could find somebody to share it with you," I suggested. "That would solve so many problems, wouldn't it?"

She agreed that it would. And the longer she pored over property advertisements, and communicated with estate agents, and made hopeful but fruitless visits of inspection, the more wistfully cordial her agreement became.



It was a pity, because she had so many friends, but somehow there was nobody whose idea of bliss it was to retire with her at that moment among the bean rows.

And then she saw the advertisement. She had already acted upon it when she showed it to me, because although Aunt Elsie loved to discuss her plans she did not timidly wait upon advice.

"Such an opportunity," she cried, pink with delight. "I was quite anxious, you know, in case Mrs. Spendlove would be overwhelmed with replies—I thought we might be queuing up, and if she had a great many to choose from there was no reason why I should be the lucky one. But really she seemed to think I was just what she wanted, and it's practically settled."

Mrs. Spendlove was the advertiser, a lady who wished to share her charming country home with another. Dog-lover preferred, fond of gardening, able to drive an advantage.

"It sounds," I admitted—cautiously, because the stars in Aunt Elsie's eyes made her look dangerously impractical—"as if it might be worth investigating a little more deeply."

"But, my dear, I have investigated." The stars twinkled a rebuke at my dullness. "That's what I was telling you; I went to see her—quite a journey it was, too—and she seemed delightful, and the cottage is as lovely as it says, with a lovely garden. A garden full of possibilities, anyway, although it's looking rather neglected at the moment, I'm afraid."

"It says something here about sharing household tasks. I hope she has arranged for adequate domestic help?"

"Oh, yes, a very good daily woman, I believe. You can't expect a staff of servants these days, can you? And really the rent is quite moderate—well, it seemed a little high at first, but when you consider all the advantages it isn't out of the way. It's more a sharing of expenses, really. A sharing of everything. I'm not to think of myself as a paying guest, Mrs. Spendlove says, I'm to feel it's my home. So, of course, I can have visitors whenever I like, and you must come and stay. There's a very nice spare bedroom."

Aunt Elsie, it was obvious, was convinced she had found heaven, and that nothing but a change of heart on the part of Mrs. Spendlove would prevent her removal to this paradise on earth for two.

Mrs. Spendlove did not flinch. In due course I received a card announcing Miss Elsie Pickering's change of address. The house was called Ferndale; one could hardly, of course, have expected it to be Innisfree.

I had occasional letters from Aunt Elsie, but the invitation to stay remained indefinite, something to be hinted at as a pleasant possibility but evading the solid shape of reality.

Presently the idea dwindled into the suggestion that I should come one day for lunch and tea, since the motoring distance between her new village and my home was not, after all, so very formidable. It was far enough, but I accepted cheerfully, reflecting that I was not in any case fond of staying in other people's houses. The village was attractive, and so, when I found it, was Ferndale. Aunt Elsie opened the door to me in a happy flutter of welcome.

"How very nice to see you. Did you have any difficulty finding the way? We're rather off the map, I'm afraid—but the country is so pretty, isn't it? I hope you like the garden. There's more of it at the back, but it's still rather untidy. So much to do in a garden—I didn't quite realise, and I can't claim to have green fingers. Now do come up to my room."

I looked around me as I ascended the stairs.

"It looks quite charming. Nice place you have here, Miss Pickering—isn't that the right thing to say? But not exactly like your dream cottage."

Aunt Elsie laughed. "Not a bit, but probably far more convenient. And my room, you see, is quite large."

It needed to be, because it contained a good many of Aunt Elsie's treasures, as well as its basic furniture. It was not, Aunt Elsie said without a trace of envy, so good a room as Mrs. Spendlove's, which was something of a show-place. But that, she added, was only natural. Mrs. Spendlove was so artistic.

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MRS. SPENDLOVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

I was hurried downstairs again, to be introduced to the artistic lady. She would, Aunt Elsie promised, give me a glass of sherry while she herself put finishing touches to the preparations of lunch out in the kitchen.

"Do you have to cook?" I asked innocently. "I thought you had someone."

Aunt Elsie laughed again. "Oh, Mrs. Clark only comes once a week now, and she doesn't cook, anyway — and frankly, dear Mrs. Spendlove hasn't much idea. Don't tell her I said so, but she really can't cook at all. We can't all be practical, can we?"

It was a beautiful room into which I was ushered, and the lady in it was rather beautiful, too, in a faint and delicate way. Her dress in blues and greens,

her cloudy hair knotted low on her neck, her strings of colored beads, suggested a sort of deliberate artistic refinement. I thought that she, like Aunt Elsie in a different way, did not quite belong to the contemporary world.

She gave me a slender, ringed hand and a controlled smile. "You must have had a tiring journey. There is so much traffic on the roads nowadays, it's quite a penance to drive. Do sit down, and Elsie will give us some sherry."

She watched Aunt Elsie busying herself with glasses.

"The one out of the bottle, dear — that's yours, isn't it?"

Mine's in the decanter, and it's getting rather low."

"Of course. This is my little lunch party, so naturally we're drinking my sherry. Not that I'm going to bother, myself. I've things to do in the kitchen."

She had given us our glasses and was just leaving the room when Mrs. Spendlove called her back with a request that she should pass her the cigarettes.

"You have put some more in; that's good. I knew it wasn't my turn to buy them."

I began to be fascinated by Mrs. Spendlove. She looked so fragile, so exquisite; it was difficult to reconcile her other-worldly quality

with what seemed to be a quite blatant regard for the sanctity of her own purse strings.

I thought I would find her difficult to talk to, but, actually, I was quite wrong; Mrs. Spendlove talked well, in a soft and rather fatigued voice, and she did not bore me. She had been a widely travelled woman.

"And now I inhabit this peaceful backwater," she said, "and survey the world, as it were, from an armchair. I find it quite pleasant. Not the world — I think the world of today is rather disagreeable — but I enjoy being detached from it. I don't want to be active any more. And any sort of activity is so frightfully expensive."

"Even sitting still," I replied, "is expensive enough."

And drinking sherry, I thought, and smoking cigarettes.

"Yes, indeed. Would you be kind enough to refill our glasses? The bottle, not the decanter. Yes, gracious living is certainly not cheap, and I can't live any other way — I'm quite absurd, I know, but I must have grace in my life. Fortunately, Elsie understands that. I can't think what I would do without Elsie."

"Neither can I," I meant that to sound brutal, but somehow it didn't and I found this annoying, for, in fact, I felt rather belligerent. I had a mounting impression that dear Aunt Elsie was being imposed upon; that she had found a heaven where she was the working angel while her companion played the harp.

The impression continued to mount. When Aunt Elsie gaily summoned us to lunch she was accompanied by two trim little poodles, and I remembered that the advertisement which had originally attracted Aunt Elsie had preferred a dog-lover.

"Have they had their walk?" Mrs. Spendlove asked.

"A very short one, yes. I had rather a busy morning, what with cooking lunch."

"Oh dear. Well, perhaps you could give them another short one after tea."

I WAS reminded of the "fond of gardening" bit, and it was not without a little malice that I brought gardening into our conversation.

"I love my garden," Mrs. Spendlove assured me, "but it's terribly difficult to get a gardener — and expensive, too. Fortunately Elsie adores gardening."

I hardly needed to wonder if Mrs. Spendlove would offer to wash up, or even offer to help with it. Inevitably, she did no such thing; but this time I refused to let her play gracious hostess to me while Aunt Elsie toiled. I insisted although Aunt Elsie made a faint protest Mrs. Spendlove made none.

"Well, if you would be so kind, I usually lie down about now."

I stood by the sink with Aunt Elsie, drying the dishes. I felt explosive; but oddly enough it was just as difficult to explode, now that we were alone as it had been in the presence. Aunt Elsie seemed so cheerful, so happy, that I did not like to disturb her serenity.

"Isn't this beautiful china?" she bubbled. "Mrs. Spendlove has such taste. What do you think of her?"

I replied with another question, "Is she very delicate? Her heart or something?"

Aunt Elsie looked surprised, almost alarmed. "Oh, I don't think so. She's never ill."

"But she doesn't do anything. Doesn't she even dust a bit?"

Aunt Elsie seemed to find this amusing. "Well, no, not usually. She does arrange the flowers, sometimes. It's just that — well, she's never been used to an active life."

"I think she's a very, very clever woman."

Aunt Elsie heartily agreed. "Oh, she is. So well read, such wide experience — it's quite an education to live with her."

"I didn't mean that I meant that she ought to have advertised for a housekeeper, or a paid companion. To offer to share her house — for a price — and acquire a servant; what could be cleverer than that?"

Aunt Elsie said nothing for a moment. I was afraid that I had hurt her; then I saw that her lips were twitching, and when she looked up at me there was a mischievous sparkle in her eyes.

"My dear, I know. Of course you're right — it was clever of her. You can't help admiring her, can you? I mean, it was such an awfully good idea. But the thing is, you see, I love it. I like doing things, and I like Mrs. Spendlove, and I've never been so happy. I know she couldn't afford to have me, on any other terms."

"It's worth every penny to me! I'd be so desolate if I had to leave. So please, you won't say anything, will you? Not to anybody. It would be so embarrassing, if some kind relation tried to rescue me."

(c) 1967 by Lorne Ross

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 10, 1968

BUTTERICK PATTERNS



4348. — Semi-fitted, A-line sleeveless dress. Pattern has six different versions with varied sleeves and trims. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.



4404. — Front-zipped tent dress has standing collar with top-stitch trim. Full-length sleeves included in pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.

4367. — Slim, sleeveless dress with seaming detail and funnel neckline. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.



4246. — Easy to make A-line dress for 2 to 8 size range in 21, 22, 23, 23½, 24, and 26in. chest. Short puffed sleeves also in pattern. Price 50 cents includes postage.



4447. — Empire-line dress with pin-tucked yoke, short sleeves as shown, or full-length sleeves gathered into contrast cuff with lace trim. Full-length version included. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.

3893. — Side-wrapped, V-necked dress with fitted bodice, A-line skirt, contrast binding and ties. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. 2132. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE	PRICE
ADDRESS			

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE leaves with Dill and Zoon as his prisoners. Lothar is unable to forget Mandrake and his magic and follows him. Now start a new adventure...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Settled famous 11th-century Spanish knight, indeed (7).
- Scolded the renegade Edward (5).
- Bury in a bit of earth (5).
- Collectors' items (7).
- Has the paddle been reliable? (10).
- Followers of the Pied Piper get a star back (4).
- Study a lair (5).
- Escorts back and forth (4).
- Modulation of voice and opening phrase of a plain-song (10).
- Ensuring (7).
- Tutor gets a fish (5).
- Records the thin circular plates (5).
- Prevent brawls in handcars (7).



Solution of last week's crossword.

- Shortens acts of unkindness (4).
- Sully the old boat in the study (6).
- Fish up a short medical man (5).
- Prescribed circuits (6).
- Molests for Russian coins after tea (8).
- Distributes spices in dens (9).

DOWN

- Provided I shun Fred (9).
- Result — equal before tea (5).
- Sets positions (8).
- Sluggish persons are nuisances in the garden (6).
- Drink for a carrier (6).
- A game for Marco (4).
- Big wedge (3).

Solution will be published next week.

Overflowing with family appeal..

Arnott's famous Biscuits

Arnott's
FAMILY ASSORTED
BISCUITS

There is no more exciting biscuit assortment than this. Imagine—the sweetness of Nice, the warmth of Ginger Nut, the richness of Butter Oat Cake—and lots more of your favourite biscuits, all true Arnott's quality. And they're kept fresh—in every new-look, double-wrapped pack. There's goodness, too, found only in the biscuits made by Arnott's—where quality ingredients come first.

NICE/GINGER NUT
BUTTER OAT CAKE
MORNING COFFEE
COCONUT BAR
ORANGE TEA/PRINCESS

Assortment varies slightly in South Australia.



Arnott's FAMILY ASSORTED Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality

102/27

Women's Weekly presents

A HANDBOOK FOR THE LAZY GARDENER

BY ALLAN SEALE

night, with a fire, too, but he was happy when he realised he would sleep in the car instead of in his tent, which was on the back of the

filled in the ute's cabin all night, it rained. Came the dawn and very sun.

like it may clear. Given a good road will be dry in no time," But no wind came. We started reaking job of trying to go forward yards forward, slip off the get bogged. Try again.

d was like glass in some parts, ple of times the car slid round, the wrong direction. Sometimes get going and travel quite a before slipping off or getting un-

his happened, Allen shouted, ng, keep going!" and I would, stumbling along behind, spat mud from head to toe. He up on the back of the ute and until we bogged again.

ever experienced anything like went on for hours, until it if we were in some mad night- to stay on this terrible road

stopped for lunch (tomatoes ts), we could hear the sound of ne behind us. "Hope it's a four- re," Allen said. We continued and I could see Charlie was happy. He'd had a slight cold started out and this trip wasn't

have to keep going and get

again. They were station owners round about and knew the road.

We finally made it to the "good" stretch of road and made a bit more speed. We passed the car and caravan, stopped, with its occupants apparently having lunch.

"If the road in front is worse than what we've just come through, we'll not make it," Allen said. "The only thing to do is to take to the bush."

So we kept a lookout for the best spot to cross into the paddock. Suddenly we saw a man on the side of the road. Did I say man? More like a scarecrow. We pulled up and he came toward us . . . small and skinny, a week or more growth on his face, feet encased in old sandshoes, an old army overcoat two sizes too big



bogged with the caravan and finally abandoned it. Slowly we made a few more miles until we came to a drain we couldn't cross and had to go back to the road.

Soon we were slipping about again, and Allen and the old trapper had to get out and push. This wasn't to the old man's liking at all, and often when we got bogged he would stay in the car. Allen told him to get out and push, or else.

Our mates in the car had come out of the paddocks a little ahead of us, and when we rounded a curve there they were.

Their car had slipped off the road and was facing the opposite way from which they were travelling. All the doors were open and water poured through.

The driver was slumped over the steering wheel and the man in the tall hat was on the back seat, his feet up on the back of the front seat. We went to the driver, who we thought must have been injured.

"I'm OK," he said, "but I've had it. I'm stopping here until this rain stops."

"It may rain for days," said Allen.

"I don't care, let it," said the driver. "Can't get going again, anyway."

"Lend me your chains," Allen said, "and we'll all get to Ivanhoe before dark." So their car was jacked up and the chains put on the ute.

We set off again, with the two mates sitting on the back, one swigging scotch, the other eating apricots. We travelled quite some distance with the help of the chains, then suddenly we went off the road and down into a boghole.

"This is it, I'm afraid," said Allen. "We'll not get out of this in a hurry and

Rover and went inside, me slightly staggering from the weight of whisky inside me.

I had been dosing Charlie with aspirin, and after a hot bath and some food he went to bed and slept like a log, waking in the morning none the worse for his two days' adventure.

Allen and I retired to the parlor. It was crowded, mainly with people who, like us, had been delayed by the weather.

Old Jack the trapper was in again and would be until his money ran out. He only lived to trap, and trapped to drink. He would come in from the bush every so often, pay his bills, then retire to the pub.

"Just let me know when I've drank her out," he'd tell the barman, and he'd hand over all the money he had.

Sometimes he'd be there for a week or more, then he'd return to his camp to work and sweat and live on "tick" until he'd earned enough for another binge.

"What a life," Allen said. I never really knew if he envied or pitied Old Jack.

We stayed at the hotel for three days. The next day the rain had stopped and the wind had blown strongly all night. Allen went out with the tow-truck to get the ute. When he got back he said the road was dry again, but Charlie's cot on the back of the ute was really a mess.

We said goodbye to our friends at the hotel and went out to the station, where we were to live and work. We stayed there for 12 months and then left to start a more civilised way of life.

Ten years have passed since then, but I haven't forgotten and often long for the life we lived when we "went bush."

● Allen Harrop and his son working on the old car whose parts rejuvenated old Bomb.

IS YOUR GARDEN GETTING YOU DOWN?

Are weeds running riot, grass engulfing the flowerbeds, tree roots creating patches of dank desert? In fact, does gardening seem to be one long struggle? This book will help you cut down on routine tasks and give you more time to relax in and enjoy your garden.

A GARDEN should be a thing of pleasure, never a burden. Pottering around and working in a garden can be extremely relaxing, but if you find you are unable to keep up with its demands it is time to make a few changes; in other words to adopt a design easier to maintain.

This doesn't mean you have to pour concrete over everything or take similar drastic measures. A garden can be interesting and attractive, AND easy to manage. There are many degrees of low maintenance, and the level you adopt depends on the time you have and what you want from your garden.

A low-maintenance garden can be designed to cut down work in some sections and let you spend more time with the plants you enjoy most. Essentially, its scope should remain elastic.

For example, if you decide to have less of it under cultivation, you could use lawn, a ground cover, gravel, or uncemented paving blocks rather than concrete or other permanent cover. You could then put it back into cultivation when time allows.

● Our cover shows a simple, pebbly pool with its own tiny waterfall. The pebbles are laid over plastic (see Garden Pool, page 16) and the waterfall is circulated by a small electric pump (for details, see page 6).

How can gardening be made easier?

Ground-cover plants, gravel, plastic, new weed-killers are part of the answer.

IS IT THE WEEDING THAT GETS YOU DOWN?

This is usually more exasperating around shrubs and perennials, where weeds are hard to get at. Ground covers could be the answer. They need not be the low, carpeting type. Drifts of small, dense shrubs combined with existing plantings would serve the purpose.

You need not cover entire beds. Sections of varying sizes and shapes can be left between the foreground shrubbery for color when you feel like it, but it is a good idea to separate these sections, definitely but unobtrusively, from the ground cover and shrubbery.

Weeding or cultivation then is confined to these defined areas. You can attack each one separately without the demoralising feeling that you should finish

the whole bed. You also can plant them separately and differently, if it suits you, making the garden more interesting.

When these little cultivated spots are not in use they can be covered with mulch to keep weeds out and still not leave the garden with that between-season bare appearance.

IS THE MAINTENANCE OF THE LAWN A BURDEN? Perhaps it needs replanning. It may be easier if several small sections are run into one, small flowerbeds eliminated, and lawn taken away from areas surrounding trees and shrubs.

IS THE LAWN FOREVER RUNNING INTO THE GARDEN? Stop this by putting in mower strips, which can be functional without being expensive or obtrusive. (See page 14.)

ARE YOU CONTINUALLY STRUGGLING WITH SECTIONS OF LAWN OR GARDEN THAT REFUSE TO GIVE RESULTS? Well—if you can't beat them, join them. There are suggestions in this book for switching over gracefully to ground covers which not only keep up appearances but improve them.

USE GRAVEL TO CONTROL WEEDS in areas where nothing much of use grows. A 2in. layer of gravel will control most weeds. Also, there are now desiccant weed-killers, non-toxic to the soil, such as Weedex, Polyquot, etc. These can be watered over the gravel to shrivel off unwanted weed growth without affecting surrounding plants not touched with the chemical.

The more persistent perennial weeds can be effectively squelched if plastic sheeting is laid down before the gravel is spread. It will control the weeds and at the same time let water get to the roots below.

So water can find its way under the plastic, use lengths of sheeting 2ft. to 3ft. wide, laying it horizontally from the top to bottom of the slope, letting each sheet overlap about 5in.

This is the opposite principle to tiling a roof—the sheets allow water to run under them instead of carrying it to the bottom of the slope.

If you want to add small plants among the gravel, cut a slit to accommodate them, buttonhole fashion.

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ABOVE: Gravel is used extensively in this sunny corner, with stepping-stones and patches of thyme added as alternative weed cover. Sheets of plastic, lapped to allow water to penetrate, can be used under gravel cover like this to completely do away with weeds. Plants are let in through slits in the plastic.

THE LAZY GARDENER—Page 3



BELOW: The only work this garden bed needed was to have bright clumps of hardy petite marigolds set among the small shrubs and low, dense ground cover. A bush rock adds character.

MAKING THE TRANSFORMATION

TO THIS



FROM THIS



It often happens that a part of the garden sadly needing rescue ends up as an outstanding feature.

For example, you may start spreading a few stones and gravel to cover a difficult area beneath trees or shrubbery, then find it suddenly developing into an interesting, low-maintenance Japanese-type garden.

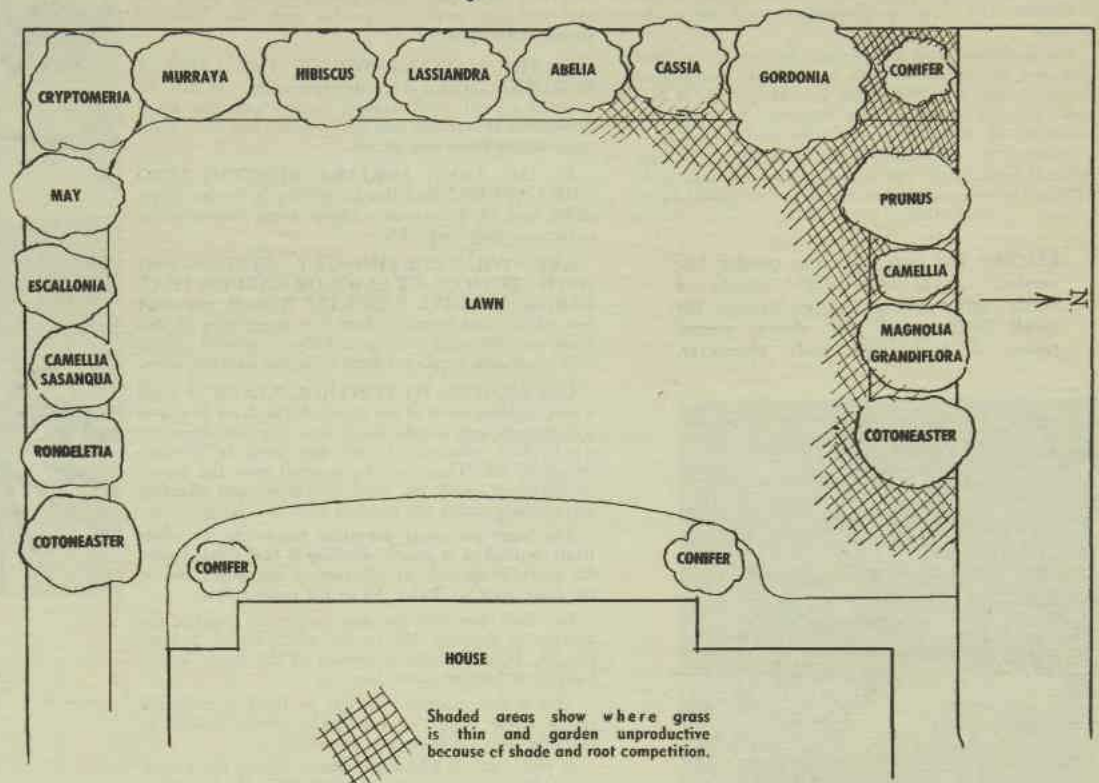
This can be fun. Go with it, and get the most out of it without overdoing it. Cut a few lower branches of the shrubs or trees to allow head room and make it more livable. Add a seat, to give the area a purpose, and perhaps a few stepping-stones leading to it.

You may like to accentuate the Japanese theme with a stone lantern and a clump of nandina, fatsia, or dwarf bamboo.

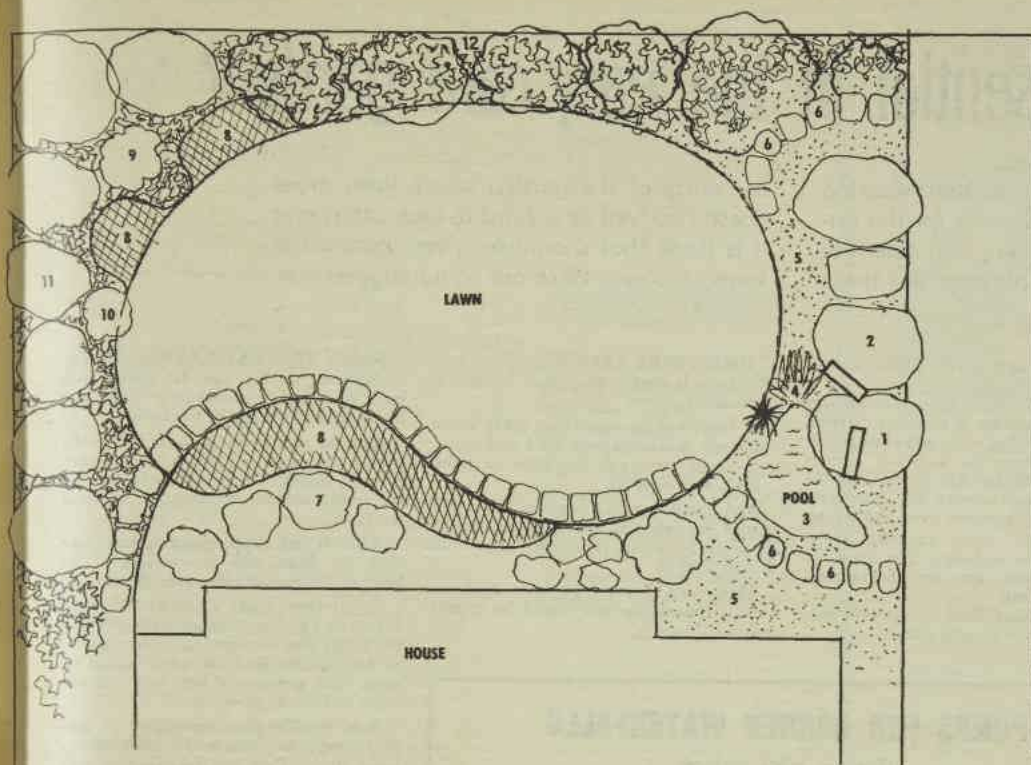
Keep this type of setting simple, and don't overplant. Add color with such things as a dwarf azalea, red-berried ardisia, or a few dwarf begonias.

A small pool would add charm. It can be of simple construction (see Garden Pool, on back page) but large enough to hold some small fish to keep mosquito larvae under control. A reasonable minimum would be about 3ft. by 2ft. and about 9in. deep in the centre.

Page 4 — THE LAZY GARDENER



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AT LEFT: This might be any ordinary suburban garden, with its problems of weeding around shrubs and a heavily shaded corner, before it was given new form (see the sketch above) and made easier to maintain.

THE "NEW-LOOK" GARDEN

AT LEFT: The same garden, replanned. This is how it was done. 1. Cotoneaster and, 2, magnolia have been trimmed at the base to allow easy access and room for garden seats. 3. Small pool added. 4. Clump of planting (sabina and flax). 5. River gravel covering area under shrubs between lawn and drive; lawn reshaped and left only where it grows easily. 6. Flat stones set as stepping-stones through gravel, fitted closely and cemented only on lawn edge to act as narrow path and mower strip. 7. Small rockery or group of hardy dwarf shrubs such as cistus, westringia, variegated coprosma, to tolerate dryness under eaves. 8. Pockets left in best growing areas for cultivation of bulbs and annuals. 9 and 10. Small shrubs, choisya and sabina, to relieve the line of shrubs. Following this, 11 could be removed and the fence exposed to take ivy or a climbing rose. Sections to left and top of plan are ground-covered with ivy, as indicated around the area marked 12 on the sketch.

Are lawns essential in the easy-care garden?

There is no doubt that a hard-wearing lawn is the best all-round cover for the uncultivated parts of a garden, and essential where there are children playing. But there

are parts of the garden where lawn grass doesn't do well or is hard to look after, and it is these that should be given some other form of cover. Here are some suggestions.

LAWNS need serious consideration when planning an easy-care garden, because they usually occupy a large part of the garden area.

ON THE DEBIT SIDE . . . they need regular cutting in their growing season, and at least some watering in summer to keep the grass green and attractive. In some parts of the garden the lawn may look thin and scruffy.

Feeding isn't essential, but it does keep the lawn more attractive, and by thickening the grass does help it to compete more favorably with weed growth. It can make more frequent mowing necessary.

ON THE CREDIT SIDE . . . a good lawn looks attractive, and gives the garden a pleasantly relaxed and comfortable appearance.

Now compare it with its alternative—gravel, concrete, cultivation, other ground covers.

Apart from aesthetic values, a lawn is best where children are going to be playing—and mowing is easier than cultivation.

Ground covers such as ivy, wild strawberry, or thyme can be delightful, but they won't stand traffic, they can be slow to establish, they don't grow well in all areas, and need attention occasionally.

So, excluding well-timbered, completely native gardens, the best all-round ground cover is lawn grass, provided you plan

it so it is easy to maintain and in a place where it grows easily.

Don't choose lawn grass for isolated sections of the garden if it means carrying a mower down steps or to awkward places.

Don't put lawn in awkward corners where it would be difficult to use the mower, and don't clutter the lawn with small gardens, ornaments, trees, and shrubs.

Mower strips make mowing easier, especially where rockeries meet lawn, or where downpipes, taps, or other fittings project from walls.

Use some other form of cover where lawn grass doesn't grow happily.

THOSE BARE PATCHES: Where part of a lawn is continuously bare or thin, it is usually because:

- It is walked on more than other areas; the soil is shallow over solid rock; or dense trees rob the grass of light, food, and moisture.

And it will remain a problem unless you change the habits of the family or remove the trees. So, again, it is easier to go with it than fight it.

These thin patches of lawn spoil its overall appearance and should be cleanly separated from it.

WORN TRACKS OR CORNERS: The traffic-worn corner can be paved with brick or a few flagstones in a design that fits in with the shape of the lawn.

A worn track across a lawn usually means you need a path . . . or, better, stepping-stones, which will bear most of the traffic without breaking the sweep of the lawn.

When laying stepping-stones, make sure they are flush with the surface of the lawn so the mower rides over them.

To lay them, make a hole about an inch deeper and two or three inches longer than the stone, then use sand to build them up to the required level and pack around the sides. This provides a firm bed and prevents sinking or movement.

Even though grass encroaches on stepping-stones, they look much better than a worn track. They can be trimmed back when time permits, but it isn't the kind of regular chore that screams when left undone.

BARE PATCHES UNDER TREES: Grass may fail under trees because of heavy competition for water and food, or because shade is too dense—or both.

It would be best to forget about grass in this area and use a different type of cover. There are several ways to go about this.

You could remove the remnants of grass from the barren area below the trees and

PUMPS FOR GARDEN WATERFALLS

(See our cover picture)

THE effect of a small natural waterfall is created by a submerged pump unit, which reticulates the water over a weathered shelf of rock.

These electric pump units are safe to install, as they are powered only by a 30-volt transformer which can be rigged indoors. Special outdoor wiring isn't needed.

The pumps can deliver much larger volumes of water than shown

in the cover picture. A 300-gal.-per-hour-capacity unit with two outlets would cost about \$45, complete with transformer; 600-gal.-per-hour capacity with three outlets (for a fountain, for instance) would be about \$55.

The pump itself is smaller than a house brick, and can be camouflaged by a few stones in the base of the pool, or let into a specially constructed cavity.

Are lawns essential?

— continued

perhaps a foot or two farther out, to allow for further spread of the trees, and plant ivy or other shade-tolerant cover.

A mower strip will help retain the ground cover and make mowing easier.

An irregular shape to the ground-cover area can add interest, but keep it simple and easy to manage. The shape could be rectangular, with the tree set obviously off centre—useful if the bareness extends farther on the southern side of the tree.

Gravel is a good cover, especially where it is difficult to keep the area moist while ground cover is establishing.

Use red gravel, crushed tile, or natural, uncrushed river gravel in a grade fine enough to rake if falling leaves build up.

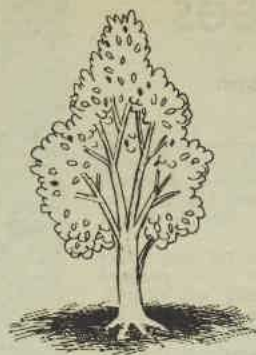
Divide gravel and lawn with some form of mower strip, as mowers and gravel can create havoc.

Brick, stone, or paving block would also cover such an area attractively. Here you would have to excavate a few inches of soil to keep the paving flush with the lawn, so check that surface roots allow this.

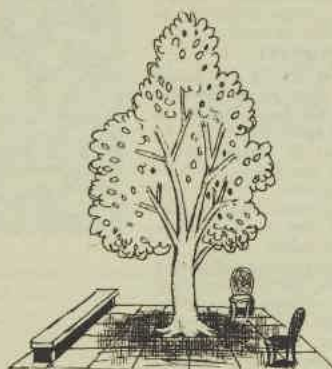
Otherwise, mound gradually toward the trunk, sinking only the edges of paving at the outer perimeter; or lay all the thickness of the paving above the original surface and build up the surrounding lawn to meet it. (Do this gradually over a yard or more to allow even mowing.)

A fixed seat around the tree, or some garden furniture, adds meaning to the paving and makes the area more inviting, and the household would undoubtedly appreciate this in summer.

If you don't want seating, why not have a low bird bath or an attractive container placed toward one corner.



ABOVE: Trees are beautiful, but they do throw shady patches where lawns won't grow. Make the best of a tree's shade by cutting out the grass and (BELOW) putting in some paving which will become a small sitting-out area, complete with garden furniture, for leisurely days in summer.



LEAVE POCKETS FOR FLOWERS AMONG THE GROUND COVER

AN easy maintenance plan doesn't mean you must forgo the pleasure of flowers in the garden. Pockets should be left for flowers between drifts of low shrubbery and alternated with semi-permanent ground covers. For example, lamium or plectranthus can run colorful riot in spring and summer, then sections are cleared of most of this in autumn and planted with cinerarias, primulas, or clumps of daffodils—a great pleasure for winter and early spring. Before the flowers have finished, the lamium is again weaving between them to form a weed-proof summer cover.

There are many tricks to save work and keep the garden interesting . . .

- Petunia seedlings planted among the sprawling daffodil foliage; both need plenty of water at this stage, and both welcome drier conditions about a month later.

- Alyssum sown as a carpet when bulbs are planted in autumn quickly makes a flower carpet to keep the garden pretty and comparatively weed-free. The bulbs will push through.

- Coleus or impatiens alternated with cinerarias will keep the ground covered most of the time; surface mulch will prevent weeds.

For weed control, choose chemicals least likely to affect soil and damage trees and shrubs: Dowpon, Dalapon, or Propon for perennial grasses such as couch, kikuyu, or paspalum. First apply 2,4,5-T ester or "blackberry killers" for blackberries or other broad-leaved weeds. Desiccants such as Weedex and Polyquot will kill off any but deep-rooted perennial growth.

Learning to live with trees

Tree roots do create problems, but there are ways around them.

TREES do tend to restrict the scope of a garden. Their shade and stronger root growth limit the variety of plants you can grow near them—such as dwarf shrubs, perennials, and gay annuals which bring a garden alive.

But a garden needs trees to give it character, and there are ways to clothe these sections where conventional planting is difficult.

Don't engage in endless battle with tree roots, dryness, poor soil, and shade—but don't endure the dreariness of bare, unproductive ground, either. Put down a cover of gravel.

Gravel can look attractive, and there are also hardy plants which will adapt themselves to these tree-dominated conditions and continue to grow with little attention. For instance: Most types of ivy, chloro-

phytum, cliveas, plectranthus, flax, and agapanthus.

Where reasonable light is available, try small shrubs such as cistus, erioestemon, myoporiodes, geranium, graveolens, grevilleas, rosemary, and Lantana selowiana (also called *L. montividenensis*). (See the chart of **Hardy Cover Plants**.)

Azaleas will grow happily under tall trees where shade is not too dense or soil too clayey, provided they get reasonable water in spring and summer.

Problem areas can become garden features of minimum maintenance. Drifts of ground cover are pleasant with stretches of gravel, casually placed bush stones, and an occasional small shrub.

You may have an area with warmth and sunlight, but where the soil is a hungry tangle of roots from large trees. Why not cover the area with gravel or paving blocks, and plant in containers. Use feature color in geraniums, fuchsias, annuals, or even bulbs.

Containers can be cement or painted wooden boxes placed together to give the appearance of a built-up garden or expensive urns used as special features. Very small containers dry out too quickly, but it helps if they aren't too big to move around easily.

If the area is a focal point you may like to keep continuity of color by having replacements coming on. Primulas, pansies, dwarf stock, violas, or daffodils could be establishing for the winter/spring display, while petunias, phlox, ageratum, petite marigolds, or geraniums are still flowering in late summer.

THE GROUND COVERING

River gravel, crushed brick or tile is the easiest covering where tree roots are close to the surface. Paving could be set among it, but loose blocks are better, as they can be readjusted easily should they be lifted by roots. The blocks can be stepping-stones through the gravel. Gravel kept just below the solid paving or lawn is less likely to scatter.

Large, uncrushed river gravel is more dramatic than finer grades, such as pea gravel. Pea gravel is more practical where leaves need to be raked.







Ground cover plants could replace sections of paving or gravel. In these dry, sunny areas useful cover plants include gazanias, *Cerastium tomentosum*, ornamental thyme, blue fescue, or succulents such as *Kalanchoe pumila*, *Sedum guatemalense*, etc. *Sabina vulgaris*, a prostrate conifer, for sun or part shade, tolerates dryness once established.


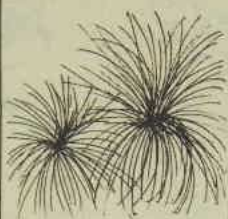






IVY carpets the ground in this section of bush garden, where no grass would grow. Stepping-stones give access. Note wild strawberry among ivy, bottom foreground.

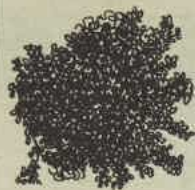
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HARDY COVER PLANTS						
						
VARIETY	AGAPANTHUS	AJUGA	ALPINE PHLOX	BERGENIA (Saxifraga)	CERASTIUM TOMENTOSUM	CHLOROPHYTUM
HEIGHT	24in.	3in.	3in.	10in.	3in.	12in.
WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE	Clumps of fleshy, deep green foliage, long-stemmed heads of deep blue or white flower about December. Vigorous root growth.	Glossy, bronze-green foliage, short spikes blue flower in spring. Attractive among pebbles.	Mat of thin foliage; mauve or pink flowers, spring, summer.	Large, leathery, dark green foliage, sprays of waxy pink flower in winter.	Close mat of silvery-grey foliage; white flower in spring.	Brittle, narrow, pointed, strap-like foliage, often variegated with white central stripe. Spikes of small white flowers.
ASPECT	Sun or part shade. Hardy under trees.	Sun or shade; grows best in semi-shade with moist soil.	Only grows vigorously in ground-cover proportions in cool climates. Sun or part shade, well drained soil.	Shade or part shade, useful under trees, prefers moist soil but tolerant.	Sun, good drainage.	Sun or shade; tolerates moist or dry conditions.
HOW TO START	Transplant clumps autumn, winter, early spring.	Transplant runners 9in. apart, preferably in winter.	Seed or strike pieces in sandy soil 12in. apart.	Cut off sections with heavy storage stem attached, preferably in winter or early spring. Old established clumps flower best 12in. apart for quick cover.	Replant rooted sections from outside of clump, or strike pieces in sandy soil. Best replanted every second year, but spreads quickly.	Clumps divide, and plantlets form on old flower stems. Replant in winter, 12in. apart.

HARDY COVER PLANTS						
VARIETY	CLIVEA	BLUE FESCUE	FERNS	GAZANIA	GERANIUMS	HEERIA or SCHIZOCENTRON ELEGANS (Spanish shawl)
HEIGHT	18in.	5in.	Various	5in.	To 24in.	2in.
WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE	Broad, dark green, strap-like foliage, large heads of orange-red trumpet flowers, late winter-spring.	Dense tufts fine blue-grey grass.	Various types: Adiantums, the maiden-hair types or Nephrolepis elegantissima, the double fishbone, make attractive ground cover.	Narrow leathery foliage forms dense mat; cream to mahogany daisies, in spring and summer.	Various types. G. graveolens, Attar of Roses, etc., make good cover under trees where there is plenty of light. Ivy types also suitable.	Dense mat of deep green, tiny oval foliage; carmine flowers like small lassiandras, early summer.
ASPECT	Best in shade.	Colors best in fairly dry, sunny position.	Moist, shaded position.	Sunny, well-drained position.	Well-drained, fairly sunny position.	Sun or shade best, with a little of each, and reasonable moisture. Needs protection from frost.
HOW TO START	Divide clumps, winter or spring.	Divide clumps, plant 6in. apart.	Cut back and divide clumps, or transplant runners 9in. apart, late winter.	Divide clumps in cool weather, or sow seed in spring. Plant 9in. apart.	Cuttings in autumn, 2ft. apart.	Transplant rooted layers in cool weather. Plants 12in. apart link up quickly.

HARDY COVER PLANTS



VARIETY

HELXINE

HEDERA (IVY)
H. Weber's
Californian

H. PITTSBURG

H. CANARIENSIS,
variegated

LANTANA
MONTEVIDENSIS

LAMIUM
(dead nettle)

HEIGHT

4in.

5in.

5in.

5in.

9 to 18in.

9in.

WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE

Tiny, rounded, light green foliage, tightly packed to form moss-like carpet.

Small foliaged, dense, compact ivy, quick to establish, prostrate rather than climbing.

More pointed foliage and a little slower to establish than the Weber's Californian.

Large, handsome, variegated foliage.

The purple or mauve lantana which can be encouraged to spread into a dense, long, flowering carpet.

Quick - growing ground runner, with heart-shaped silver and green variegated foliage. Needs checking occasionally to keep within bounds.

ASPECT

Part shade, moist position.

Any position, but best in part shade. Plenty of water until it is established.

Any position, but best in part shade. Plenty of water until it is established.

Needs more warmth than other types to grow well. Head runners back to keep them confined.

In sun; withstands dryness well.

Any frost - free position. Best in moist part-shade.

HOW TO START

Press small pieces into moist soil.







Strike cuttings, or replant runners, autumn or winter.

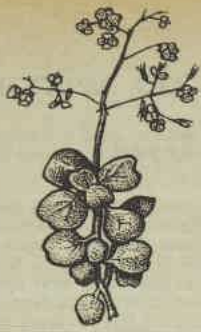





Strike cuttings, or replant runners, autumn or winter.

Strike cuttings, or replant runners, autumn or winter.

Cuttings, most of year.

Runners layer readily. Transplant any time.

HARDY COVER PLANTS						
VARIETY	PLECTRANTHUS CILIATUS	MESEMBRY-ANTHEMUMS	POLYGONUM CAPITATUM	SABINA VULGARIS	KALANCHOE PUMILA	SEDUM GUATEMALENSE
HEIGHT	12in.	12in.	9in.	2ft.	10 to 12in.	5in.
WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE	Deeply veined oval leaves, dark green, purple backed.	Various perennial types; waxy foliage, vivid, silky petalled flowers, spring/summer. Most make dense, hardy ground covers.	Bronze-green foliage, darker brown markings; nobby pink flowers most of year. Rapid growth sometimes earns reputation as weed, but can be useful ground cover.	Attractive, prostrate conifer with deep green, soft foliage.	Waxy, disc-shaped, scalloped foliage changing from blue-grey to copper. A succulent.	Closely set, jelly-bean-like foliage, glossy bright green; often coppery-red in winter. A succulent.
ASPECT	Any frost-free position. Best in moist part-shade.	Sunny, well-drained soil.	Sun or shade, any soil.	Sun or part shade.	Medium, well-drained soil; at least half sun, such as under tall trees.	Medium, well-drained soil; at least half sun, such as under tall trees.
HOW TO START	Cuttings root in water or moist sand, and branches layer naturally in spring.	Pieces strike readily. Plant about 18in. apart.	Pieces strike easily.	Can be grown from cutting, but usually bought as established plants. Plant 2ft. apart.	Pieces root easily; space 9in. apart.	Leaves or stems make root on damp sand or light soil; space 6in. apart.

HARDY COVER PLANTS						
VARIETY	CRASSULA MULTICAIVA (London pride)	SAXIFRAGA SARMENTOSA (mother of millions)	WILD STRAWBERRY	THYME	VINCA MAJOR	WILD VIOLET (<i>Viola hederifolia</i>)
HEIGHT	9 to 12in.	4in.	6in.	2 to 6in.	6in.	
WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE	Dark green, rounded leathery foliage, branching growth; sprays of tiny, star-shaped pinkish flowers on red stems. A succulent.	Flat rosettes of rounded foliage, green, lighter veining of cream, sometimes pink. Tall spikes of spidery white flowers, spring.	Foliage resembles garden strawberries, but softer, more upright. Effective cover.	Various prostrate forms make interesting and aromatic ground covers.	Trailing plant, glossy green or cream variegated foliage, scattered 20-cent-size blue-mauve flowers.	Small, light green foliage spreads quickly to make a dense mat. Pale lavender little violets throughout year.
ASPECT	Part shade, fairly dry.	Shaded areas, wet to moderately dry soil.	Best in moist, shaded, or partly shaded areas.	Well-drained soil. Part shade, best in warm districts. Sandy or gritty surface helps them establish.	Any position; best in part shade.	Prefers moist, shaded position.
HOW TO START	Set pieces about 9in. apart. Also, plantlets form on flower stems.	Young plants form on thread-like runners. Divide clumps any time.	Transplant runners in winter, early spring, 6 to 9in. apart.	Strike cuttings in summer, or transplant rooted layers. Set about 10in. apart.	Cuttings, or replant rooted runners 12in. apart.	Replant autumn or winter, 9in. apart.

MULCH is something no easy-care garden can do without

Here are some ways to make it work for — and instead of — you

SURFACE MULCHING can keep maintenance to a minimum. It prevents weed growth, stops soil from caking (doing away with digging), but lets you grow plants you enjoy.

Mulch is another form of ground cover and an effective one. Mostly it is used to retain moisture, to keep roots cool, and supply organic matter to the soil, but mulch is also an efficient weed inhibitor.

There are many suitable materials. Some are even attractive, but all look natural once they have weathered down a bit.

They are best put on after the surface has been crumbled or, for heavy soils, when just damp. The depth needed to control weeds may vary with the type of material, but a 2in. layer usually does.

Organic material needs replacing occasionally, as it eventually decomposes to soil. Good weed control means a new layer to be spread each year.

However, in most gardens, once regular digging stops the natural supply of dead leaves from trees and shrubs keeps pace with the rate of decomposition and renews the mulch. It can be bolstered occasionally with leaves raked from lawns or paths.

The odd weed that does find its way through the mulch can be pulled out before it seeds and left on the surface to rot down. In fact, a crop of weeds can be quickly turned into a surface mulch by using modern watering-can weeders such as Weedex, Polyquot, or Triquot.

Weeds watered with these chemicals just shrivel up and die. Only green tissue is affected, so the chemicals can be used safely around the base of shrubs, roses, etc. They rapidly break down in the soil.

Unless the weed crop is exceptionally thick it will not be enough to make a weed-proof mulch after one treatment, but

the chemical can be applied again when necessary. Then you reach a stage when you have either exhausted the weed seeds, or have a thick, weed-proof mulch.

Annals or bulbs can be planted by lifting the stubble of dead weed or surface mulch, then replacing it. There is no need to dig or turn the soil over. Fertilisers can be applied over the mulch. Rain or watering will soon take them down to the roots.

LAZY MULCH

Another lazy, but effective, form of mulching could be called "on-the-spot mulch," in which you literally "return to the soil that which comes from it" directly, rather than via the compost heap.

All you do is to help nature by removing spent plants, prunings, or other unwanted growth, and spreading it on the ground more or less where it would fall eventually. Long pieces can be cut to make it tidier.

This looks better than it sounds. As the material is part of the natural landscape it does not seem out of place, except, perhaps, in the spruce, formal garden.

Of course, there are some reservations—draw the line at cabbage leaves, for instance, and even gladioli and similar foliage can look wrong, but this can always be covered with some other foliage.

Some dead leaves are especially attractive as a mulch. Silky oak remains pleasantly fern-like; maple, liquidamber, and pin-oak are a delightful shape; casurina (she oak) forms a fine, soft mat, and even the dear old gum leaves have appeal.

Apart from the labor these mulches save, the soil below them always remains in good condition. When you do feel like planting, it is just a case of pushing back narrow sections of mulch. For small seedlings, push back any bulky mulch a little until they gain height.

Even seeds can be sown by baring narrow strips of soil. The few weeds that might appear are easily dealt with.

SUGGESTED MULCHES

Rotted Manure. Fine as a soil improver, but will allow weeds to grow soon after it loses its freshness. Horse manure gives the best weed control when applied thickly, but it can damage plants unless it has been previously weathered.

Animal manure previously heaped for several weeks in alternate layers with straw or gum leaves makes a good serviceable mulch, as does stable manure, which usually contains a lot of straw.

Compost. Excellent for the soil when decomposed, and useful for weed control when still fibrous. For this type of mulching there is no point in conventionally correct compost preparation. Chop up coarse material and heap it for a few weeks if you want to, otherwise spread it when you are ready.

Leaf Mould. Leaves from deciduous trees make excellent mulch, but usually rot down by spring. Gum leaves are slow to rot. If recently fallen gum leaves are spread more than an inch or so thick they are inclined to mat too firmly. This does inhibit weed growth, but also is inclined to keep water from the soil.

It is better to wet gum leaves thoroughly and heap for a few weeks before using, or

to spread them sparingly from time to time so the mulch builds up gradually.

Grass Clippings. Again, these should either be heaped for a few weeks before use or the mulch built up by degrees. If spread thickly in a fresh state they are inclined to mat too firmly and repel water. Excellent combined with gum leaves.

Spent Mushroom Compost. This is a wonderful soil improver. Spread in a layer of an inch or more it will stop most weed seeds from germinating, but it soon breaks down and supports growth.

Spent Hops. This is a useful mulch when spread about 2in. thick over the surface. It keeps weed growth down for some time. Available from breweries.

Sawdust. Excellent to keep down weed growth, and, if dug in, gives heavy soil a light, crumbly structure.

Sawdust from some native hardwoods can retard growth when it is fresh, so let it weather for a few weeks before use.

Sawdust can also retard growth by taking nitrogen from the soil when decomposing, but this only applies if it is dug into the soil without a liberal amount of fertiliser having been added. Sawdust is a long-lasting mulch. Shavings are similar.

Seaweed makes a splendid surface mulch. Hose it to wash out excess salt.

MAKING A MOWER STRIP

MOWER STRIPS let the mower run over lawn edges and awkward spots near walls, etc., and do away with hand-trimming. Whether bricks, flagstones, or concrete, they should be flush with lawn.

To pour a concrete strip, use lengths of hardboard or similar, about 4in. wide, as a mould. Mark out the shape of the lawn edge, then spade down cleanly about 4in. deep. Drive in short supporting stakes every 4ft. outside the mould. (The forming strips can be left there.)

Use a standard cement mixture, or 3 to 1 sand and cement; add 2 parts blue metal, if available. Tap cement gently after pouring and smooth surface even with edge of lawn or forming strip.

The edge of the strip should be even on the lawn side to allow for trimming with a lawn-edger, but can be left uneven on the garden side to break the hard line.

Painted green with paving paint, these strips blend with the lawn.

The art of creating a bushland garden

Gardens in natural bush settings can be the "lazy" gardener's dream, as they respond so beautifully to all the rules for keeping work to a minimum.

ORCHID *Cymbidium siscan* graces a rock-face overhung by gum trees. Note the natural mulch of gumleaves at ground level.



THE secret of easily maintaining an area of natural bushland is to leave undergrowth and leafy cover intact.

When clearing to replant natives, or to make a general garden, only disturb as much as you can immediately cope with. Otherwise, once the ground is broken up or nature's ground covers are removed, in come the weeds of cultivation.

Areas in the natural state can be made more attractive by removing dead growth and tidying up generally as long as the natural mulch of leafmould is not removed. If unwanted undergrowth is removed, add a covering of leafmould or set a few bush stones to replace it.

Where you would like a more trim appearance, you can spread river gravel without losing the natural garden atmosphere. Break it up by adding a few hardy native shrubs and some flat, weathered bush stepping-stones.

NATIVE PLANTS

Most of our native plants grow best with the surrounding soil covered by gravel, leafmould, or other small plants, thus doing away with surface cultivation. The occasional weed can be pulled by hand.

Weathered bush stones placed among the plants will provide part of their natural mulch. Fill in between with drifts of leafmould or gravel.

The Australian native violet *Viola hederacea* is an attractive low-cover plant in moist or semi-shaded positions.

Kennedya rubicunda and *K. prostrata* are useful for fairly sunny positions, although they will also climb if given the opportunity.

BUSHLAND WEEDS

Kill, with chemicals, cultivation weeds that have invaded bushland areas, and leave the dead herbage as a mulch. Flatten them if they look unsightly, but don't rake or burn them off. With the aid of falling leaves the area will gradually revert to its natural appearance.



TREES dominate this piece of bushland garden, but flowering azaleas and bright-leaved succulents do well in the open spaces about them. Bush stones and other ground covers are also used.

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night, with a fire, too, but he

again. They were station owners from

round about and knew the road.

logged with the caravan and finally aban-

Boyer and went inside, me slightly stagger-

A garden pool

A SMALL sheet of water adds interest to a garden, bringing it to life, yet giving a sense of tranquillity. On a hot day, it transforms almost any shaded spot into a welcome oasis.

Water is also a ground cover, but not a no-maintenance one, as leaves need cleaning out occasionally and, in some cases, the water changing. But it does give much in return for this effort.

Plastic sheeting has made the small garden pool possible for everyone with a few square feet of ground to spare. It isn't costly and not hard to make.

CHOOSING THE SITE. You can have a pool anywhere you fancy, but it does seem more appropriate to a partly shaded spot, as mossy rocks and ferns go with it. There are plants such as papyrus, flax, prostrate conifers, and cotoneasters which will oblige happily as poolside plants in shade or sunlight.

A logical place for a pool is where plants are difficult to grow, such as under a large tree. Leaves could be a problem here—but if we waited for the perfect situation we would do without many things.

HOW TO MAKE IT. Roughly peg out the pool in the shape you want, bearing in mind that plastic sheeting is usually about 10ft. or 11ft. wide in the kits prepared for this purpose. Deduct from this the height of both sides, plus about 6in. on either side to tuck under the anchoring stones.

In other words, if the pool is 1ft. deep, the maximum width, using an 11ft. sheet, would be about 8ft.

By sloping the sides so that the pool is saucer-shaped you won't need reinforcement under the stones surrounding the side, and it is easy to cement-line the plastic once the shape is right.

When you have the excavation a shape that pleases you and the sides built up or shaved down to look fairly level, spread the sheet, anchoring it with a few light stones around the edge, and fill it with water.

The water forces the sheet closely into the shape, and you can check the levels of the edges and get a better idea of the general effect. Now is the time to make adjustments to the level, size, and shape.

Get rid of high spots above the average waterline, or these will later display bare cement or plastic. The



effect is much better if the surrounding stones almost touch the water.

Then, with the water still filling the shape, put in place the flat stones that will surround the pool and anchor the plastic sheeting. If the pool is to be seen mainly from one side, use shallow stones in the foreground, as high ones would hide more water and make the pool look smaller. Keep the deeper ones for the back, where they can overlap the water without detracting from size. One or two overhanging ones can look effective, but they need to be large enough to counterbalance safely.

When the appearance is right and the soil around the edges has settled down firmly, the plastic can be protected from puncturing with a layer of cement an inch or two thick.

There is bound to be a spot lower than the base of pool so you can siphon out the water with a hose.

● This picture shows an ideal use of gravel ground cover, of azaleas and agapanthus used under trees and shrubs, all set off by a pretty but simply made garden pool.

Remove all water from the pool. Have a 3-sand, 1-cement mix fairly dry; shovel it first into the base and gradually spread it upward to tuck it firmly under the surrounding stones.

The best way to do this is to spread the bottom section roughly, then throw in an old sack and a piece of board and get in on top of it. Spreading evenly from the bottom upward eradicates air bubbles.

Allow the cement a couple of days to dry before refilling with water. After a couple of weeks, when the water has been changed at least twice, add waterweed, and a few fish to keep down mosquitoes.

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